AUG 9 1928

Hearst's International

combined with

Cosmopolitan

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



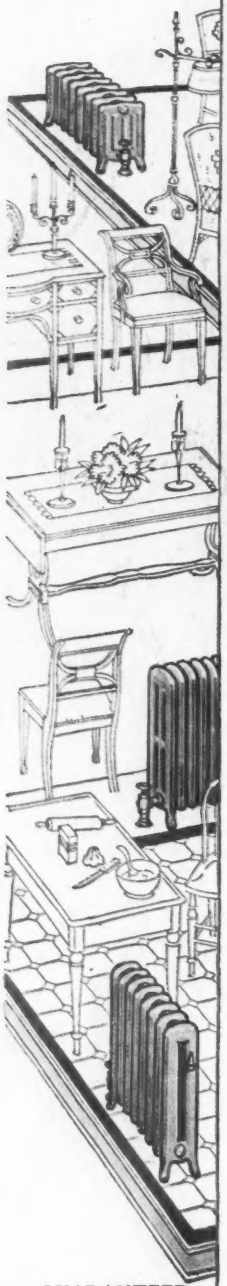
eptember

5 Cents

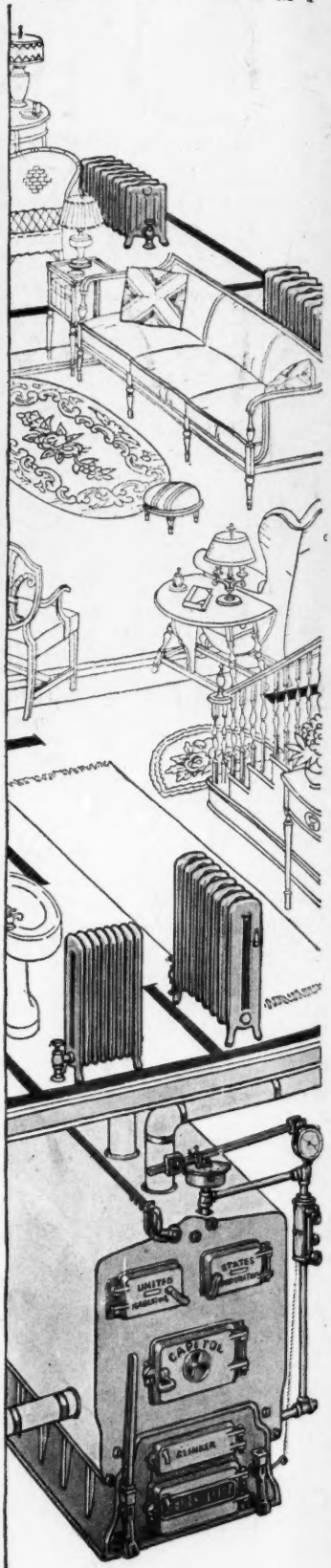
ALL
THESE—
and MORE

Irvin S. Cobb
Fannie Hurst
Ring W. Lardner
Sir Philip Gibbs
Martha Ostenso
Capt J. W. Thomason
Gouverneur Morris
W. J. Locke—Blasco Ibañez
George Ade—Storm Jameson
O. O. McIntyre—Peter B. Kyne
E. Barrington—H. G. Wells
A New Novel by Adela Rogers St. Johns

DEPENDABLE HEAT ALL OVER THE HOUSE WITH ECONOMY







You always come up smiling, *with Capitol guaranteed heating*

There's something new under the sun—*Capitol guaranteed heating*. And it insures extra warmth when the wintry sun is low in the southern sky.

Burning now gently, now briskly, but ever thriftily, the Capitol Boiler is always equal to the demands of the cold and dreary winter. Because the exact amount of radiator-surface it will heat is guaranteed in writing, it never fails to provide care-free, cozy warmth. With ample reserve capacity, it hurries up the heat when icy blasts whine against the rattling windows. Night and morning as you quickly and easily fix the fire, the steady glow through the fire-box door tells you that coal and effort are both being saved.

If you ask your contractor to install *Capitol guaranteed heating*, you will always come up smiling. All the facts are in our illustrated and informing book, "A Modern House Warming." Sent free on request.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

Detroit, Michigan

6 FACTORIES AND 28 ASSEMBLING PLANTS SERVE THE COUNTRY

For 36 years, builders of dependable heating equipment

GUARANTEED HEATING

Your contractor receives a written guarantee on the heating capacity of every Capitol Boiler. No other heating equipment assures you satisfaction so definitely.

Capitol Boilers *and* UNITED STATES RADIATORS

SUPPLIED AND INSTALLED NATIONALLY BY ESTABLISHED HEATING CONTRACTORS

"We can do without fire in the house for half of the year, but we must have music the year round." SIDNEY LANIER



Nothing else is like it!

THE new Orthophonic Victrola! Musical marvel of the age. Entirely *new* from start to finish. New in conception. New in principle. New in design. There is nothing with which to compare it . . . *except* the performance of the flesh-and-blood artists themselves!

As a camera brings you *pictures*, this great instrument brings you *music* which is a perfect likeness of the original. Only the Orthophonic Victrola can reproduce music with such flawless realism, because the principle of "matched impedance"—the new science of unimpeded sound-flow—is controlled exclusively by Victor.

The Orthophonic Victrola is always ready to play for you. Tireless . . . and untiring. Record stops automatically. Equipped with the new, concealed electric motor ($35 extra), there is nothing to wind. Play it . . . and relax.

"Some day," you have said, "we will have an Orthophonic Victrola." Why wait? Think of the joys you are missing. There are many beautiful models, from the Credenza at $300 to as low as $95. Hear this versatile instrument today at the nearest Victor dealer's.

The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

VOL. LXXXI NO. 3

Hearst's INTERNATIONAL
Combined with
COSMOPOLITAN
for **September,** *1926*



The Heroine

NEXT MONTH
Money *to* Burn
A New Novel By
PETER B. KYNE
A Love Story with a *Million-dollar background*

This Month

5 Serials

A Free Soul *by* **Adela Rogers St. Johns** 26
Illustrations by **Marshall Frantz**

Dark Dawn *by* **Martha Ostenso** 54
Illustrations by **W. Smithson Broadhead**

The Necklace of Marie Antoinette *by* **E. Barrington** 66
Illustrations by **Walt Louderback**

Wolf's Clothing *by* **Arthur Somers Roche** 88
Illustrations by **John La Gatta**

The Understanding Heart *by* **Peter B. Kyne** 104
Illustrations by **Herbert M. Stoops**

11 Short Stories

Song of Life *by* **Fannie Hurst** 36
Illustrations by **Forrest C. Crooks**

I Can't Breathe *by* **Ring Lardner** 40
Illustrations by **James Montgomery Flagg**

Roses *by* **William J. Locke** 46
Illustrations by **W. E. Heitland**

The Cowboy and the Lady and Her Pa *by* **Irvin S. Cobb** 58
Illustrations by **James E. Allen**

The Satyr *by* **Blasco Ibañez** 62
Illustrations by **Pruett Carter**

Luck *by* **Capt. J. W. Thomason, Jr.** 74
Illustrations by **The Author**

Romance Begins at Home *by* **Storm Jameson** 78
Illustrations by **W. D. Stevens**

The Truth at Any Cost *by* **Sir Philip Gibbs** 84
Illustrations by **C. D. Williams**

The Walls of San Quentin *by* **Gouverneur Morris** 94
Illustrations by **Charles D. Mitchell**

Love Laughs at Quarrels *by* **Royal Brown** 100
Illustrations by **R. F. Schabelitz**

Words and Music *by* **Wallace Smith** 108
Illustrations by **The Author**

9 Features

What Makes Children Bright? *by* **Fred C. Kelly** 23

Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Mo! *by* **Charles Dana Gibson** 24

The 4 Years at College Are Wasted *by* **H. G. Wells** 34

A Slave to Dope *by* **Daphne Lucas** 44

The Story of Marcus Loew *by* **Alexander Woollcott** 50

The Mushy Seventies *by* **George Ade** 72

An American Girl Taught Me the Meaning of Love *by* **Sum Nung Au-Young** 82

Housekeeping in Paris *by* **O. O. McIntyre** 92
Illustrations by **Corinne Dillon**

We Bag the Famous Marco Polo Sheep *by* **Theodore Roosevelt** 98

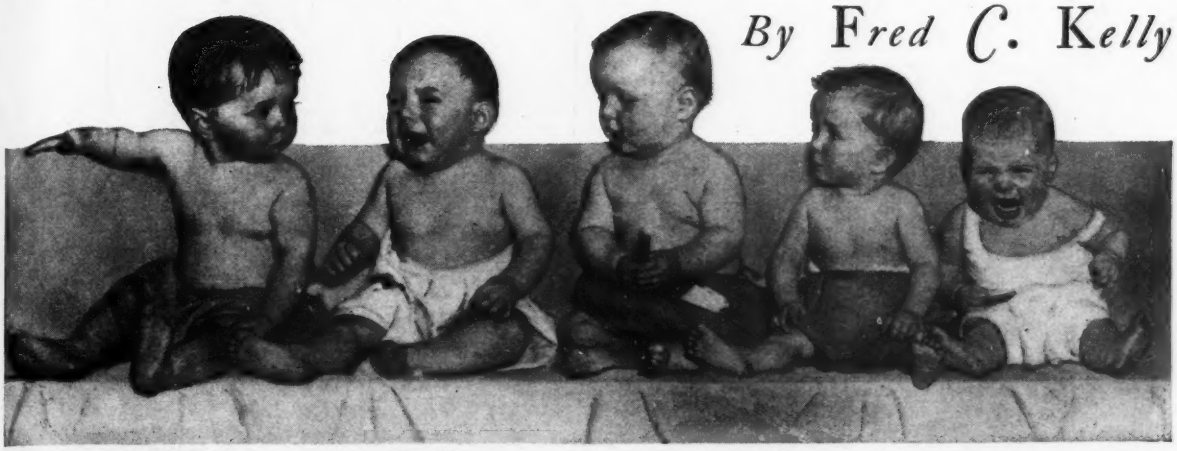
Cover Design *by* **Harrison Fisher**

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL and COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE is fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted either wholly or in part without permission.

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President RAY LONG, Vice-President
ARTHUR S. MOORE, Treasurer AUSTIN W. CLARK, Secretary
Copyright 1926, by International Magazine Company, Inc. (Hearst's International and Cosmopolitan Magazine). All rights reserved under terms of the Fourth American International Convention of Artistic and Literary Copyright. 35 cents a copy; subscription price, United States and possessions, $3.00 a year; Canada, $3.50; Foreign, $4.00. All subscriptions are payable in advance. Unless otherwise directed we begin all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal, please give us four weeks' notice. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, New York, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879; additional entry at Atlanta, Ga.; Boston, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; Columbus, O.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Kansas City, Mo.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Minneapolis, Minn.; San Francisco, Cal.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Lynchburg, Va.; Seattle, Wash.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.
Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by return postage. They will be handled with care, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

Hearst's INTERNATIONAL SEPTEMBER 1926
Combined with
COSMOPOLITAN

By Fred C. Kelly



What *Makes* Children *Bright?*

A CALIFORNIA mother risked her life in an effort to avoid bringing another child into the world. But nature thwarted her and a little boy came. In a state-wide investigation by Leland Stanford University, seeking the 1,000 most gifted children, this unwanted child proved to be one of the most intelligent, most promising boys in all California.

Philosophers might well ponder over the slim margin of chance that produced this superior boy. Why was he so insistent on being born? And how did he happen to be born with exceptional intelligence? Of course it didn't just *happen*. There must have been a cause. Is he mart because of talented ancestry? Or because of the kind of upbringing he received? This brings us to the old question: Is it heredity or environment that makes us what we are? Surely the California search for genius should shed light.

What characteristics in common had these 1,000 especially gifted children? What kind of parents did they have?

As compared with average people, the parents had more education and hold more difficult jobs. Nearly a third were professional. Only one gave his occupation as common laborer.

They reared only small families. When their first child was born, parents in this group were older than average parents—fathers 33½ years, mothers 29. Perhaps if one is planning to be a genius it is well to pick parents not too young.

While mostly in fairly comfortable circumstances, earning about $3500 a year, less than one-fifth had incomes of more than $7500. As a group these parents evidently were intelligent without being spectacularly so.

What about the children themselves? To begin with, they nearly all had good starts in life. They were breast-fed rather than bottle-fed, and were healthy during infancy.

As compared with average children, they weighed three-fourths of a pound more at birth; have better teeth, due to better care; walked a month sooner; talked three months earlier; are now taller, heavier and sleep nearly an hour longer each day. We used to think that smart youngsters were likely to be sickly and read books because they couldn't play rough games. But evidently we were wrong.

These selected children excelled others in their enthusiasms.

Yet they were more likely to play alone. They read more, over a wider range than average children. An interesting trait was their tendency to have collections, such as stamps. To collect and classify articles according to proper groups seems to go with an orderly mind.

Talented boys were more numerous than talented girls—about 120 to 100, though in the general school population below high school, the ratio was only about 104 boys to every 100 girls. One explanation—unproved—which suggests inherited qualities, is that superior vitality of parents favors maleness of offspring, and that this extra vigor also tends to make for better nervous structure, with correspondingly superior mental equipment.

Frequently more than one gifted child came from the same parents. Does this prove the influence of heredity? If the parents were highly intelligent and surroundings unfavorable, then one might say: "Yes, you see it must be heredity." But usually intelligent parents and their children dwelt in good environment. (The parent who failed to have good surroundings wouldn't be intelligent.) Hence it is not easy to determine where the influence of one leaves off and the other begins.

ONE noticeable tendency was for brilliant children to be first-born—probably more an indication of environmental than of hereditary influence. Possibly the most important deduction from the whole investigation is that both heredity *and* environment are of great importance.

We have noted that parents of the selected children are above average intelligence; but there is nothing to indicate that they are themselves a group of geniuses.

These children inherited not only from their parents but from generations of other ancestors—just as we all do. And our inheritance from *all* ancestors must have a tendency to even up.

Yet occasionally a flock of extra good traits from the better ancestors seem to alight in one individual. The result is naturally a person superior to the average.

When such a child is born, it is a happy circumstance that places it in the hands of parents intelligent enough to provide environment where genius may thrive, uncramped by poverty, unstifled by excess wealth, and with other conditions suitable for healthy growth.

By CHARLES



Eenie, Meenie,

DANA GIBSON



Minie, Mo!



A Vivid Novel Answering the Question:

¶ *This is* Jan Ashe *with her father, who brought her up to believe that a woman is free to do anything provided always she "plays straight" with herself.*

Illustrations by Marshall Frantz

A Free

THEY were the last of the Ashes, Stephen Ashe and his daughter Jan.

And the Ashes, as everybody in San Francisco knows, were extraordinary people; blue blood it was, but hot blood, too. Bad blood, some people said, for all the brain and charm it produced. So that it was not altogether necessary to account for Jan Ashe entirely by her extraordinary bringing-up. She had heritage of many sorts from that old pirate of a sea-captain who had sailed bellowing around the Horn and founded the family, and from her grandfather, the silver-tongued Senator, with his fast horses and famous cellar, and from her father, who was the greatest criminal lawyer the West had ever known.

Upon the history of every city are written certain names which have to do not only with that city's early struggles and later glory, but with adventures, with sensations, with scandals, with daring and dangerous deeds of all kinds.

In San Francisco, the name of Ashe was writ large not only in the social register, but upon every page of fight, deviltry and achievement its scribes had recorded.

One branch of the family had remained with the sea and founded a great Oriental shipping company. The Ashe name had died out there and the interests had recently passed into the hands of a daughter's son, whose name was Martin.

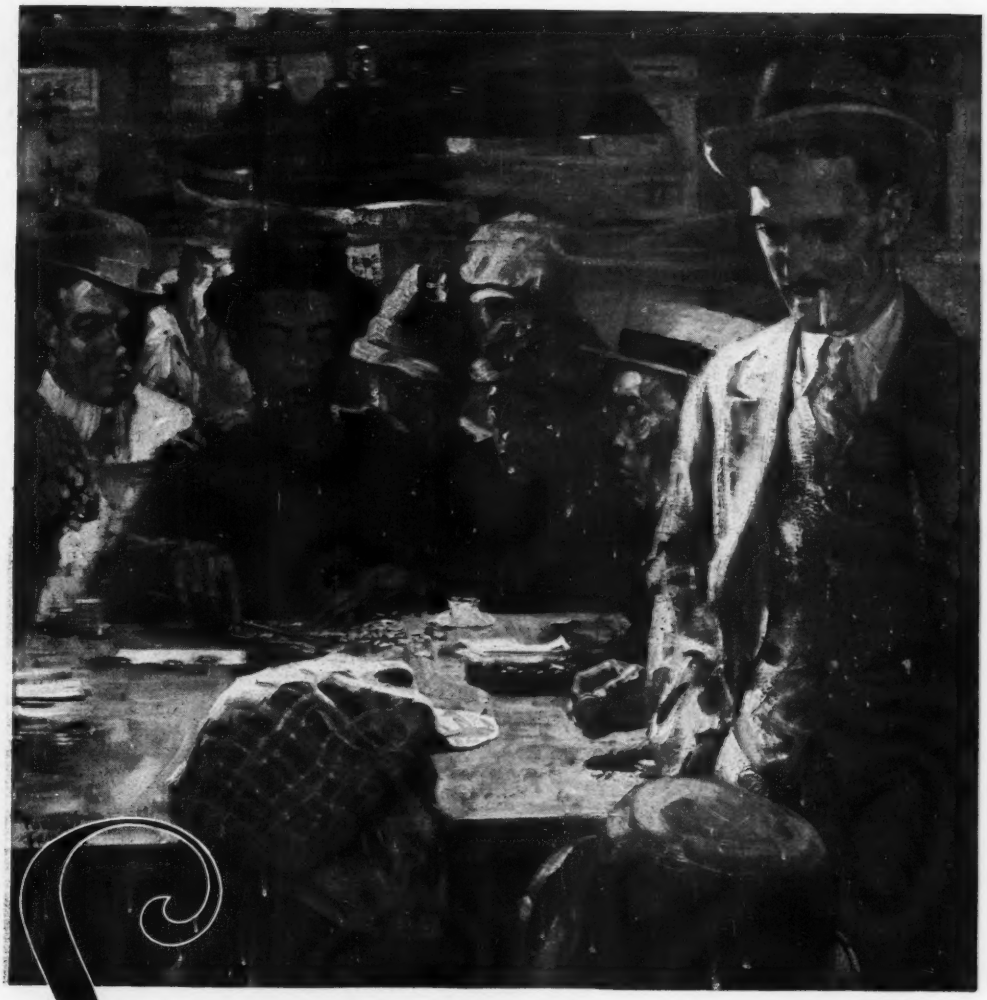
The other branch had settled upon San Francisco's seven sandy hills and in time produced the great Senator, Stephen's father, whose judgment in statesmanship was almost as good as in the matter of Bourbon and the value of two pairs before the draw.

They had made no great fortune, fame luring them always more than wealth, and what they did make they spent in no mean fashion, so that the family fortune had dwindled until it meant nothing by modern standards; but that in no way affected the traditions that clung to them and that so splendidly backgrounded Stephen Ashe's fame.

The two branches belonged to the same clan socially, but they were not friendly. Martin refused to worship at the shrine of Stephen Ashe, and old Deborah, Stephen's mother, who was head of the family, treated him coldly in consequence.

Within the family mansion, which stood on Van Ness Avenue not far from the cathedral, lived Mrs. Deborah Beecher Ashe, widow of Senator Ashe. The house was one of the few stately structures left standing in that region by the fire. Shops and automobile agencies crowded it close on every side, in the years just before and after the great Exposition of 1915, but it looked

Can a Woman *Ever* Be FREE?



¶ *And this is young* Ace Wilfong, *who began as a street gamin, earned the name of King of Gamblers, and was a law unto himself —until he met, and loved, Jan Ashe.*

SOUL

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

out upon the world with undisturbed and self-satisfied grandeur. For though the fashionable of San Francisco had forsaken Van Ness Avenue as old Mrs. Ashe herself had once forsaken Nob Hill, the chariots of the elect still stopped before her door. Her rigid exclusiveness and a cool, unvarying majesty of demeanor never allowed anyone to forget that, before becoming an Ashe, she had been a Beecher, of Boston.

"Maybe it would have been better if I'd had a little more Beecher," Jan once said to her father, rather pensively. But he only laughed at her.

OLD Mrs. Ashe lived alone now, for her two daughters were married, Dorothea to a Joliffe of Burlingame, and Grace to a high-church Episcopal rector, thus striking a happy balance of worldly and spiritual success, and Stephen Ashe persisted in living with Jan at the St. Francis. But the house was there, with its austere old mistress, representative of that prestige and power belonging by divine right to the Ashe name, which had reached its zenith in Stephen.

For those were the days when Stephen Ashe served all San Francisco as an idol—the world of fashion and the underworld of crime, the little circle of the intelligentsia, and the wide circle of those who read only the newspapers. The days when there hung about him the superstition that he was the one lawyer who could not lose a case, when everyone from the water-front to the Presidio knew that he could make a jury believe that black was white, and often did.

Why, on a certain Sunday at the ball park, when Casey started after the umpire with a bat, the bleachers rose behind him as a man and roared encouragingly, "Go ahead and kill him, Casey. We'll get Steve Ashe to defend you." Steve Ashe in a box with the kid beside him—seldom separated were Steve Ashe and his daughter Jan—had smiled almost shyly in acknowledgment. Things like that pleased him.

Nothing, it seems, will ever dim the name of Stephen Ashe for Californians. Even now, if you mention to them his failings, they will merely agree absent-mindedly, prior to telling you some startling tale of him, such as the one about the Tong war. They will describe how Steve Ashe fought for the life of his client as though it had been his own.

"Eighty-six murder cases," they will say, "and not a conviction. That's some record."

The man had, indeed, an irresistible personality, he had a glittering brain, and he had a spectacular sense of drama—he

dramatized everything he touched—and of such stuff idols are made. He was always a remarkable man. Not the least remarkable thing about him was his daughter.

To people who saw her later on, the picture of Jan Ashe between the two men persists—between her father and Ace Wilfong. Slim, arrogant, with a head like a candle-flame, between the two dark and lean and dangerous men who were so strangely alike. These two men who loved her—but men have strange ways of loving.

As a matter of fact, the first time Jan Ashe ever saw Ace Wilfong—and that is where this story properly commences—she was only seven, a skinny little kid in a fuzzy tam, and Ace was only twelve, and Stephen Ashe was upon the topmost pinnacle of his fame. The odd thing is how they never forgot each other, those two, meeting namelessly like that, as kids.

Who knows when the spark of love is struck and waits its time for bursting into flame? Or who knows how early or upon what different soils the seed of love may fall, and there grow secretly until its blooming? Certainly little Jan Ashe knew naught of these things.

It seemed to her only that the little boy she saw standing in the doorway of their private dining-room at Waite's, with his rags and his shaggy, short curls, and his bare brown legs, and his basket of those fragrant violets that are so much a part of San Francisco, was exactly like the ragged little shepherd boy in her fairy-tale books, who came to woo the princess. She carried that picture as one of the vivid memories of her vivid childhood. And for years afterwards, Jan Ashe never saw the heaps of violets under their bright umbrellas, nor caught the wave of perfume they dashed into her face, without thinking of him, which was just as silly as for the princess to think of the shepherd boy.



That first meeting, which was very important though nobody had the slightest idea of it at the time, came about like this.

Little Jacky Wilfong of Telegraph Hill was selling papers in front of the College Inn. He was not Ace Wilfong as yet. The Ace was conferred in time as a reward of merit, since it is not every man who can always get an ace when he needs one.

There were four of the Wilfong boys, and they were all as thoroughgoing young devils as the town could boast. Only Jacky had acquired a reputation for being square that was never to leave him. His twelve-year-old word was good with any number of people, which was more than could be said for anyone else in the family.

Not that old Smoke Wilfong had been so bad. The whole thing was that a man who has been prize hunter on one of the best ships in the Pacific whaling fleet for many years is not apt to fit easily into life on land.

Of course Wilfong was not his name. He had sailed from Sweden in his youth with one quite different. But under stress of circumstances in a Chinese port he had been obliged to abandon it and grab the first one handy. And under that he met and married Bridget O'Neil in San Francisco and attempted to settle down. But he was unhappy and in consequence his temper was uneven. Since Bridget was by no means a woman to be put upon, the Wilfong household was often tumultuous. The seas called Smoke continually and there was something inevitable about his ultimate disappearance.

So the Wilfong kids sold papers.

"And a more mixed-up litter there never was," said Bridget with her big laugh. "They looked like a basket of stray kittens."

And they did, rather. For Pat, the oldest, was freckled and red-headed. His ambition was to be a prize-fighter and in time he got as far as an occasional semi-wind-up.

After Pat came Jacky himself. Jacky of the thick, rough black curls that were never combed, of the twinkling, wide-apart black eyes, of the engaging smile. When he sold papers in front of the College Inn he had never owned a hat, and ladies who bought from him looked into that brown, eager face and forgot to ask for change, although it cannot be truthfully chronicled that Jacky was either very clean or very polite.

As for his vocabulary, it made up in pungency and brevity what it lacked in grammar and delicacy. He had invented a game with the men that was almost as profitable as his smile was with the women. He would hold out the latest baseball extras and say, "Quarter or nothing—I'll call it." And the man with a grin would slap a quarter against his hand and Jacky would say solemnly "Heads" or "Tails" as the spirit moved him, and his luck was with him even then.

Jacky had been followed in rapid succession by Eric, blond as a Viking, by Bill, who was squat and nondescript and Jack's shadow, and by Gwennie, the only girl.

Red-headed, too, was Gwennie, and her skin was thin and white, and her eyes were light blue and quick as darting swallows. An inquisitive nose, that thin nose of Gwennie's, and a sensitive, envious mouth, her thin, red mouth. The neighbors on Telegraph Hill used to tell Mrs. Wilfong that Gwennie was refined-looking. Being the only girl had won her nothing, for everyone was too busy to spoil her, and Mrs. Wilfong personally was not greatly interested in her.

Jacky was sorry for his sister. Instinctively he felt the roots of deep longings and strange discontents gnawing at her. What he did not realize then, or ever, was how clever she was.



Jan's method of meeting the unknown was her father's method—let the other fellow make the first move. "We don't want any more murder cases," she said to the nervous man. "We've got two on the calendar now."

Thus it was that the Wilfong family existed; nay, it throve.

And upon certain evenings it was Jacky's custom, when the trade in afternoon papers slacked as darkness crept over the city, to take a large brown basket of violets and make the rounds of certain exclusive cafés.

In one of these he stopped outside a little curtained booth and waited until the laughter within had died down. His face caught some of the gaiety, for they seemed to be having a very good time. When there was a little pause, he said "Violets?" and went in.

At the table sat two men and a very pretty lady of the sort that Jacky saw often in the cafés where he sold violets, and a little girl, seven or eight maybe, about the age of Gwennie.

When he realized that one of the men was Stephen Ashe, his heart turned over. For Stephen Ashe was his idol. Why, he always read every word of Stephen Ashe's cases whether he could understand them or not. And when he actually got Farrell off—Farrell was that bandit who held the entire sheriff's force at bay for three days with what turned out later to be an empty shotgun—Jacky Wilfong had sworn deathless allegiance.

Jacky said, "Hello, Mr. Ashe—want some violets?"

But it was the little girl who answered—funny little kid, in a fuzzy tam and a little plaid coat with a fur collar. She was staring at him like anything, with enormous, clear gray eyes. She said, "Daddy, buy me some violets from that boy."

Stephen Ashe turned to look at him, and then Jacky Wilfong saw how much alike he and the kid were, and his heart swelled toward her. Besides, he remembered with sudden intense admiration that when Stephen Ashe rode through the Mission during the street-car strike—a street-car strike in San Francisco was no nice thing and Stephen Ashe was defending old Mike Delaney who owned the railroads—this kid had actually gone with him, sitting beside him, her arched little nose in the air.

And when somebody flung a brick at them—lucky it wasn't a bullet—she stuck out her tongue coldly and contemptuously.

That made everybody laugh. Kids were kids, it seemed, whether they lived south of Market Street or at the St. Francis. The Irish on both sides of the fight were pleased with Stephen Ashe's kid. Having a joke in common, they got together and settled the strike. And since people were very tired of riding in cars piloted by scabs and riddled with shotgun holes, they hailed Stephen Ashe's daughter as a deliverer.

No wonder Jacky Wilfong's black eyes grew warm as he stared back at her.

"All right, son," said Stephen Ashe. "Give us the basket."

That was Steve Ashe's way.

Jack noticed that Steve Ashe gave the kid her share first, before he presented any to the lady, and he was glad of that. He nodded good-by to her, and she nodded back.

Upon a morning six years later, a piratical-looking touring-car drew up before the small door of the St. Francis and stopped abruptly. The door flew open and a girl leaped out. A thin little girl she was, in a soft, boyish hat, and little flat brogues, and a woolly sweater.

The driver of the night-hawk watched her disappear through the revolving doors. She had not paid him. She had not so much as mentioned her name, in case he might like to collect his pay sometime. Perhaps she took it for granted that every taxi-driver in San Francisco knew Stephen Ashe's daughter.

This one, at any rate, had recognized her the moment he drove up to the old Half-Way House and found her standing there in the early light. At first he thought the kid was scared to death, she was so white and still. She hadn't spoken once as they drove around the Bay, sitting there on the back seat with her thin legs in their rough brown socks stuck out in front of her.

Stealing furtive glances at her in his mirror—for who would not be amazed by such a passenger at such an hour?—he saw soon enough that it was sheer, blazing rage that kept her silent, and not fear. Hers was not a face built at any time for fear, little thing though she was.

He was nearly right, but not quite. Jan knew one fear—one only. And it was to walk with her for many a year.

The night-hawk felt a little thrill at having rescued this kid, who was so different from other kids, from a dilemma. Not



At four o'clock in the morning Steve Ashe came in. "I'm going away," he said to Jan. "Maybe I'll never come back. I'm no good."

that she had been in danger, even though the old Half-Way House had a bad name. Stephen Ashe's daughter was safe anywhere.

But whether anybody was safe from Stephen Ashe's daughter was another matter. Certainly as she strode through the lobby of the St. Francis, ignoring the curious stares of the lounging guests, the tightness of her little fists in her sweater pockets and the set of her small jaw boded ill for somebody.

Now, in the big drawing-room of their hotel suite, three men waited.

One was very young and decidedly attractive, in a thin and rather domineering blond fashion. His name was Dwight Sutro and his father was a millionaire newspaper owner and publisher, in whose footsteps Dwight was supposed to follow. But instead of beginning his training for that important mission, he had considerably upset his family by going to work in Steve Ashe's office. He said that criminal law appealed to him, and to be in Ashe's office was, of course, to be made as a lawyer.

He was the sort of young man upon whom Jan's Aunt Dorothea looked with favor, knowing that you cannot begin too early to establish contacts with matrimonial possibilities. Girls in the Ashe family could not be allowed to grow up and just marry anybody. Her own marriage to Herbert Joliffe had not been achieved without careful foresight and campaigning. What

the family needed now was money, and that Dwight Sutro would have.

Aunt Dorothea was a better judge of bank balances than she was of character, or she might have seen the danger-signals in Dwight's handsome face and realized that his flamboyant adoration of Stephen Ashe was called forth by all that was least admirable in both.

Jan considered him merely as a slave of her father's lamp.

The second man was heavily middle-aged, with a shock of red hair turning gray, a bull neck, a jowl. Jan called him Mac, for no good reason, and so everybody else called him that too, it being largely the habit of her father's gang to do what Jan did.

Mac had once been a star detective of the police department. He had shot it out with two burglars, on parole from Folsom, killing them both, and since there were some unfortunate circumstances connected with the gun battle, the reformers raised a great hue and cry, saying that the police were little better than the criminals they hunted. Wherefore Mac was broken on the wheel, that the department might be left in peace, and tried for the murder of these two gangsters, whose right to parole at all was at least questionable.

Stephen Ashe tried the case upon that point and Mac's past record, fought the entire police department with stinging ridicule and sarcasm for allowing one of their comrades to be made the sacrificial goat, and acquitted him in a blaze of glory. Since which time Mac had worked for Steve Ashe and his loyalty was to the death Ashe had postponed for him.

These two men were important in Jan's scheme of things. They acted as combination body-guard, valet, messenger-boy and diplomatic service for her father and they were obedient to the smallest flicker of her eyelash. Everybody adored Mac, and if Dwight Sutro antagonized most people by that faint superiority of his, they admitted nevertheless that he was extremely clever.

They waited now quietly, smoking.

The third man moved restlessly back and forth across the room. Plainly he was used to waiting for no one, and would not have waited now but that he knew he must. They all knew that. When a man was actually in a tight corner, it was Steve Ashe or nobody, and Steve Ashe was a most irregular man.

Upon them, so, entered Jan.

The instant she saw them, her face emptied itself of all expression. Her method of meeting the unknown was her father's method. You never knew what might be up. Always let the other fellow make the first move. Strolled, that's what she did, strolled in, for all the world as though she had been out for a pre-breakfast walk instead of racing disreputably through the dawn.

"My aunt!" said Jan absently, quite as though nothing in life could really surprise her. "What is all this? I go out for a little walk and return to find you making yourselves at home in no mean fashion." She grinned at them, but her black brows questioned Dwight Sutro.

"This is Mr. Channing," said Dwight. "He wants to see your father."

"We don't want any more murder cases," said Jan severely. "We've got two on the calendar now, and one of them, if I may be allowed to say so, is a humdinger. Gent popped his wife off with a beer bottle, so they claim. Personally, I regard that as a grave social error. If it had been a champagne bottle, it would at least have been in good taste. But nothing can keep a beer bottle from being a low thing with which to hit your wife."

WHILE she talked, she rolled herself a cigaret from the jar of tobacco and brown papers on the table, her eyes pensively upon Mr. Channing, who stared back at her in deeper and deeper amazement. Literally, he did not know what to make of her.

"It's not murder," said Dwight Sutro.

That surprised her. Up went the eyebrows.

"It's contributing," said Dwight.

Jan's eyes widened upon the well-dressed, slightly rotund, eminently respectable figure of Mr. Channing and then she dissolved into most indecent laughter. "Oh, Mr. Channing," she said, through her giggles, "how could you?"

Mac came heavily to the rescue. "Mr. Channing was president of the biggest real estate company in Los Angeles," he said. "He is the Republican candidate for governor."

"They can't do anything to him for that," said Jan.

"Where's your father?" Mac asked.

Not that he was trying to hurry Jan. Well he knew that you could not hurry the Ashes. But this man was one of the state's biggest citizens. In California, the Republican nomination cinched the election, under ordinary circumstances. This indictment, when it became known, would rock the political structures of the state as they had never been rocked before. Upon its outcome would depend not only Channing's future, but the fate of his party for four years.

But Jan turned away from Mac's urgent look, tossing her hat on the piano. "I may be wrong," she said, "but it's my idea that it's a mistake to do business on an empty stomach. Things make you sick that you'd never notice any other time. So grab yourselves some hot cakes and coffee and maybe when you get back dad'll be ready to talk to you."

When they had gone, Jan turned and stood staring, eyebrows down, Ashe jaw out, at a certain closed door, concerning which there was an unwritten law that no one could open it save Jan herself.

She opened it.

And maybe she was not altogether sure what she might find on the other side of it, for you could see her heart beat through the woolly blue sweater, with that terrible, facile emotion of the child.

JAN looked as much like her father as it is possible for a little girl of thirteen, with hair the color of brass with the sun on it, to look like a black-haired man of thirty-eight. Same jaw, same nose, same mouth. But it was the eyes that startled with their alikeness. If you had blocked out the faces and left the eyes, man's eyes, girl's eyes, you could hardly have told them apart. Reckless, mesmeric eyes, with a strange power to draw you and convince you against your will. Eyes expressionless as fate within the thick, black circle of lashes, to be suddenly cleft open by this or that emotion.

Now they stared at each other, those two pairs of eyes so absurdly alike.

And as relief grew in the girl's, anger grew too, as if, finding him safe and sane, she could give free rein to her fury.

"You!" said Jan. "What a pal you turned out to be! Just a good guy to stay away from in a pinch, that's what you are." Her voice creaked and broke and she stood tapping the carpet with her heel.

If only he would give her something to fight against. Why, for fifty miles around the Bay she had been rehearsing the things she was going to say to him. But how to be angry with this man who looked at her so beseechingly?

He wore a robe of that rich, masculine brocade which only the Chinese know how to make and which they do not often waste upon American ignorance. This had been brought from China as a gift. His black hair was a very miracle of grooming, so well-cut and brushed about his fine head, with the streaks of silver at the temples. One would have guessed that he had been shaved not more than five minutes ago. And in his left hand he held a richly bound book, and in his right a carved and jeweled paper-knife.

It was difficult to imagine that not so many hours ago he had been put to bed by a couple of bell-boys in a condition very far removed from his present lean and immaculate well-being.

"Who," said he, with the faintest chuckle, "was the gent out there wearing out my carpets? He seemed a bit nervous."

"Don't think you can scramble the issue with me," said his daughter. "I'm no jury. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Stephen Ashe put down his book and looked at her.

"Yes, I am," he said, and it is impossible to describe that something pathetic about him, except to say that he dramatized everything. He was an actor who used all the world for his stage. That much a god of mountebanks might have been. But to Stephen Ashe had been given one more gift—sincerity. He had to believe a thing before he could make you believe it. So that, while he said or did a thing, he always meant it, and although he had every mark of a violent man, a bad-tempered man, a selfish and arrogant man, he could also look infinitely pathetic.

"I say, Jan, how'd you get home?"

"I didn't get home," said Jan coldly. "I stayed where you jolly well left me."

Astounded he looked then. She had that much satisfaction.

"You mean—but see here, girl, I looked all over for you. I thought you'd gone home."

"You're a liar," said Jan. "You just got drunk and forgot all about me." As he started to protest, her words boiled over. "Yes, you did. I was right there, if you'd looked. I stood around that old road-house for three hours p-putting quarters in an old slot-machine. I p-put in all the quarters I had and never won once. Crooked, probably. I knew you were trying to find out from old Tom where Dutch Mike was, so I didn't butt in where you were talking to him over the bar. Almost everybody had gone but that fat woman that was p-playing the p-piano,

and she got worse and worse and I couldn't stand it any longer, so I went out in the p-patio and went to sleep. And when I woke up there wasn't a soul there except Tom."

She choked with emotion.

"Nice I must have looked walking in there. Tom's old pay station is on an exchange that closes at midnight, so I couldn't get a car. Tom shut up and wouldn't let anyone in, though some men came and made a terrible racket. He said I could sleep with the cook. She was a woman. First thing this morning, I phoned for a car.

"Now, there's a man out there that's candidate for governor and he's charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor and he's *sick*."

She had drifted over to her usual seat at the foot of the bed, feet curled under her. There was a little stand by the bed, just there. She rolled a cigaret absently and handed it to her father. Then she rolled another for herself.

Blinking above the drifting smoke of the little brown cigaret, she said, "That was a mean trick."

"It was worse than that," said Stephen Ashe. "It was the lowest thing I ever heard of a white man doing. I'm so ashamed I could go out and shoot myself. I never did anything like that before, did I, honey?"

She crawled up beside him. "The worst of it was," she said, in a very small voice, "you—forgot me."

And she hid her face against his shoulder. Not crying. Never cried, that one. A low, woman's trick. Just trembled, white, puckered face hidden.

"I did not. I never thought of that patio. I looked all over the house and then I came home to find you."

Into the silence, so that he could scarcely hear her, she said, "Daddy—this drink. I don't like it."

Darkly, horribly embarrassed, as though that tiny whisper had ruthlessly crashed the door into some bluebeard chamber, he said, "Don't be silly, my love."

"But that's what made you leave me. Just lately—I'm scared, daddy."

Ah, that was Jan's one fear.

"Don't be an idiot."

"I'm not." Her voice was tenacious. "I wish—you wouldn't."

Over the little bowed head with its boy-girl hair, Stephen Ashe stared into the silence. So they left it, had to leave it. For Stephen Ashe was a man who did not like to look upon the dark face of his soul's danger. And Jan was, after all, only a child.

"Where's this governor of yours?" asked her father gaily, and never so infectious a gaiety as that of Stephen Ashe. "Bring him on."



¶ *"You want me to pour Jan into the mold of fear and ignorance so she'll come out a lying, smirking, artificial creature like every other woman in the world," said Steve Ashe. "Well, I won't do it."*

"You'd better see him," said Jan, "if you're going to take the case. If he does anything on his own, he might as well buy himself a one-way ticket to San Quentin. Forehead about as high as a well-cut lawn. He ought to make a great governor. Don't be too proud to ask him for money. We can't eat glory, you know."

She ushered the client, now faintly perspiring, into the presence of the great criminal lawyer, propped among his pillows; she heard Stephen Ashe's drawling, amused, "Good morning," and then she went into her own room and went to bed. Nor did it seem strange to Jan Ashe to go to bed in the morning, for that was the way she had been brought up.

Curled under the bedclothes, she lay thinking. The episode of last night was not important of itself. But "this drink thing"—she didn't like it.

Of course it was true that they had just finished a big murder case, a long one, and that dad had worked at that terrific pitch he always hit during a big murder trial. The day of his argument he seemed to her at white heat. And he hadn't slept for days. She could not remember seeing him asleep all during that trial.

And then the jury had been out seventy-two hours, and Steve Ashe had been like a crazy man. He might fool everybody else with that casual, amused manner. But his best acting couldn't hide from Jan that pulse beating in each lean cheek, that little knot of muscle at the hinges of his jaw. At each appearance of Dwight or Mac with the latest news that had seeped from the jury room, he would turn with a "Well?" that sounded like a gunshot.



A man's life. His responsibility—a man's life, innocent or guilty. No surgeon ever strained so beneath that load. For a surgeon fights against nature herself. But Stephen Ashe, so he thought, fought only against human beings for the life of a fellow man.

But they had acquitted in the end. The accused man, a thin little man grown thinner in jail, had wept horribly and his wife kissed Stephen Ashe's hands in the court-room.

No wonder, when it was all over, that Stephen Ashe began to drink. Never drank while he was trying a case. Afterwards, he had to let down. It was so darn difficult, Jan reflected, curling her knees up under her chin, for dad to relax. Too tensely constructed, that man. When he had been keyed up like that for a long time, he had to slide down the easy stream of alcohol into a golden tranquillity before he could rest.

There was a knock. Mac stood in the doorway. "Everything all right?" he asked.

"Why shouldn't it be?" said Jan. "Get out of here and let me sleep." Defiance tinged her stare. Not even to Mac would she confide the happenings of the night before. Not even with him would she discuss her fear.

"Do you think we'll go down to L. A. to try this Channing case?" she asked suddenly.

"Shouldn't be surprised."

Jan considered. "That'll be fun," she said.

Dorothea Joliffe, having come to San Francisco from her home in Burlingame for some shopping, decided to stop at her mother's for tea.

As her limousine swung up Geary toward Van Ness, Mrs. Joliffe realized that she was in a state of exasperation that would probably undo all the good her facial had done, and that the cause of it was, as usual, her niece, Jan Ashe. But really, when she revealed to her aunt this disgraceful plan for accompanying her father to Los Angeles for the trial of this filthy Channing case, it was too much.

Mrs. Joliffe crystallized her determination to make her mother see the necessity for some immediate action, and once within the Ashe mansion she wasted no time.

"Mama, I've come to talk to you about Jan," said Dorothea.

They were in Mrs. Ashe's sitting-room up-stairs, the heavy silver tea-service between them. Mrs. Joliffe had found Grace with her mother and decided that it was a fortunate circumstance. Dorothea felt sure Grace would be on her side in this matter. A preacher's wife could scarcely be anywhere else.

Mrs. Ashe looked at Dorothea haughtily. The only sign of the agitation produced in her by the mention of Jan's name showed in the slight clatter of the teacup as she put it back in its saucer.

"What is it, Dorothea?" she said, in her thin, concise voice.

Dorothea's story, which ended with the Channing case, lost nothing in the telling.

"I do not see——" began Mrs. Ashe, (*Continued on page 167*)

By H. G. Wells

The 4 Years at

"*A time* must come *when* Oxford *and empty and clean* for the amateur of

MY SKEPTICISM about schools extends to universities, and particularly to what one might call the universities for juveniles like Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard and Yale, the annual cricket, boat-race, baseball and football universities, where every sort of intellectual activity is subordinated to a main business of attracting, boarding and amusing our adolescents.

I think that we who deal with the world's affairs have been very negligent about the things that have been done to our sons and daughters in these institutions, and that we need to give them more attention than we have shown hitherto. In England they are not giving value for the money and respect they get—less even than private schools—and in America I have a suspicion they are worse even than in England.

The day of Oxford and Cambridge as the main nuclei of the general education of a great empire, draws to an end. Since the war this has become very evident.

These universities fail to do any adequate educational work upon the larger part of the youngsters who spend what are perhaps the cardinal years of their lives in their colleges. Only a minority do sound work. They do it against the current of opinion. Much of it they could do far better in closer touch with London or in any other habitable town.



©H. & E.

Both Oxford and Cambridge lie in low river valleys; the heavy air demands much time out of every day for exercise, and a vast industry of games has grown up to overshadow all intellectual activities. In spite of such exertions, there is a prevailing slackness. There is a tradition of irrelevance, which only the most resolute workers escape.

There is no effective supervision by the tutors who are supposed to guide the mental growth of the undergraduates, and a considerable number of these youngsters waste their time in little musical and dramatic societies that lead neither to musical nor to dramatic achievement, and in similar forms of amateurism. Such opportunities for frittering away time are endless.

Few of the dons are of a quality to grip the undergraduate imagination. Many of the most conspicuous seem to be wilful "freaks" who set out to be talked about. Nowadays these dons seem more disposed to carry on the traditions of discouragement and suppression that dominate the great English public schools than to excite a new generation to vigorous thought and effort.

Cambridge University has recently done its best to dismiss a great teacher of biology because he was corespondent in a divorce suit.

Oxford, I see, proposes to dismiss all youthful communists. By such tokens these places put the repressive training of the young above knowledge and freedom of thought.

I encounter a growing discontent with Oxford and Cambridge among many of my friends who have had undergraduate sons. I know three or four who have been bitterly disappointed in reasonable hopes. They send their boys trustfully and hopefully to these overrated centers. They find themselves confronted with pleasant, easy-going, evasive young men, up to nothing in particular and schooled out of faith, passion or ambition.

I think we must be prepared to cut out this three- or four-year holiday at Oxford or Cambridge, and their American compeers, from the lives of the young men we hope to see playing leading parts in the affairs of the world. It is too grave a loss of time at a crucial period; it establishes the defensive attitude too firmly in the face of the forcible needs of life.

I offer no suggestions about the education of girls because I know very little about it, but the conviction has grown upon me in the last few years that as early as fifteen or sixteen, a youth should be brought into contact with realities and kept in contact with realities from that age on. That does not mean that he will make an end of learning then, but only that henceforth he will go on learning—and continue learning for the rest of his life—in relation not to the "subjects" of a curriculum, but to the realities he is attacking.

ALL the antiquated nonsense of calling people bachelors and masters and doctors of arts and science might very well go, with the gowns and hoods that recall some medieval alchemist or inquisitor, to limbo. They mean nothing. There is no presumption that a man who has the diploma, or whatever they call it, of M. A., is even a moderately educated man.

We are parting from the old delusion that learning is a mere phase in life. And all the antiquated nonsense of calling people bachelors and masters and doctors of arts and science might very well go, with the gowns and hoods that recall some medieval alchemist or inquisitor, to limbo. They mean nothing. There is no presumption that a man who has the diploma, or whatever they call it, of M. A., is even a moderately educated man.

One may argue that to clear out the colleges and disperse the crowds of spoiled and motiveless youth that now, under a pretense of some high and conclusive educational benefit, constitute the physical bulk of Oxford, Cambridge, Yale and Harvard, is not to put an end to universities; but the value of that argument depends upon the meaning we assign to the word university.

No doubt the modern world requires an increasing number of institutions conducting research, gathering and presenting knowledge, affording opportunities for discussions and decisions between keenly interested men, working perpetually upon the perpetually renewed myriads of interrogations with which the intelligent adult faces existence; but are such institutions, without teaching pretensions, really universities in the commonly accepted sense of the word at all?

A whole book might be written about the varying uses of that word. In one sense the Royal Society of London might be called

College are Wasted

Cambridge, Yale *and* Harvard, *will stand* architecture and the sightseeing tourist"

a university, but it seems to me that in ordinary speech "university" conjures up first and foremost a vision of undergraduates engaged in graduation, a scene of caps and gowns, brightly colored hoods and scarlet robes, of learned doctors who are supposed to have imparted their precious accumulations to the receptive youth at their feet, and of candidates, shaken and examined when full, certified to "know all that there is to be knowed" and sent into the world, in need of no further intellectual process for the rest of their lives except perhaps a little calking.

There is the current idea of a university, embalming the artless assumptions of an age that passes. It seems to me that age may very well take its universities with it—into history.

The newer institutions, the research and postgraduate colleges if you cling to the word, will offer no general education at all, no graduation in arts or science or wisdom. The only students who will come to them will be young people who are specially attracted and who want to work in close relation as assistants, secretaries, special pupils, collateral investigators with the devoted and distinguished men whose results are teaching all the world.

These men will teach when they feel disposed to teach. They will write, they will communicate what they have to say by means of conferences and special demonstrations, and their utterances will be world-wide. There is no need whatever now for anyone ever to suffer and inflict an ordinary course of lectures again.

The new institutions for the increase of knowledge will become the constituent ganglia of one single world university and a special press and a literature of explanation and summary will make the general consequences of their activities accessible everywhere.

The modern university, as Carlyle said long ago, is a university of books. So far as general education is concerned I agree entirely with that.

There it is that we to whom power is happening are still most negligent. It is not merely that we have great possibilities of endowment; we have also great opportunities of organization.

As the prestige of tradition and traditional institutions fades, an immense desire for knowledge and for new sustaining ideas spreads through the world. There are millions of people, half educated and uneducated, vividly aware that they are ill-informed and undirected, passionately eager to learn and to acquire a sense of purpose and validity.

This new demand for information, for suggestion and inspiration, is perceptible now not only in the Atlantic communities but increasingly in India, in China, in Russia and in the Near East. We make no concerted effort to cope with it. We allow it to be exploited meanly for immediate profits.

Much absolute rubbish is fed to this great hunger, and still more adulterated food. This appetite, which should grow with what it feeds on, is thwarted and perverted.

It rests with us, the people with capital and enterprise, to treat this phase of opportunity with a better respect, to show a larger generosity in the promotion and distribution of publications, to use the great new possibilities of intellectual dissemination that arise worthily and fruitfully.

The world university must be a great literature. We cannot have our able teachers wasting and wearying their voices any longer in the lecture theaters of provincial towns; we want them to speak to all the world.

And it must be a literature made accessible by translation into every prevalent language. Each language and people will still produce its own literature, expressive of its own esthetic spirit and developing its own distinctive possibilities, but the literature of ideas must be a world-wide literature sustaining one world-wide civilization.

To this sustaining contemporary literature in its variety and abundance our young people of all classes must go for their general conception of life, and throughout all their subsequent lives they will follow it and react to it and develop mentally in relation to it. Such upper personal teaching as will remain in the world, will direct their attention to what is being written and said, and will advise and assist in study and selection.

That in effect is the real upper education of today; that is how we are being kept alive as a thinking community now.

Apart from the modicum of technical instruction they impart, the upper schools and universities of our world already betray themselves for an imposture, rather delaying, wasting and misleading good intentions, rather using their great prestige and influence in sustaining prejudice in favor of outworn institutions and traditions that endanger and dwarf human life, than in any real sense educating.

They are the most powerful bulwarks, necessarily and inseparably a part—the most vital and combative part—of that declining order which our revolution seeks to replace from the foundations upward.

Here as with monarchy and militant nationalism we do not need so much to attack as to disregard and neglect, to supersede and efface, through the steadfast development of a new world-wide organism of education and interchange, press, books, encyclopedias, organized translations, conferences, research institutions.

A time must come when Oxford and Cambridge, Yale and Harvard will signify no more in the current intellectual life of the world than the monastery of Mount Athos or the lamaseries of Tibet do now, when their colleges will stand empty and clean for the amateur of architecture and the sightseeing tourist.

> AS EARLY as fifteen or sixteen, a youth should be brought into contact with realities and kept in contact with realities from that age on. That does not mean that he will make an end of learning then, but only that henceforth he will go on learning—and continue learning for the rest of his life—in relation not to the "subjects" of a curriculum, but to the realities he is attacking.



©H. & E.

A Story of Love After 30



Song of Life

IN DOYER the smell of summer is the smell of Ohio sun on cow-patch and corn-stalk dry enough to crackle when you plunge through. Hot clover. Hot rank weed. Stagnant ponds stewing under slime. Sweet rich reek of cattle seated on folded knees in scraps of shade. The smell of long, motionless, baking days that exude to the pull of heat.

There were too few souls in the township to invade the sun-and-earth stench of valley with the odors of humanity.

The little clutter of houses scarcely more than blistered the flow of meadow and farm and grazing-land.

The smell of Doyer in summer was the smell of the hot, uninterrupted process of fructification and decay.

Sometimes the taint of gasoline followed the trail of a motor-truck or threshing-machine, but Doyer was five miles behind the state road and tucked into a fold of farming land as unostensibly as a penny into a little girl's pocket.

One motionless August morning a new smell lay on that somnolence. A sweet, vertiginous one, as arresting to Doyer as the yell of a fire siren. The faint, sickish, sucking reek of ether.

In the wood-shed behind the house, which was referred to as hotel only on those semi-frequent occasions when it put up a lodger, Ida Hassebrock, with a white cloth tied over the lower half of her face, was chloroforming a sheep-dog that had been born in that same barn sixteen years ago to the day.

Outside, down the rutted wagon road that wound toward a still more insular township called Deborah, Red Hassebrock, in the speck of shade thrown by a plane-tree, was leaning up against the bole of it with his face looking twisted and sick.

A great fellow, with eye-and-mouth slits cut upward, and loose-looking red hair and more red hair that grew darkly on his white chest where the army shirt fell open.

A six-foot, two-hundred-pound fellow, with not an inch or an ounce of overweight, white and faint there against the tree trunk as the creeping sweetness came closer, and two hundred yards away in the hot, black mouth of the wood-shed, his wife Ida, with one white cup-towel across her mouth, held another to the muzzle of the dog, whose eyes, as she ceased to struggle, rolled backward and upward at her like two wounds that she could feel against the flesh of her breast.

It should have been done the day, six years ago, that Lonnie awoke one morning with her hind legs two sticks of paralysis.

Ida had known that all along and had kept trying to muster the courage. Only Red invariably turned that sick-looking white if you as much as mentioned it, and Cissie, with her arms about Lonnie's shaggy neck as she lay helpless on her pallet behind the range, sobbed into the tangled old wool, and so one day marched into the next, until one morning the pan of warm food which Ida prepared would not go down.

Lonnie could no longer swallow.

It had to be done then. At once. The sooner the better. While Cissie was still over at Katie's, and Red given time to get out of hearing and sight.

It was more terrible even than she had dreaded. The cling of those eyes to her as, slipping away, Lonnie wanted to stay. The warm old tongue, licking out at her hand from under the cloth. If only she wouldn't do that! Licking Ida as she crushed Lonnie softly out of life with the cloth to her nostrils. If only—please—please—if only she wouldn't do that! Lick and look up at her with those dying eyes that wanted to drag themselves back from the brink . . .

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks



¶ *"Lay off teasing that child, Red," said Ida. "Come on, Cissie, fix a new needle in the phonograph. I don't mind the dishes with something to tickle my feet while I'm doing them."*

It wasn't fair to have made her do it. Why should Red be the one to be spared, and Cissie too, the horror of putting old Lonnie out of her misery?

There was a warm lump in her lap and against her heart. Lonnie's head pressing against the sobbing wall of Ida as she held the cloth closer. Sweetish, sickish, black heat of that shed, and Lonnie's eyes that kept scrambling back from the brink to fawn over her face.

Lonnie was not afraid. In the six years of her almost total paralysis Ida had never failed her. Lonnie was not afraid. That was the heart-breaking part of it. The old eyes, as they felt themselves slipping, scrambling back to her face.

For a long time, while this strange thing kept happening and the sweetishness thickened, Lonnie was not afraid.

And then, suddenly, when her breath kept wanting to go one way and was all pouring out when she wanted to breathe in, fear smote the heart of Lonnie. Lonnie wanted to come back. Lonnie was going where she did not want to go. Lonnie wanted Ida. Lonnie began to struggle, to beat back, to whine back in terrified moans that she had not the breath for. Moans that twenty yards down the road caused Red to turn his face and sob out loud against the tree trunk.

Lonnie wanted to come back. Lonnie, with her great old shaggy body already half slipping in dead weight from Ida's lap to the black dirt floor of the shed, was fighting back with her eyes that would not leave Ida.

There was not a stitch on the great fleshy body of the woman that was not wringing wet with the sweat of this agony. Lonnie, who trusted her, was slipping off. Lonnie was being tricked into death and Lonnie did not want to die. Lonnie wanted to come back! Lonnie, who trusted her, was licking her hand from under the death fumes. Suddenly, with a cry, Ida flung the cloth away from Lonnie's muzzle.

Lonnie—old Lonnie—come back!

The eyes of Lonnie crawling over Ida. They wanted to come back. They were desperate to come back.

Lonnie—you come back——

The answer was a thump of a dead body and Ida fleeing from the shed with the crook of her arm up over her eyes as if someone were pursuing her.

The only street in Doyer was one block long. General store. Gasoline station. Post-office. Hassebrock's. Farmlands billowed all around it with occasional houses and barns riding the acres like frail crafts at sea.

Hassebrock's stood on the corner. A great, leaky piano-box of a house that had cost Red and Ida three hundred dollars, five acres and all, the day they were married, eighteen years before.

The three hundred dollars had been Ida's, saved from fourteen years of hired-girl service to a farmer family named Idleweiss, three miles out of Doyer.

It was a gaunt house of eighteen rooms, seven unfurnished and shut off. Winter hay was stored away in three of them, and in a fourth, the one nearest the living quarters, Cissie or Ida was forever fostering a brood of new chicks or a sick ewe, and once in Lonnie's palmy days a litter of nine of her pups that had all died the first week in spite of eager ministerings of blankets and straw pallets.

It was a gaunt house, except for the flock of ground-floor rooms that the Hassebrocks and the occasional lodger inhabited.

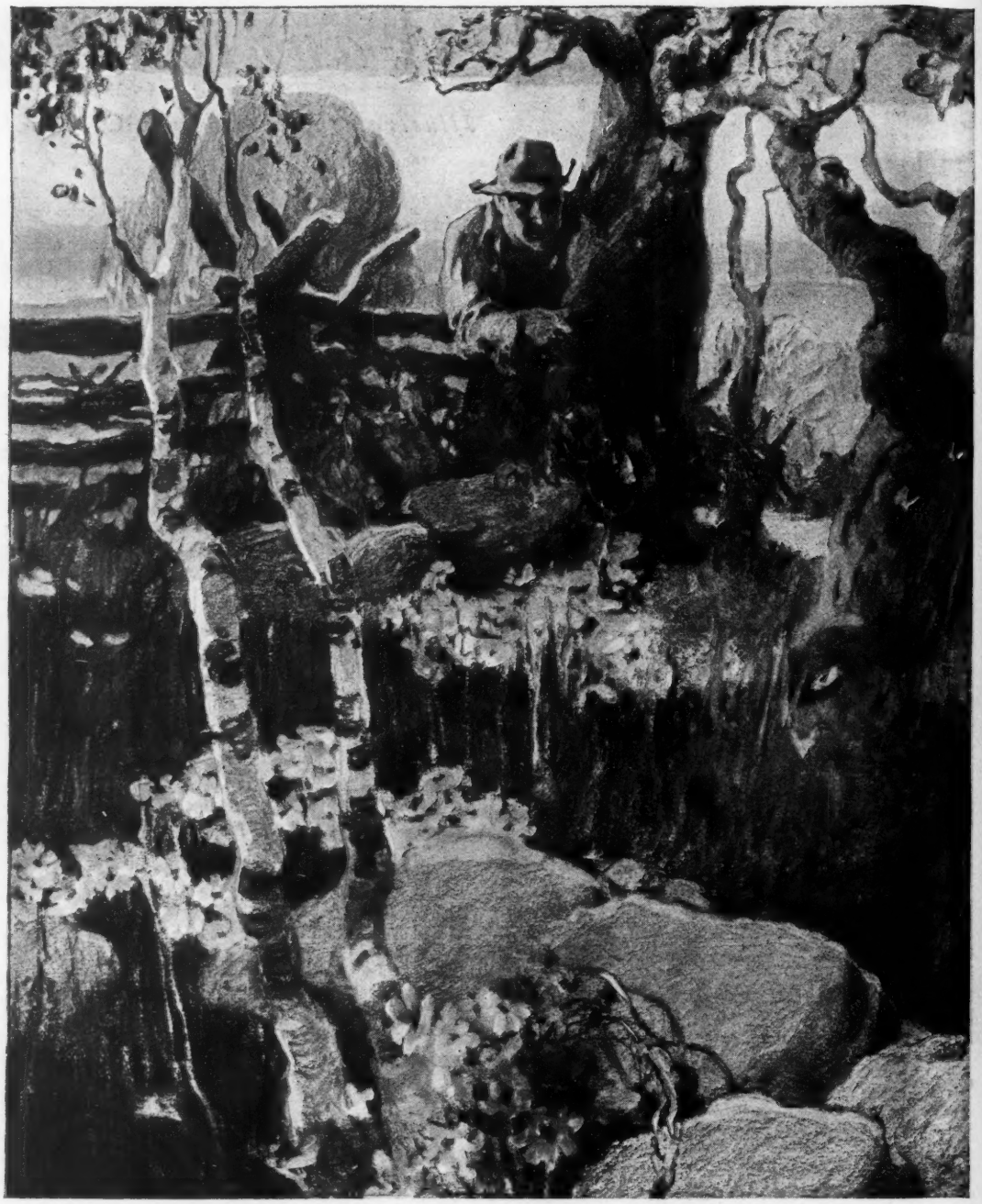
Ida had breathed some semblance of life into those, especially the kitchen, which had an enormous coal range at one end that roared all day of a plentifully stoked fire and was banked at night so that the embers shone through the cracks like grins.

There was a monster of a parlor too, with a stone kitten for door prop over which you stumbled on entering, and three red velvet chairs cram full of springs and festooned with ball fringe that swept the floor, and calendars from the tobacco factory where Ida helped out in busy season hanging over almost every piece of furniture. A room that all winter long boasted the most superb window-panes. Brilliant frost-crusted ones, etched in mountains, canyons and cascades that leaped in glory.

The bedroom that Ida and Red shared was large enough to have an echo. A great iron bed in its center, well away from the heat or the cold of the walls, sagged a little crazily from the heft of heavy bodies. There seemed no way to make this room look furnished. It had the makeshift appearance of a room over a barn, or in a box-car. Behind the wash-stand, a yellow-oak horror, illustrated pages from motion-picture magazines were tacked on the wall against Red's splashings.

Ida put up new ones occasionally. She liked the gay faces of the cinema girls and imitated their postures sometimes as she dressed in the dawn, attiring her great hulk of figure in the cotton, routine-colored fabrics that lie in bolts along the shelves of general stores.

Not that all of Ida's clothes were drab in color. Of a Saturday night, for instance, attired for barbecue or a dance in the lodge room up over the post-office, or a hot corn fest when the ears were ripest, or even for the weekly motion-picture, or a walk past the post-office of an evening, Ida could blossom forth along with the best of them. And in daring schemes too, without fear of violent contrast, because Ida was all straw-colored. Her hair.



¶ *"Me and Red?" Cissie laughed. "Say, you're crazy. He's just like my pap. He'd give*

Her sort of topaz-colored eyes, and the tinge of her flesh as relentlessly she grew stouter, one after another of the eighteen years after her marriage.

But Ida knew the delights of color every bit as much as Cissie, or the slim slabs of girls about the village. The girls who worked in the tobacco factory. The girls from the farms. The styles leaked in by way of the weekly motion-picture, the illustrated magazines, the radio.

Cissie, at seventeen, rolled her stockings, coarse ones of some sort of synthetic silk that glistened like a lead nickel. Cissie's hair was bobbed, the boyish way, if you please, and in the cheap leather hand-bag that dangled from her wrist were such urban addenda as powder-compact in a round gilt box with mirror inset and a little cylindrical rouge stick that dyed and belied the far lovelier tint of Cissie's own lips.

Ida sometimes daubed on a bit of Cissie's lip-stick as they sauntered out together of a summer evening.

"The Big and the Little of it," guffawed the hardy perennial loiterers astride the cider barrels in front of Grody's store.

Well, they were. Ida in her red cotton voile and white canvas shoes, billowing along like some great animated tent with a commotion going on inside it, and Cissie dancing alongside her as spry as one of those long, lean, iridescent dragon-flies that skim along the surface of water without rippling it.

And yet she had rippled her way into the Hassebrock household. When she was only eleven, one lean winter when Red's lumbago made outdoor work as odd-job man on this and that farm a hardship, and Ida had gone to work in the tobacco factory, they had hired her from a family of squatters living in an abandoned shack near the state road.

There was old Katie, Red's aunt, who had reared him, to be cared for. She lived in a shanty, her sole possession, catercornered from the rear of the Hassebrocks'. Red had been born in there. At eighty, Katie Riggs was for all the world like an old wolf with a cap tied under her chin. Ida made these caps and fluted the ruffles with the tip end of her iron.

Much of Cissie's task, at eleven, had been to tend the old woman, who was chair-ridden of an almost total paralysis, and



me the shivers" . . . Youth had slapped Red, there behind the trees, a ringing blow across the heart.

then tear over to the big house to give Red his noonday dinner and brew the old woman's, when Ida was at the tobacco factory.

Sometimes there was a lodger. A radio salesman. A brush-and-broom vender. A crayon photograph artist. Then Cissie did for him too. Spry, nervous, quick and pretty in a flash-in-the-pan sort of way. The prettiness of her mother before her, who at fourteen had been a sprite too and at twenty had a sway-back and gums almost as toothless as those of her babies.

Cissie had seen the last of that mother, who with fourteen other offspring had little enough time to miss her, except to come scratching around from time to time for the gleanings from her little wages.

In every way, except legally, the Hassebrocks had adopted Cissie. They would have done it that way but for the hold it would have released on Cissie's wages. The squatters were not for that.

It did not really matter, though. Virtually, Cissie was the Hassebrocks' own. Ida sent her to township school, sewed for her, schemed for her, and Red never came home of an evening without stopping by Katie's to tweak the old woman's wolf-shaped ear and then carry Cissie across to the big house for supper by the outlandish device of holding her dangling by the neck of her dress like a kitten, his arm held out in a firm horizontal bar.

Red was so big. Cissie could beat at him with all the strength in her small fists and Red would laugh down and fleck her off like so much dust.

"Red, quit teasin' that there child," was a phrase that fell almost constantly and automatically from Ida's lips. "Drat it, Red, quit teasin'. Law me, look at her jump. That there child's half flea. Nothin's going to hurt you, honey. Red, you crazy nut, you, quit teasin' that child! Crazy nut, you!"

When Ida called Red "crazy nut" she usually took a pinch of his cheek between her thumb and forefinger and gritted her teeth, very much in the manner she had over a new chick or a ewe lamb. She treated him that way pretty generally, yelling at him in her great booming voice abusive things that her manner belied.

The house rang with the great (*Continued on page 185*)

Unedited Confessions of a

By Ring W.

I Can't



¶ *Gordon asked me if I still loved him and I tried to tell him no, but the connection was so bad that I never could make him understand so I said yes.*

JULY 12

I AM staying here at the Inn for two weeks with my Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule and I think I will keep a kind of a diary while I am here to help pass the time and so I can have a record of things that happen though goodness knows there isn't lightly to anything happen, that is anything exciting with Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule making the plans as they are both at least 35 years old and maybe older.

Dad and mother are abroad to be gone a month and me coming here is supposed to be a recompence for them not taking me with them. A fine recompence to be left with old people that come to a place like this to rest. Still it would be a heavenly place under different conditions, for instance if Walter were here, too. It would be heavenly if he were here, the very thought of it makes my heart stop.

I can't stand it. I won't think about it.

This is our first seperation since we have been engaged, nearly 17 days. It will be 17 days tomorrow. And the hotel orchestra at dinner this evening played that old thing "Oh how I miss you tonight" and it seemed as if they must be playing it for my benefit though of course the person in that song is talking about how they miss their mother though of course I miss mother too, but a person gets used to missing their mother and it isn't like Walter or the person you are engaged to.

But there won't be any more seperations much longer, we are going to be married in December even if mother does laugh when I talk to her about it because she says I am crazy to even think of getting married at 18.

She got married herself when she was 18, but of course that was "different," she wasn't crazy like I am, she knew whom she was marrying. As if Walter were a policeman or a foreigner or something. And she says she was only engaged once while I have been engaged at least five times a year since I was 14, of course it really isn't as bad as that and I have really only been really what I call engaged six times altogether, but is getting engaged my fault when they keep insisting and hammering at you and if you didn't say yes they would never go home.

But it is different with Walter. I honestly believe if he had not asked me I would have asked him. Of course I wouldn't have, but I would have died. And this is the first time I have ever been engaged to be really married. The other times when they talked about when should we get married I just laughed at them, but I hadn't been engaged to Walter ten minutes when he brought up the subject of marriage and I didn't laugh. I wouldn't be engaged to him unless it was to be married. I couldn't stand it.

Anyway mother may as well get used to the idea because it is "No Foolin' " this time and we have got our plans all made and I am going to be married at home and go out to California and Hollywood on our honeymoon. December, five months away. I can't stand it. I can't wait.

There were a couple of awfully nice looking boys sitting together alone in the dining-room tonight. One of them wasn't so much, but the other was cute. And he——

There's the dance orchestra playing "Always," what they played at the Biltmore the day I met Walter. "Not for just an hour. not for just a day." I can't live. I can't breathe.

JULY 13

This has been a much more exciting day than I expected under the circumstances. In the first place I got two long night letters, one from Walter and one from Gordon Flint. I don't see how Walter ever had the nerve to send his, there was everything in it and it must have been horribly embarrassing for him while the telegraph operator was reading it over and counting the words to say nothing of embarrassing for the operator.

But the one from Gordon was a kind of a shock. He just got back from a trip around the world, left last December to go on it and got back yesterday and called up our house and Helga gave him my address, and his telegram, well it was nearly as bad as Walter's. The trouble is that Gordon and I were engaged when he went away, or at least he thought so and he wrote to me right along all the time he was away and sent cables and things and for a while I answered his letters, but then I lost track of his itinery and couldn't write to him any more and when I got really engaged to Walter I couldn't let Gordon know because I had no idea where he was besides not wanting to spoil his trip.

And now he still thinks we are engaged and he is going to call me up tomorrow from Chicago and how in the world can I explain things and get him to understand because he is really serious and I like him ever and ever so much and in lots of ways he is nicer than Walter, not really nicer but better looking and there is no comparison between their dancing. Walter simply can't learn to dance, that is really dance. He says it is because he is flat footed, he says that as a joke, but it is true and I wish to heavens it wasn't.

All forenoon I thought and thought and thought about what to say to Gordon when he calls up and finally I couldn't stand thinking about it any more and just made up my mind I wouldn't think about it any more. But I will tell him the truth though it will kill me to hurt him.

I went down to lunch with Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule and they were going out to play golf this afternoon and were insisting that I go with them, but I told them I had a headache and then I had a terrible time getting them to go without me. I didn't have a headache at all and just wanted to be alone to think about Walter and besides when you play with Uncle Nat he is always correcting your stance or your swing or something

Very Popular Girl

Lardner

Breather



Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

and always puts his hands on my arms or shoulders to show me the right away and I can't stand it to have old men touch me, even if they are your uncle.

I finally got rid of them and I was sitting watching the tennis when that boy that I saw last night, the cute one, came and sat right next to me and of course I didn't look at him and I was going to smoke a cigarette and found I had left my lighter upstairs and I started to get up and go after it when all of a sudden he was offering me his lighter and I couldn't very well refuse it without being rude. So we got to talking and he is even cuter than he looks, the most original and wittiest person I believe I ever met and I haven't laughed so much in I don't know how long.

For one thing he asked me if I had heard Rockefeller's song and I said no and he began singing "Oil alone." Then he asked me if I knew the orange juice song and I told him no again and he said it was "Orange juice sorry you made me cry." I was in hysterics before we had been together ten minutes.

His name is Frank Caswell and he has been out of Dartmouth a year and is 24 years old. That isn't so terribly old, only two years older than Walter and three years older than Gordon. I hate the name Frank, but Caswell is all right and he is so cute.

He was out in California last winter and visited Hollywood and met everybody in the world and it is fascinating to listen to him. He met Norma Shearer and he said he thought she was the prettiest thing he had ever seen. What he said was "I did think she was the prettiest girl in the world, till today." I was going to pretend I didn't get it, but I finally told him to be sensible or I would never be able to believe anything he said.

Well, he wanted me to dance with him tonight after dinner and the next question was how to explain how we had met each other to Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule. Frank said he would fix that all right and sure enough he got himself introduced to Uncle Nat when Uncle Nat came in from golf and after dinner Uncle Nat introduced him to me and Aunt Jule too and we danced together all evening, that is not Aunt Jule. They went to bed, thank heavens.

He is a heavenly dancer, as good as Gordon. One dance we were dancing and for one of the encores the orchestra played "In a cottage small by a waterfall" and I simply couldn't dance to it. I just stopped still and said "Listen, I can't bear it, I can't breathe" and poor Frank thought I was sick or something and I had to explain that that was the tune the orchestra played the night I sat at the next table to Jack Barrymore at Barney Gallant's.

I made him sit out that encore and wouldn't let him talk till they got through playing it. Then they played something else and I was all right again and Frank told me about meeting Jack Barrymore. Imagine meeting him. I couldn't live.

I promised Aunt Jule I would go to bed at eleven and it is way past that now, but I am all ready for bed and have just been writing this. Tomorrow Gordon is going to call up and what will I say to him? I just won't think about it.

JULY 14

Gordon called up this morning from Chicago and it was wonderful to hear his voice again though the connection was terrible. He asked me if I still loved him and I tried to tell him no, but I knew that would mean an explanation and the connection was so bad that I never could make him understand so I said yes, but I almost whispered it purposely, thinking he wouldn't hear me, but he heard me all right and he said that made everything all right with the world. He said he thought I had stopped loving him because I had stopped writing.

I wish the connection had been decent and I could have told him how things were, but now it is terrible because he is planning to get to New York the day I get there and heaven knows what I will do because Walter will be there, too. I just won't think about it.

Aunt Jule came in my room just after I was through talking to Gordon, thank heavens. The room was full of flowers. Walter had sent me some and so had Frank. I got another long night letter from Walter, just as silly as the first one. I wish he would say those things in letters instead of night letters so everybody in the world wouldn't see them. Aunt Jule wanted me to read it aloud to her. I would have died.

While she was still in the room, Frank called up and asked me to play golf with him and I said all right and Aunt Jule said she was glad my headache was gone. She was trying to be funny.

I played golf with Frank this afternoon. He is a beautiful golfer and it is thrilling to watch him drive, his swing is so much more graceful than Walter's. I asked him to watch me swing and tell me what was the matter with me, but he said he couldn't look at anything but my face and there wasn't anything the matter with that.

He told me the boy who was here with him had been called home and he was glad of it because I might have liked him, the other boy, better than himself. I told him that couldn't



I sat at the next table to Jack Barrymore. The

be possible and he asked me if I really meant that and I said of course, but I smiled when I said it so he wouldn't take it too seriously.

We danced again tonight and Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule sat with us a while and danced a couple of dances themselves, but they were really there to get better acquainted with Frank and see if he was all right for me to be with. I know they certainly couldn't have enjoyed their own dancing, no old people really can enjoy it because they can't really *do* anything.

They were favorably impressed with Frank I think, at least Aunt Jule didn't say I must be in bed at eleven, but just not to stay up too late. I guess it is a big surprise to a girl's parents and aunts and uncles to find out that the boys you go around with are all right, they always seem to think that if I seem to like somebody and the person pays a little attention to me, why he must be a convict or a policeman or a drunkard or something queer.

Frank had some more songs for me tonight. He asked me if I knew the asthma song and I said I didn't and he said "Oh, you must know that. It goes yes, sir, asthma baby." Then he told me about the underwear song, "I underwear my baby is tonight." He keeps you in hysterics and yet he has his serious side, in fact he was awfully serious when he said good night to me and his eyes simply shown. I wish Walter were more like him in some ways, but I mustn't think about that.

JULY 15

I simply can't live and I know I'll never sleep tonight. I am in a terrible predicament or rather I won't know whether I really am or not till tomorrow and that is what makes it so terrible.

After we had danced two or three dances, Frank asked me to go for a ride with him and we went for a ride in his car and he had had some cocktails and during the ride he had some drinks out of a flask and finally he told me he loved me and I said not to be silly, but he said he was perfectly serious and he certainly acted that way. He asked me if I loved anybody else and I said yes and he asked if I didn't love him more than anybody else and I said yes, but only because I thought he had probably had too much to drink and wouldn't remember it anyway and the best thing to do was humor him under the circumstances.

Then all of a sudden he asked me when I could marry him and I said, just as a joke, that I couldn't possible marry him before December. He said that was a long time to wait, but I was certainly worth waiting for and he said a lot of other things and maybe I humored him a little too much, but that is just the trouble, I don't know.



orchestra played "In a cottage small by a waterfall." I couldn't bear it. I couldn't breathe.

I was absolutely sure he was tight and would forget the whole thing, but that was early in the evening, and when we said good night he was a whole lot more sober than he had been and now I am not sure how it stands. If he doesn't remember anything about it, of course I am all right. But if he does remember and if he took me seriously, I will simply have to tell him about Walter and maybe about Gordon, too. And it isn't going to be easy. The suspense is what is maddening and I know I'll never live through this night.

JULY 16

I can't stand it, I can't breathe, life is impossible. Frank remembered everything about last night and firmly believes we are engaged and going to be married in December. His people live in New York and he says he is going back when I do and have them meet me.

Of course it can't go on and tomorrow I will tell him about Walter or Gordon or both of them. I know it is going to hurt him terribly, perhaps spoil his life and I would give anything in the world not to have had it happen. I hate so to hurt him because he is so nice besides being so cute and attractive.

He sent me the loveliest flowers this morning and called up at ten and wanted to know how soon he could see me and I hope the girl wasn't listening in because the things he said were, well, like Walter's night letters.

And that is another terrible thing, today I didn't get a night letter from Walter, but there was a regular letter instead and I carried it around in my purse all this afternoon and evening and never remembered to read it till ten minutes ago when I came up in the room. Walter is worried because I have only sent him two telegrams and written him one letter since I have been here, he would be a lot more worried if he knew what has happened now, though of course it can't make any difference because he is the one I am really engaged to be married to and the one I told mother I was going to marry in December and I wouldn't dare tell her it was somebody else.

I met Frank for lunch and we went for a ride this afternoon and he was so much in love and so lovely to me that I simply did not have the heart to tell him the truth, I am surely going to tell him tomorrow and telling him today would have just meant one more day of unhappiness for both of us.

He said his people had plenty of money and his father had offered to take him into partnership and he might accept, but he thinks his true vocation is journalism with a view to eventually writing novels and if I was willing to undergo a few hardships just at first we would probably both (*Continued on page 201*)

I, *too*, Thought I *Could* "Take it *or* Leave it" *but* I Became *a* *Slave* to *DOPE*

I AM trying to tell—as quietly as I can—the history of my two years of slavery. Slavery the more terrible because it was I who put on my chains, who shut myself away from the warm sunshine of life into the cold, dark dungeon of selfish indulgence.

For two years I was a slave to drugs. Do you know what that means?

To begin with, you lose all sense of moral values. You are incapable of distinguishing between truth and untruth. You lie glibly, freely, with an increasing appetite for falsehood.

You lose all sense of humanity, so that when the hunger, when the terrible hunger for dope is on you, you would cheerfully take the bread from the mouth of a small child if it would give you what you want.

You lose all sense of cleanliness. This is, indeed, inevitable. The act of bathing, even of washing, is no longer a physical delight; it becomes a physical torture, so that you shrink from the impact of water with the same horror as the victim of hydrophobia.

You lose all sense of love. You regard your nearest and your dearest merely as means to one ghastly end—the provision of dope.

Then your nerves go. You see things which are not there; you hear whisperings; if you touch a book, a chair, the contact suggests something foul. The most familiar object has a dank clamminess . . .

With me it all came about so easily, so lightly, so unthinkingly. I tasted my first experience of dope with the same curiosity that one tries a new brand of cigaret, a new blend of tea.

I am a story-writer by profession and like most of my craft found things difficult at first. My mother, a widow, and I were alone in the world and largely dependent on my earnings. But if we hadn't much money we were very happy and most devoted to each other; indeed, the only other person for whom I had a deep feeling was the man that one day I hoped to marry—Jim ——, out in the colonies trying to make his fortune.

Luck came to me quite suddenly. I had a serial story accepted and orders for others quickly followed, and very soon I found myself able to take a small flat in town and to keep my mother going comfortably in our home just outside London. I worked very hard, but I enjoyed my work and I used to go out of an evening to dance and to the theater so that altogether I had a busy and a pleasant life.

I was so excited at my success that I overdid things a little. It was natural but silly; instead of refusing work I accepted everything that came along. I don't quite remember when I first began to feel brain-fag, but I recall distinctly one night when I simply couldn't write a word. My imagination wouldn't work—I just couldn't make myself. I was rather upset as I had to deliver an instalment the next morning.

But I decided not to think about it more than I could help and I went off to a "rag" a woman friend was giving.

She was a clever, brilliant creature who painted extraordinary futurist pictures. You never quite knew how you would find her—in the best of spirits one day, in the depths of melancholy the next. She was radiant that evening and gradually I began to feel better.

I wanted to tell her how I was feeling, however, and I followed her up-stairs in the middle of the evening to her bedroom. I told her how dull and woolly I had got and she was very sympathetic.

"You're overdoing it," she said, "and you ought to take a holiday. Anyway, you want a good sleep. Look here, my dear, I've got a prescription which I think will help you. Take one of these powders tonight. You'll feel as different as possible and able to work like a house on fire."

I put the tiny packet in my bag and went off feeling cheered and comforted. It was a chilly evening and when I got back to the flat I lighted a fire.

In the quietness of the night my head felt easier and I was healthily tired. I wondered if it would be possible for me to write the instalment the next morning—and go without the powder. But then the old prick of doubt came back, the fear of letting down your editor that every writing man and woman knows. I dared not leave the work until the next day.

I emptied the little white powder on to my tongue, gulped some water . . . and sat and waited.

Nothing drastic happened. I was gradually, but only gradually, conscious of a wonderful feeling of ease. It was as though the tangled knots in my brain were smoothed out by velvet fingers. I saw everything with an increased perception, and yet the objects about me seemed to separate from my consciousness. It was like being lord of creation on a small scale.

I seized on my pen and with a magnificent sense of ease and security began to write.

The sun was streaming into my room when I finished. I had written for six solid hours; the instalment was completed.

I was not tired or dull, and my head was as clear as a bell. I had never felt more vitalized, more perfectly equipped for anything that might come to me. I took the stuff to a typewriting office, corrected the manuscript, delivered it to the newspaper office—and went back to bed. I slept like a top until late that evening, when I ate a perfectly good meal and went to sleep again!

I FELT so well the day after that I decided to go into the country, to loaf and invite my soul, as Whitman says. And then the telephone rang. The fiction editor of the daily was so pleased with my instalment that he wanted me to write a serial for a weekly journal connected with the firm, and I felt so splendidly fit that, like a fool, I undertook to do it.

It was not love of money, you understand; it was merely the overwhelming desire for a period of security—security for my mother and myself. Oh, I know I was a fool, but I could have got over my initial folly in accepting more work; what split me was my craven weakness in flying to the drug which, like the gifts of the genii of old, came as a blessing to remain as a curse.

The old symptoms returned—my brain wouldn't work; my head seemed full of wool. I remembered the wonderful powder my friend had given me and rushed off to her to get another. I got there late in the afternoon. The maid said she was lying down and it was some little while before she sent word for me to go up to her.

I remember how surprised I was to find her room looking so terribly untidy, almost dirty. She is fastidious as a rule and I couldn't image how she could bear to have bowls of dead flowers all about, and the carpet looking as if it hadn't been swept for days.

She was standing by the dressing-table as I entered, wiping her mouth with a handkerchief, a very dirty handkerchief. She was wearing a soiled dressing-gown and I have never seen her skin look so muddy.

"Why, aren't you well?" said I.

"A bit tired, that's all," she said. "What's wrong with you? You don't look any too bright."

I told her what I had come for. Could she give me another of the powders? She looked at me rather curiously and said she might spare me a couple more.

"But that's all I can do," she said. "It's no good your coming back for any more."

Her manner was quite unlike herself—the self I knew—and I felt hurt. I explained I hadn't meant to trouble her, and that if

By *Daphne Lucas*

she would give me the prescription I might get it made up.

"Prescription?" she said, and suddenly began to laugh. "Really, you can't be quite so simple. But anyway there's the stuff, and that's all I can do."

She gave me two of the little packages—I noticed that her hands were very dirty. She seemed to realize my surprise and to resent it. I left the house feeling curiously disturbed, but it was not until I got home that my thoughts fell into order.

Why was she looking so different today? Why was she so extraordinarily changed from her brilliant, radiant self of the other evening? Thinking back, I recalled other times when she had been strange in her manner; and I remembered also one evening when I had noticed her underskirt was soiled and her fingers none too clean.

Other things kept coming back to me and all the time the little white package sat in front of me upon the table, an innocent-looking package which seemed suddenly invested with a sinister, almost evil power.

Yes, I began to suspect that the powder was some form of dope. The first I had taken in innocence, and it had done me no harm. Well, I argued, the second wouldn't harm me either. It would give me sleep, refresh my brain, enable me to do my work. And yet I hesitated.

I remember that five minutes before I took that second dose more clearly than I remember anything else in all my life. And then suddenly I made up my mind. If my friend was a slave of drugs, that was no reason why I should be one. After all, dope is a blessing or a curse, according to the way you use it.

Well, I took the powder—which I later discovered was heroin.

The second dose was as magic in its effects as the first. I worked easily and felt full of confidence as to the future. I vowed, moreover, I would take the stuff only when it was absolutely necessary.

This is the sort of thing that always happens. You tell yourself that dope shall be your servant—and in a tragically short time you are its slave.

I went a week before I took the third powder, by which time my nerves were crying out for rest. I really thought I was being clever. It seemed to me I was cheating ill health; with the aid of the wonderful stuff I could do superhuman

(*Continued on page 182*)





Photo by E. O. Hoppe

¶ *Daphne Lucas*

By Wm. J. Locke

Roses

A NEW Story from the Oldest Home of Romance



Illustrations by W. E. Heitland

¶ *Rosalie and Jules arranged*

IF THIS is a mixed-up sort of story, it is because I must tell it in a roundabout way. There is a certain amount of coincidence in it; but, were it not for coincidence, there could be no drama of life. For its accuracy of detail I have mainly the word of Monsieur Tombarel, mayor of Creille. There is also the potential voucher of Brother Sylvain, of the Cistercian Monastery on the Island of St. Honorat, which lies in the Bay of Cannes, hidden behind the Island of Ste. Marguerite, where the Man in the Iron Mask languished for so many years in his bastioned cell.

Monsieur Tombarel, last of the old school of Provençaux, is my greatly venerated friend. A chance excursion to his vineyard, in pursuit of the little wine of the country, began our acquaintance. A painter's wish to paint him in his great felt hat, beneath which rolled leonine his silver-white hair, and, frontwise, glowed his clear eyes and his delicate features finished off with white curled mustache and longish pointed beard, brought us together in sympathy. For he, in his time, long ago, had dreamed of artistic achievement at the Beaux-Arts in Paris, and, though he had ended up in the dismal practise of land surveying, he had maintained his reverence for those who could, somehow, do the things towards which he had striven.

A chance suggestion as to the emplacement of the war memorial at Creille cemented our friendship. If you ever care to wind about among the hills between Monte Carlo and Nice, you may see jutting out from a crag commanding a wild mountain gorge, the flashing marble figure of a trumpeter, starting forwards, trumpet to lips, sounding for all wild France the appeal to arms.

I exhibited the portrait of Monsieur Tombarel in the Royal Academy—I am a member of that whatever-you-like-to-call-it body—and sold it; for painters have to live, just like plumbers and politicians and book-makers and other such toilers, whose right to a comfortable existence not even a Bolshevik would dispute. But I made a replica, which Monsieur Tombarel presented to the Mairie of Creille where it hangs in a sixteenth-century council chamber, in a sixteenth-century town hall, forming one side of a gray-arcaded square, cobble-paved, with a well-head in the middle of it, which I have often found to be the most untroubled spot on earth. This gift won me the intimacy of Monsieur Tombarel.

He was an inexhaustible mine of Provençal legends; he knew—God knows how, for he had long since retired from his dreadful trade, and had settled down for good and all in his mountain vineyard—the intimate history of what we might call the countryside, but what is really the mysterious hinterland of the Department of the Alpes-Maritimes, which is as remote from the fringe of the Riviera as Greenland is from India's coral strand.

We met sometimes in my villa at Cannes overlooking the sea, or beneath the vine arbor in front of his funny little pink Provençal farmhouse, and now and then half-way, at a sunny restaurant on the tip of Cap Ferret, over a tureen of *bouillabaisse* and a bottle of little white wine of Bellet.

It was at the last meeting-place that our talk drifted to St. Honorat.



surreptitious meetings, thrilling in their danger; the most perilous in the gardens of her parents' house.

"The monastery is full of the most interesting people," said he. "There is one, a full-fledged Father—not a lay brother—who was once a *camelot* on the Paris boulevards—a half-starved good-for-nothing who sold little toy dogs and blown-out cocks that squeaked on the pavement." He told me a story of considerable interest, but it has nothing to do with the one I want to tell.

"Perhaps the most singular man in the monastery," Tombarel went on, "is the Frère Sylvain. He is—I don't know—an old heretic like me is not conversant with hierophant gradations"—the southerner in Tombarel loved now and then to mouth sonorous phrases—"at some half-way stage in his training to become a Father. He will vouch for the truth of my story. In fact, it is his history that I am going to relate."

"But," said I, "the Cistercians of St. Honorat are a silent order."

He waved an ineffectual, artistic hand.

"They have their dispensations. Besides, the *frères converses* have not taken their vows of silence. I, Tombarel, can arrange. Don't be afraid . . . What was I saying?" Interruptions sometimes disconcerted him. "Ah! First I must tell you the history of a painter."

"But what has Frère Sylvain to do with a painter?" I interrupted again.

His forefinger touched a bushy eyebrow.

"Ah! that's what you are going to see, my dear Fontenay. Frère Sylvain had a great deal to do with it. *Voilà* . . . You must throw your mind back over twenty years. There was a young man studying art in Paris."

One hand, stretched out across the table set by the open window in the glass-walled restaurant, commanded my attention. The other swept his mustache and white pointed beard. I have never met so great a master of the spoken narrative as Tombarel.



¶ *Jules quivered with the consciousness of one who had been transformed by enchantment into a wild beast, and was gradually recovering human form.*

"*Tiens,*" said he with a knitting of noble brows above dark eyes. "He must be now about your age. You are of the Beaux-Arts—like him. His name was Patignon—Jules Patignon."

I clapped my head in my hands. The name beat foolishly at it.

"He was in Marien's studio."

"So was I. Good Lord," I cried, "I remember him! Of course. Do you know, my dear Tombarel, that I'm prepared to accept anything extraordinary you may say about Patignon."

I hadn't thought of him for many years. Jules Patignon, indeed, was my contemporary. A brilliant fellow. His surety of line made me sick with envy. Then, somehow, he went to the devil. One day, years ago, when, silly war accidents compelling me to live in a fog-free climate, I had established myself on my sunny Mediterranean crag, Jules Patignon turned up, down and out, incredibly dirty, abject in disrepair and self-disrespect. He pitched a piteous tale. He had a glib tongue, thickened, as it were, by alcohol. He told me, I think, that he had been sketching in Tunis, that six months' work had been burned in a fire which consumed his mud hut on the edge of the desert, and that now his resources were exhausted to such a pitch that he could not afford the necessary outfit of artist's materials wherewith to start afresh. I lent him a thousand francs and he vanished into eternity.

Well, that is coincidence number one. From my memory I could check all that Tombarel told me of his early brilliance and of his later decay. I had seen him in his decay—a shuffling, shifty, long, bony man with beastly bits of hair all over his face. A man with the clothes of a scarecrow. A man with hungry, wolfish eyes.

According to Tombarel he had been born in New York, the son of a French father and an Irish mother, Patignon *père* being an obscure cook in a small hotel, and his mother, a little drab of a servant. This was news to me. In my day art students never worried themselves about one another's antecedents or social position. They were pleasant human beings or they were not. I remember that I counted Patignon among the less pleasant. We met chiefly at Marien's studio, where he lived an apparently decent life—I don't think I ever met him outside the studio—and astounded us by his wild brilliance. During the long interval between the end of my student life in Paris and his sudden

apparition in Cannes, I doubt whether I had ever concerned myself with the possibility of his existence. He was but a shape of the past, scarcely an acquaintance; still less, a friend. Half my lifetime had passed between our meetings.

Tombarel's evocation of Patignon reminded me that I had noticed a curious nick out of the top of his left ear, surrounded by a pale scar. Well, nearly every man who went through the war has a nick or two somewhere about him, so I thought no more about it; but from Tombarel's account it appeared that the nick in Patignon's ear was a factor in the story.

It was the result of a duel long before the war, when Patignon was young and well-favored, and viewed with gaiety the flowery path through the world that lay before him. Even at Marien's, where every latitude in attire was indulgently tolerated, he dressed himself with a certain spruceness. Perhaps the only conversation with him during those far-off days which I can recall, was on this topic of personal appearance.

"To be a successful portrait-painter," said he, "one must have the air of one accustomed to move in the salons of the wealthy, and one can't attain it without cultivating the habit of wearing a clean collar and nicely polished shoes."

From every point of view I naturally agreed with him.

He carried out his program, learned, by much assiduity, how to comport himself in drawing-rooms, won gold medals and things, exhibited at the Salon, and sprang, as it were, with one bound to the middle rungs of our heart-breaking ladder. His was the rare case of genius being favored by the gods.

As I have just said, I never really liked the fellow. I found him plausible, untrustworthy and unsympathetic. That was why, in spite of a certain charm, I did not cultivate his society. Once he borrowed a hundred francs from me, pleading dire necessity. A hundred francs, in those days, were worth their weight in four golden sovereigns, and I had very few sovereigns to scatter abroad. I learned afterwards that he had spent it all in a night's squalid debauch. He never repaid me. I only mention this incident by way of throwing a side-light on the man who, in the course of twenty years, degenerated from the brilliant painter, frequenting the salons of the wealthy, into the filthy outcast to whom I had given alms.

The duel? Well, a woman was in it.

"*Comme toujours*," declared Tombarel, the venerable bachleor. Only when one says "woman," one thinks of maturity, arts of seduction; a woman in practically the physiological sense of the word. Here, however, it was a young girl, as charming and fresh a young girl as it ever was Tombarel's lot to know. He himself—"*Moi qui parle*"—you can see the shrug, with uplifted hands, which finished the sentence . . . How could a poor land surveyor, even then drifting into the bitter wisdom of middle age, sigh for the unattainable? What was the good of the prickly old thistle sighing for the rosebud? especially when he had first seen the rosebud fresh in her nurse's arms. But rosebud she was. I must remember that. He kissed his finger-tips. An Englishman, knowing the ordinary French young girl of twenty years ago, is peculiarly unimpressed when an old Frenchman kisses his finger-tips and calls her a rosebud. I suppose it is a matter of ideals.



¶ "*Mademoiselle!*" *said Jules. Rosalie smiled—*"*Madame.*" "*Alas,*" *he sighed;* "*I dared not guess it.*"

At any rate, Rosalie Dufour was a rosebud, especially—according to Tombarel—when she dressed in green. A charming girl, perfectly brought up, the daughter of Alcide Dufour, who made a fortune out of tinning sardines. "If you haven't eaten the delicate 'Sardines Dufour' you haven't lived," said Tombarel. Personally, I must be in a state of non-existence, as it has never struck me to look for the publisher's imprint on my sardine, but that is by the way.

Now, it fell out that Jules Patignon had so far penetrated into opulent circles that he was commissioned by Monsieur Alcide Dufour to paint the portrait of Mademoiselle Rosalie. The portrait, a masterpiece—again Tombarel—was scarcely finished when painter and sitter found themselves vehemently in love. How they managed to convey the fact to each other, heaven only knows, seeing that Madame Dufour sat dragon-wise behind the easel during all the sittings. But, seemingly, love laughs at dragons as it does at locksmiths. The pair arranged surreptitious meetings, thrilling in their danger; the most perilous in the gardens of the Dufours' house at Passy.

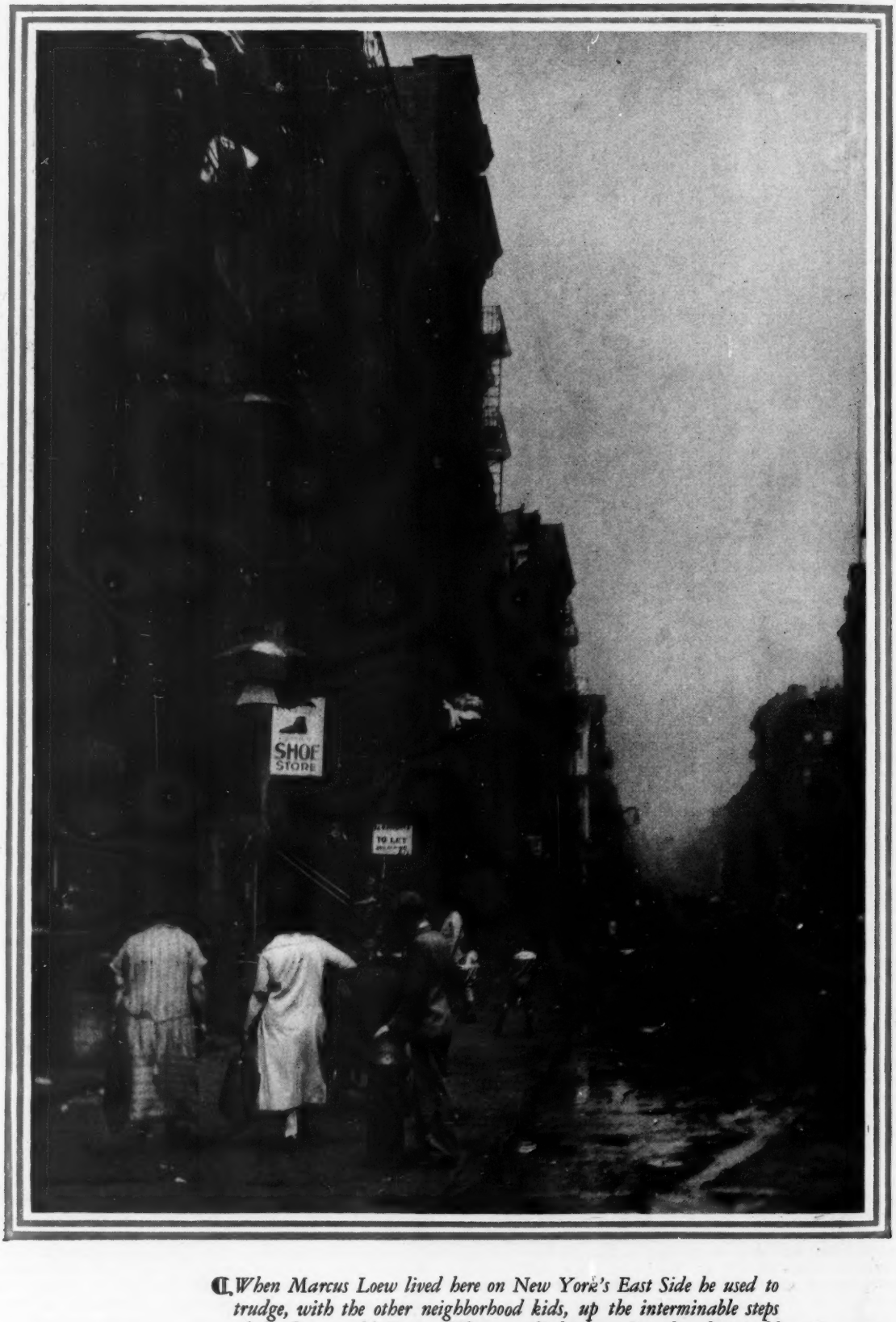
Now Patignon's *état civil*, which in France is the sacred declaration of birth, parentage, family status and personal history, was not calculated to allure the millionaire of the "Sardines Dufour." "Father: *chef de cuisine*. Mother: domestic servant." He dared not confess it even to Rosalie. As for his fortune, it was to be made—in oils, it is true, but by strokes of the brush. Monsieur Dufour only thought of oil as a commercial proposition in terms of sardines. A demand in marriage would have turned the amiable patrons of the arts into ravening beasts of the jungle. They would have torn him limb from limb.

It was while the enamored pair, lost in each other's arms in, an obscure nook of the rose-scented and moonlit garden, were discussing romantic and unfilial possibilities, that André Dufour, Rosalie's much older brother, discovered them. There was a dramatic scene. André likened Patignon to the least pleasing of creatures, and carried off a half demented Rosalie. The next day Patignon, with a couple of friends as witnesses, sought out André Dufour at a café and smote him across the face.

Hence the duel. Dufour, the aggrieved, had the choice of weapons. Being short and squat, and recognizing that he had no swordsman's chance against the long Patignon with his octopus reach, he chose pistols. The result was that Dufour nicked a bit out of Patignon's ear, and Patignon missed Dufour altogether. Honor being technically satisfied, the dueling party broke up. Patignon went home to tend his damaged ear, and André Dufour returned to join the family conclave, in which it was decided to re-immure Rosalie, aged eighteen, in the Belgian convent whence, after completing her education, she had but lately emerged. Now, love cannot laugh at strictly instructed convents. Rosalie and Patignon were irremediably parted.

If you think that frustrated passion was the cause of Patignon's downfall, I fear you are mistaken. In my own mind there is no doubt that he had a young man's clean and honest love for Rosalie. Indeed, it is the only good thing I've heard about him. But he was a man in whose heart clean and honest love was easily fouled by baser appetites, and obscured by unregulated ambitions. He was not well parented. This we must remember. His father, the cook, for some criminal offense, had no longer civil rights in France; once he landed on French soil he would have been clapped into jail. His mother was a drunken Irishwoman. He had owed his start in life to a benevolent American who, having by happy chance discovered the boy's talent, had financed his education and by a chance, this time (*Continued on page 140*)

In this Tenement Street *Began One of the* Real



¶ *When Marcus Loew lived here on New York's East Side he used to trudge, with the other neighborhood kids, up the interminable steps of the famous old Bowery Theater—little dreaming that he would one day be one of the most powerful showmen in the world. In those days his idea of complete success was to be a head waiter.*

American Business Romances. *And today—*

The Story of Marcus Loew

By Alexander Woollcott



¶ *Marcus Loew at sixteen.*

A NEIGHBOR of Marcus Loew's in his earlier days on Avenue B who, on going back to the old country twenty years ago, bade a genial farewell to one seemingly settled for life in the fur business, must have felt that he had missed a good many unplausible chapters out of the Loew biography when he returned to New York last spring and found that somehow, in that brief interval, the erstwhile fur dealer had become one of the most powerful showmen in the world.

Over huge playhouses one could read his name picked out in lamps upon the Broadway night, and Loew theaters abounded in all the big cities from coast to coast. He had also gone into the business of motion-pictures and so great a success as "The Big Parade," for instance, was but one of many pouring its monstrous profits into his no longer surprised pockets.

Indeed, he had become the center of so intricate and far-reaching a network of popular entertainment that not only remote and celebrated theaters like the Gaumont Palace in Montmartre but lesser booths as far as Marseilles and even Cairo were grudgingly paying over some share of all their francs to the coffers of Marcus Loew back in Times Square.

Meanwhile, down on the Stock Exchange, brokers were wildly buying and selling shares in Marcus Loew for all the world as though he were so much steel or wheat.

The dizzying ascent in mere fortune could hardly justify the space taken up in the pages here dedicated to this curious phenomenon of the American Midway in the twentieth century. The old saw which employs the phrase "from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations" is outworn in an age when that cycle can be—and frequently is—encompassed in one.

Particularly in that half-world we call the theater are such abrupt ascents familiar enough. Nearly all the men who have worked their way into control of this country's show-shops were shabby youngsters once upon a time—the Frohmans, the Shuberts, Morris Gest, Belasco, all of them—men who inevitably fell heir to enterprises which the show folks themselves, being vagrant, light-hearted, irresponsible people for the most part, soon proved unable to control.

But always these powers that be were once youngsters scourged from within by that immemorial hankering for the theater, that ancient impulse which expresses itself a thousand times each spring by some boy setting off down a country lane at dawn to run away with the circus. Scratch a theatrical manager in New York and you are almost sure to find inside him the remains of the boy who used to distribute programs on Saturday in return for free passage into the opera-house.

Lee Shubert—Marcus Loew's most considerable rival among the bosses of the American Midway—was thus selling tickets in the box-office up Syracuse way at an age so tender that a platform had to be built under the ledge for him to stand on if the management expected him to be able to look across it at any Syracuse matron minded to buy two on the aisle for the next matinée.

But you will rake the records of Loew's youth in vain for evidence that any such hankering afflicted him and into all the overwhelming enterprise that is crowded behind the words "Loew, Inc.," as it appears on the Stock Exchange list, the quondam fur dealer wandered by accident.

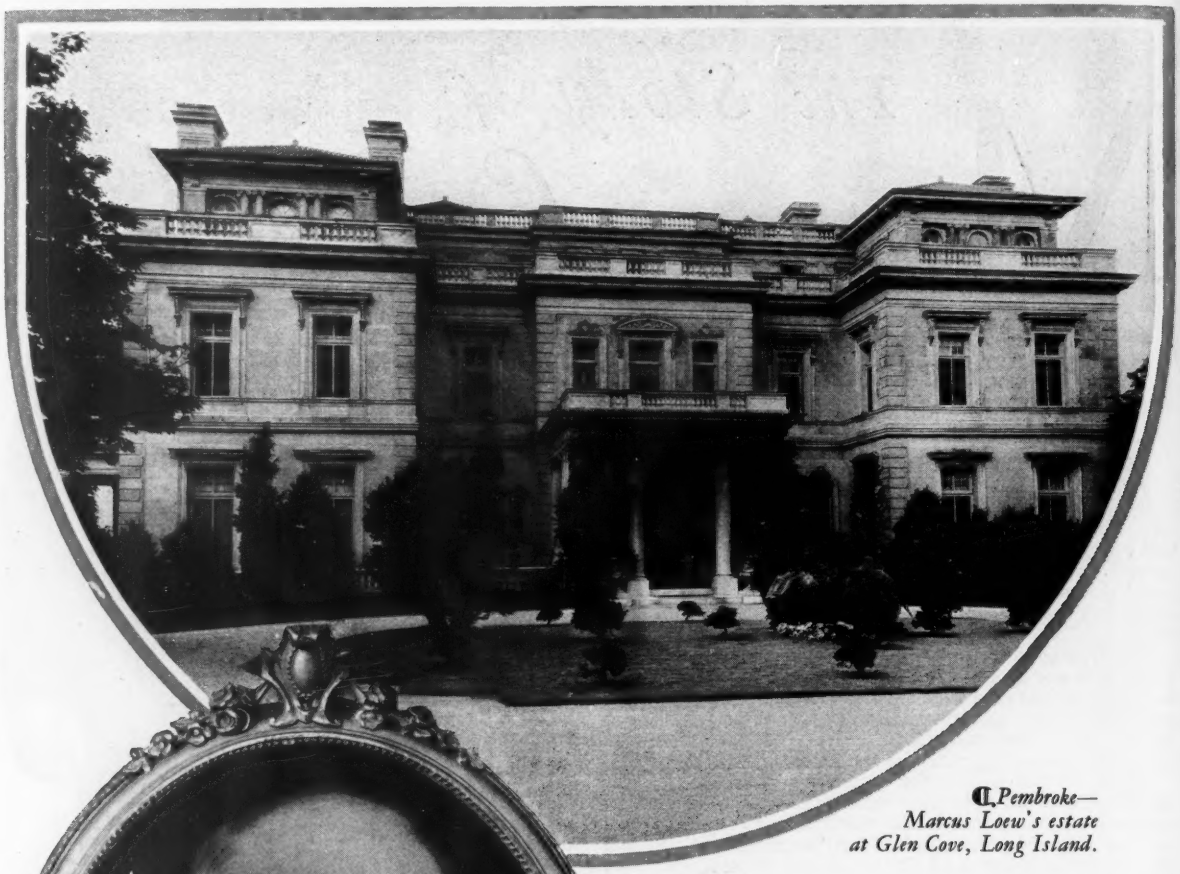
He would, I think, most cheerfully admit as much, though in the helpful statements about their own success which our rich men are often so gracious as to issue to a panting public, one notes, as a rule, a disposition to credit it to a thousand other factors — to piety, for instance, or to an avoidance of tobacco, or perhaps just to the influence of a good, old-fashioned mother—to every factor, in short, save the not infrequently potent factor called luck.

Now Marcus Loew's entrance into the show business was itself an accident. There is some evidence that he trudged with the rest of the neighborhood kids up the interminable steps to the gallery of the old Bowery Theater, the playhouse they built long ago on the site of the Bull's Head Tavern, which stood there when the Bowery was a leafy lane and General Washington used to stop in for a toddy.

The brass gallery rail of that theater—given over to the Italian players it is nowadays, and thinly disguised as the Thalia—has served in its time as the resting-place for the fascinated nose of many a youngster now mighty in the markets of the town—the juvenile noses of Al Smith, for instance, and of the erstwhile Bowery minstrel who came to be known as Irving Berlin.

In those days, the Loew boy's idea of complete financial and social success was to be a head waiter. His father was merely a waiter, but his own burning ambition would not be content with that. Wherefore a rigorous truthfulness compels me to report that into his head as it rested on the old Bowery rail there never once entered the notion that some day he would himself preside over that theater; and as a matter of fact it does remain—at least

Its Hero—*the* Former Tenement Boy—*Lives in*



¶ *Pembroke—*
Marcus Loew's estate
at Glen Cove, Long Island.



¶ *Marcus*
Loew today.

© Amemiya

at the hour of going to press—one of the few playhouses he has never either bought or sold.

I can find no sign—except for one brief and almost single-handed sally into journalism—that the dreams of his youth ever dallied with any notion so light-headed and chimerical. He entered his thirties as a man who bought pelts and made them into coats and stoles and muffs for the trade with no other prospect than going on into his forties similarly engrossed.

I have said he wandered into the show business. That expresses it inadequately. He was pushed in.

Once there was a play with two second acts.

In its first, the hero swerved to the left around a table and walked out of the room and the ensuing scene picked up the thread of his life from there on. Then the clock was turned back and an alternative scene suggested what would have happened, how utterly, strikingly, irrevocably different his life would have been, had he only swung to the *right* of the table. Then he would have seen the letter dropped there on the rug, would have obeyed the hint the letter contained, would have known who really stole the necklace and so on and so on.

So tangled is the skein of a man's life, so many and so incalculable are the forces of which the tension holds him to this path or that, that it is seldom he can look back across the confusing years and say: "There was a crossroads. There's where I went to the left of the table." But Marcus Loew knows, I think, that he would probably be doing a tidy though unexciting trade in sables and chinchilla and silver fox today were it not for David Warfield.

After he had weathered the early storms of his trade and had begun to savor the novelty and warmth of solvency, Loew found himself looking about him for holes in the ground where he could hide his surplus.

Naturally enough, his ideas followed the pattern which has presented itself to all adventurers in the fur trade ever since a pioneer in their line back in the beginning of another century—a Dutchman named John Jacob Astor, who, like themselves, used to trade in the pelts the trappers shipped down from the wilds around Hudson Bay—had dabbled a bit in Manhattan lots and, in the process, had done rather well by himself and his folks. I suppose now every fur dealer thinks in terms of New York lots.

At all events, Marcus Loew found himself with some money in the bank and this unwonted state of affairs made him so giddy that the first thing he knew he had an equity in an apartment-house. This apartment-house was nothing great either as a structure or as a boost in social position. It stood in 111th Street near Seventh Avenue—a block, that is, to the north of Central Park; and its tenants were kept in a state of pleasurable and profitable anticipation by the constant but baseless rumors that the city fathers would shortly buy in that intervening block and

This Five-Million Dollar Palace *on Long Island*



¶ *Pembroke was furnished on a lavish scale. This is the dining-room.*

thus move the park right up to the front door. One Hundred and Eleventh Street is still waiting.

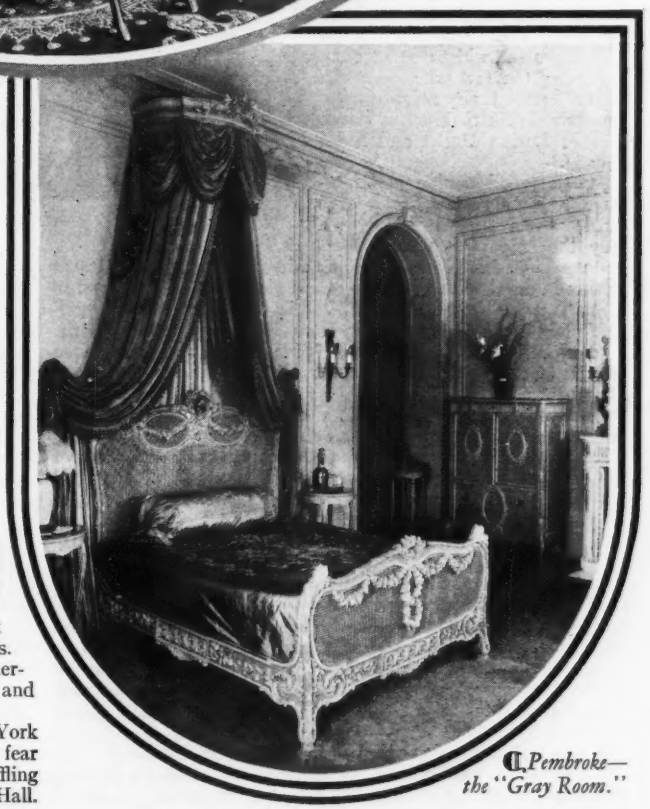
Loew himself moved in and his youngsters played on the door-step and on his way home at sundown after a bloodless battle among the fur dealers, he used to stop in front of a neighbor's house and flirt flagrantly with this neighbor's daughter, who was then sternly confined to her baby carriage. This was Adolph Zukor's little girl—the same Adolph Zukor who was, in time, to progress by similar stages from the fur trade into the more eventful enterprise of motion-pictures. Zukor is now the head of Famous Players as Loew is the head of Metro-Goldwyn, the two biggest producing companies in the new Eldorado—and they are either mortal enemies or secret allies, according to which man you listen to or which trade journal you read.

However, at this time—in the days, that is, of the great 111th Street real estate venture—Zukor was just a fur dealer and his daughter had not yet got around to walking. This accomplishment, however she soon mastered and after a decent interval she employed it in walking off with Loew's elder son, behind which marriage a less businesslike chronicler might spin a whole tale of Montagues and Capulets. But that is another story—or rather another chapter.

For Loew's greater interest at that time was in the news that David Warfield had bought the apartment-house adjoining his. Warfield was then starting in on the long and eventful partnership with David Belasco which was to profit each so much and earn us all dividends of pleasure.

But at this time he was a comparative newcomer in New York and just behind him were days so lean and hungry that fear dogged the seemingly care-free steps which brought him shuffling onto the stage each night at the old Weber and Fields Music Hall.

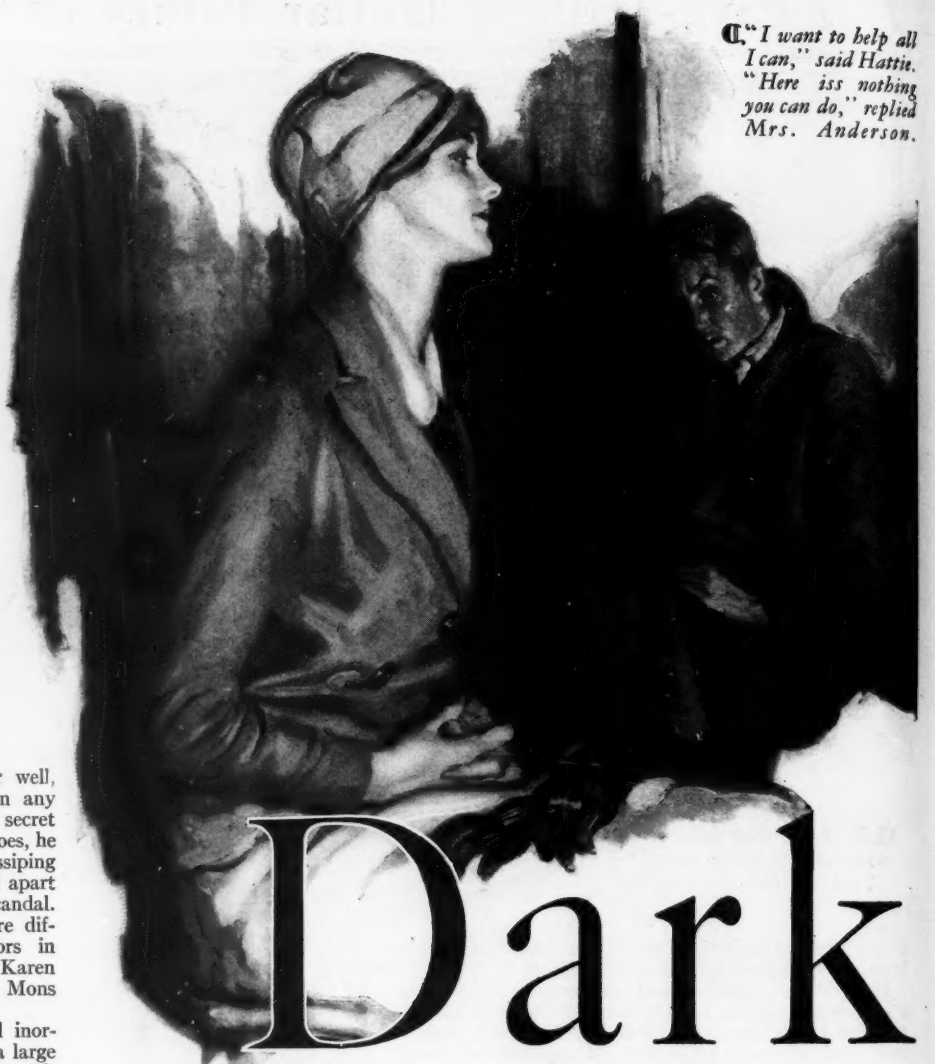
But the blaze of the Weber and Fields footlights was not dazzling enough to shut out the little beam of that candle over which Warfield used to warm his hands in his skylight room, and in the midst of his new comfort, he used to come out of a nightmare and feel his bed to make sure that, after all, it was not the old bench in Madison Square. A man thus haunted hoards his pennies in a kind of imaginative panic and by the end of that Weber and Fields chapter, Warfield had saved something like $40,000. So he bought an apartment (*Continued on page 199*)



¶ *Pembroke—the "Gray Room."*

A Novel of Man's Eternal Conflict with Woman

Dark



"*I want to help all I can,*" *said Hattie.* "*Here iss nothing you can do,*" *replied Mrs. Anderson.*

The Story So Far:

LOYOLA is a little town in an immense expanse of prairie. Most of its people live on widely scattered farms. In summer, their fields claim them for unremitting toil; in winter they are shut within four walls by bitter winds and driven snow.

They know one another well, these people. Scarcely can any man or woman have a secret from his neighbors. If he does, he (or she) is flayed by gossiping tongues. Those who stand apart are marks for whispered scandal.

Among the few who were different from their neighbors in Loyola were Hattie Murker, Karen Strand, Lucian Dorrit and Mons Torson.

Hattie, good-looking and inordinately strong-willed, ran a large farm (and ran it well) with only the help of her half-witted and malicious brother Bert. Some said she went without decent clothes in order to buy blooded stock. She had been engaged to Mons Torson's brother Ben until the latter was killed in an accident. Some said this was his way of evading marriage with Hattie.

Gossip, indeed, was not gentle with Hattie Murker; still less so when she captured that huge, likable and dreamy boy Luce Dorrit for a husband. Lucian's father had just died; he had always loved his father, who, like himself, had had great dreams, only to see them frustrated by a domineering and sharp-tongued wife. Luce had gone to his friend Mons Torson's one night for the comfort of his rough-and-ready philosophy, but Mons had not been home. Across the way, Hattie had stood at her gate, alluring in the white moonlight. She had invited Luce to come in. When he left her house, they were engaged, and shortly after married.

Luce found that he had exchanged fear of a domineering mother for fear of a domineering wife. Hattie saw to it that he cut off all his old ties. She quarreled with his family. She broke up his friendship with Mons, who indeed said strangely violent things about Hattie, the meaning of which Luce, in his anger, did not at the time comprehend; Mons became a queer, morose man following Luce's marriage. Finally, she refused to allow Karen Strand to visit their house.

Karen had been a comrade of Luce's since childhood. She was a sensitive, odd, brilliant youngster with a genius for drawing and a passionate desire to do big things in the world. When he had last kissed her in play, some new fire had warned Luce that Karen was growing up. He must never kiss her again.

Luce Dorrit, in a word, came to hate his wife, though he tried his best to "play the game." He became bitter and self-centered. When their little boy died, he determined that they would never have another child, though it would mean a sharp struggle with Hattie's ambition. He confided his determination to old Doctor Muller, a friend who had deplored his ill-considered marriage.

And then came a tragedy on the Murker farm. On a bitterly stormy night Hattie, who was building a great new stone house, had sent young Andy Anderson back to the stone-quarry for a crowbar he had forgotten. In the dark, Andy had fallen into the quarry and been killed.

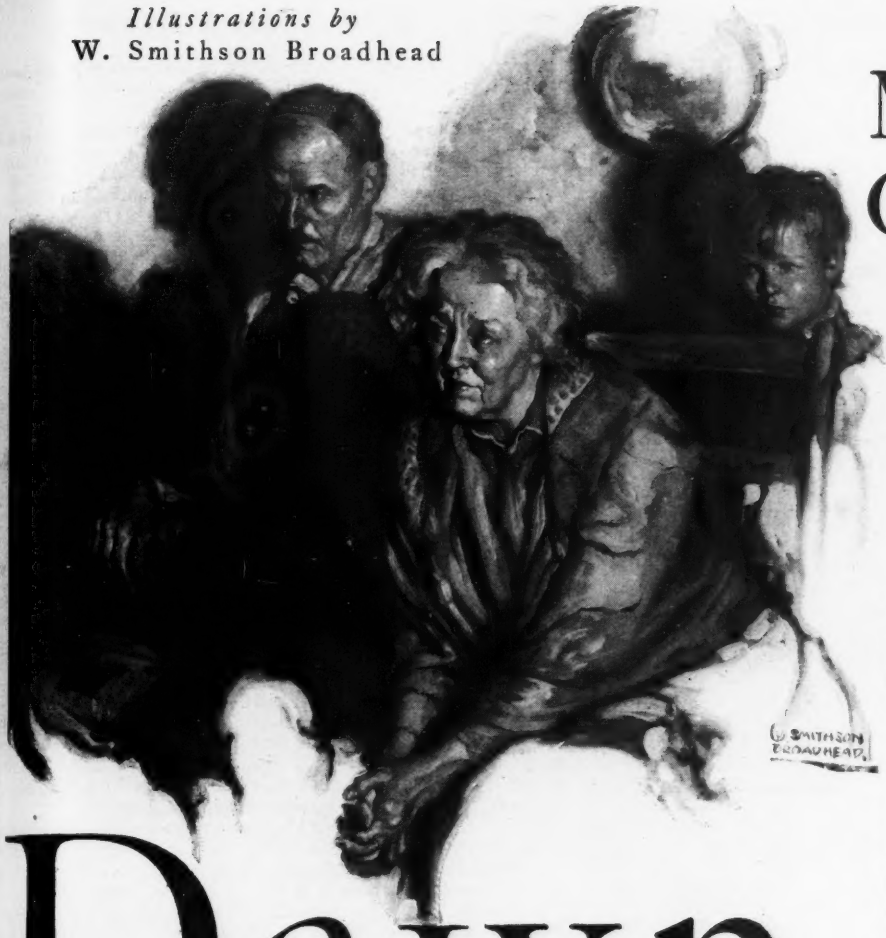
Hattie stormed at Luce for what she considered his silent accusation of her. "I'm not going to have you make a fool of me in this!" she cried. "You—you—oh, I could hate you!"

FROM her kitchen window Hattie could see Mrs. Blundell's buggy coming up the road from Loyola. With a sharp exclamation she turned suddenly upon Bert, who had just brought in an armful of kindling-wood.

"Mrs. Blundell is coming up the road," she announced quickly. "I suppose the whole town will be coming out now to see what they can get to talk about!"

Hattie had recovered quickly enough from the shock of Andy Anderson's death. She was never disturbed much by facts, however ugly they might be. She had driven to town the night before and had officially informed Blundell of the tragedy on Blacksnake. She had waited coolly while Blundell summoned Doctor Muller and had driven back with them through the rain and the darkness. When they had taken the body from the quarry and had come back to the house, she had answered all their questions quietly and had dismissed them very late with the hope that the unfortunate affair was closed so far as it affected her. She knew how to face facts and to dispose of them.

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead



Dawn

By Martha Ostenso

Author of "Wild Geese"

All day, however, she had been annoyed by a feeling as of something unseen that was creeping upon her. She had taken Lucian sharply to task when he had admitted to her that he had not slept all night. Since early morning he had gone about in a moody silence that was almost intolerable. Even Bert had moved about the house like some dumb creature, unspeaking. And now—Mrs. Blundell coming up the road from Loyola!

"You better go up-stairs and stay there," she advised Bert, who stood now in the middle of the floor, his eyes toward the window. "Go on! You give me the creeps, standing there."

Bert shuffled up the stairs, only to take his position on the landing above, where he could sit and listen unseen to the conversation below. He had no sooner vanished from sight than Luce came into the kitchen and remarked that he thought Mrs. Blundell was coming up the road.

Hattie turned upon him. "I'm not blind," she retorted. "She *would* come, of course. She'd give her eye-teeth for something to talk about to Mrs. Tingley and her set. You watch yourself, Luce. She's coming here to find out whatever she can and you'll——"

"I guess I'll leave all that to you, Hattie," he told her.

As he spoke he passed out into the summer kitchen, where he took some tools from a cabinet in the wall and then left by the back door so as not to be seen by the approaching visitor.

There was a sharp rattle of wheels in the dooryard. Hattie, on her way to greet the visitor, removed a lid from the stove and dexterously shifted the teakettle over the flames. Then she opened the door.

Mrs. Blundell's erect body seemed to be bursting with pent-up excitement and curiosity. The gravity which her face bore as a tribute to the grief in which the whole community was taking part seemed almost ridiculous, even to Hattie.

"Oh, you poor woman!" Mrs. Blundell exclaimed, whisking into the room. "I couldn't sleep all night for thinking of you—with this happening on your land. And just when the new house is coming along so nice and all. Just like a bad omen, as I told Blundell this morning. No—I can't stay but a minute, so I won't take off my things. Thanks, just the same. I've got to go right back and meet Mrs. Tingley. We're going to see what we can do for the poor boy's mother. Oh, how sad, how sad! And you, Hattie—how on earth will you ever get over it?"

She seated herself, almost panting, on the edge of a chair, and spread the two ends of her small mink neck-piece out upon her flattish bosom. Hattie moved serenely to the stove and put another stick of wood on the fire.

"I saw you coming," she said patiently, "so I put the kettle on. You'll have time to take a cup of tea with me anyhow?"

Mrs. Blundell sighed, and the two tails of the neck-piece heaved agitatedly. "You're so thoughtful, Hattie, no matter what happens. Real hospitality, I always say, comes out at times like this."

Hattie, her brows perplexed, gave Mrs. Blundell a pained, uncomprehending smile. "I don't really see why I should be so upset about it, Mrs. Blundell," she ventured. "I feel very sorry for the lad and his people, of course, but *I* couldn't help his falling into the quarry, could I?"

The pointed face of Mrs. Blundell became a study in bland sympathy. "No—of course. I've been trying to tell people that. It's a crying shame the way people take up every little thing and make as much of it as——"

"I suppose they're blaming me for it all now," Hattie interrupted with a wounded air.

"I'm doing all I can in my poor way to stop it. You'd think after Blundell's clearing you and Bert and Luce of all blame that people would be satisfied and let the thing drop. But no—they've got to talk about something and Loyola is the worst place I ever knew for talk. Now don't go spreading a cloth, Hattie—I'll just take a cup in my hand."

"It's no trouble," Hattie said calmly. She glanced from the window as she spoke and saw Lucian at work on the stone wall. "Poor Luce is more upset over this than I am," she went on. "I keep telling him it was no fault of ours and that we couldn't help it, but he keeps saying that he shouldn't have advised the boy to take work here. As if there was any sense in that."

"That's like Luce, ain't it? I just wish I had time to stay and talk to him a little about it. I've always been able to talk to Luce—somehow."

A rueful, martyred smile passed over Hattie's face as she poured her visitor's cup of tea. "Well—I'm glad people are blaming *me* for it, if they must blame anyone. Perhaps Luce will stop thinking it's *his* fault, anyhow."

Mrs. Blundell clicked her tongue lugubriously against the roof of her mouth. "Don't worry too much about it. As I was saying, I'll do all I can to stop them talking. I'm not one that fails a friend. You know that, Hattie!"

Hattie seated herself and sipped her tea. "I'm going over to see Andy's mother myself," she observed quietly. "I think it's my place to go—as soon as I feel it's decent to."

It was a gentle thrust at Mrs. Blundell, but that worthy woman recovered quickly.

"Mrs. Tingley always knows just what's proper in such cases," she replied sweetly. "My—I do learn so much from her. And she's always so helpful when there's trouble. The better I get to know her, the more I think of her." Mrs. Blundell sighed as one humbled before the favor of the gods.

Hattie bore herself with flawless poise until her visitor finally left. Then, as though it had been held in leash until that moment, her anger broke loose. Her cheeks flamed scarlet, then suddenly paled. She called harshly up-stairs.

"Come down here, Bert! There's work to be done. Get the milking over early—I want you to drive me to the Andersons'."

Bert stole down-stairs and shuffled his way out of the house. When the door had closed behind him, Hattie abandoned her pretense of industry about the kitchen and threw herself into a chair beside the table. From where she sat she could see Luce Dorrit at work on the wall outside. Her husband! The cursed stone wall! The farm buildings and the fields—and Loyola in the distance! How she hated it all, the whole contemptible array of people and things, everything that fell within the widening field of her vision. Why should they want to talk, anyhow? They had always hated her, that was it! They had hated her because they had never been permitted to know her. They had always wondered about her, wanted to know what she kept hidden within herself. They had hated her because she had been too strong for them, too aloof, too mysterious!

She began to tremble from fear, self-pity, vexation, defiance—all in one. Let them hate her! Let that man who was her husband think what he liked, feel what he liked. She was herself now, strong with a resolve born of the despair that threatened her. She would fight her way through it. Whatever she did to life now, it was not one-half so cruel as the thing life had done to her. Her mind dwelt a moment on Mons Torson—and the willows. If Mrs. Blundell knew that!

She got abruptly to her feet. She smiled, her head lifted proudly. As she moved across the room to the stove, she tucked a strand of loosened hair back smoothly behind her ear. In the gesture there was infinite assurance, composure.

She went down into the cellar and took from the preserve shelf a jar of rhubarb. She would make a rhubarb pie for supper. Luce liked rhubarb pie. Up into the kitchen again. She was actually humming a little tune now. Luce Dorrit must never know what was troubling her mind. He must never know that she had been watching him for weeks, knowing all the while that he was drawing away from her.

She knew how he felt now as he thought of the tragedy in the quarry. But he must not know that she knew. After all, she had married him. She was his wife. Marriage was holy. Luce Dorrit was still her husband and he would stand by her now, or—she drew her breath in sharply, sibilantly between her teeth. Luce Dorrit would know that he had a Murker to reckon with.

The plaintive sound of a bell came from the yard outside. The cows had come from the pasture for milking. In spite of herself she felt a dull mood of melancholy creeping over her. There had been a time when she had permitted herself to dream, at this twilight hour, of slipping down to the gate of the pasture and meeting someone there . . . not Lucian Dorrit. Hattie threw her head back impatiently. How often had she rebuked herself for thinking of him, longing for him over and above her humiliation, her anger, her hatred! How often she had told herself that her life must be rich, full, and content—in spite of Mons Torson.

Again she began to hum to herself. The stone house would be ready soon . . . People would be coming to see her more—she would take her rightful place in the district . . . There would be children—there *would* be—and contentment, and work, and forgetfulness, too. There would be a fulness of living such as befitted a body and a mind like hers. After all, she would be victor over life—and over Mons Torson!

She began to sing now, in the strong, unmusical voice which she used in the church choir. Soon, she thought, she must send for the organ she had picked from the catalog. Perhaps they might have choir practise on Thursday evenings in the new stone house, when it was completed.

She lighted the lamp and went out to see how Bert was coming along with the milking. Lucian, at work on the wall, could hear her singing in that voice that was so different from the one she used when she spoke. It struck him suddenly that she betrayed something in her singing that was not revealed in her controlled, level speaking. He thought it curious that he had never admitted it to himself before. When Hattie sang he felt actually afraid of her. Years ago he had feared his mother when she had broken into song. His mind drifted pleasantly to the memory of Karen Strand's singing . . . crooning one of her strange, age-old songs from another land. Hattie had never liked Karen's singing.

When Lucian left his work and went down to the milking pen, he found Hattie on a milking stool beside one of the cows. He wondered a little. Hattie had not often deigned to help with the milking. "Women have enough to do raising a family without helping with the outside chores too," she had said once to a neighbor within Lucian's hearing. Perhaps she was planning to go somewhere tonight and wanted to have the work over and done with.

Lucian, looking at her straight, determined figure seated on the stool, thought how very mature she was becoming. He was only a boy beside her. Again the bewildering uncertainty came over him that he had been living with a stranger, that this woman who was his wife was utterly unknown to him, that the very substance of her was a mystery. And he had thought, young fool that he was, on that night of snow, that he had come to know her too well for any relationship but marriage!

Without speaking, he took his place on a milk stool not far from her. He knew that she was waiting for him to speak. But her very presence there was crushing to him. Since the tragedy of the night before he had been in a daze of horror. Through it all he felt numbly, but with increasing strength, the brutal, unconscionable will of the woman he had married. All night long he had been confronted dreadfully with the thought that he too, like young Andy Anderson, had been a victim of Hattie Murker's fanatical will.

"I'm going down to the Andersons' tonight, Luce," Hattie's voice came to him at last. "Bert can drive me down. You can do the separating."

"All right," Lucian replied.

Presently Hattie got up with her pail and went into the house. It was incredible to him that she could go so unperturbedly about her usual routine with the memory of what had happened on Blacksnake still heavy upon them all.

But Luce's mind had turned inward upon itself with terrible clarity. He saw himself now, as though it were someone else, on that night of white moonlight, white snow, an ignorant boy suddenly aflame with romance and high ecstasy, seized upon in one sensitive, defenseless moment by a power of shameful ruthlessness. He no longer thought of himself as that boy who had done a wrong and had offered his life to atone for it. He was a man now and that narrow morality that had governed his thoughts and emotions then was no longer potent within him. He saw Hattie now as a woman whose cold designing was without a grain of human pity.

He recalled every detail of that night of snow, nearly four years ago now, when he had paused at her gate. He remembered the look of her blanched, secretive face, the sudden enveloping gesture of the shawl she wore, her deep voice . . . It was shameful enough to admit it, even now, but the Lucian Dorrit of that night had undeniably been led astray by Hattie Murker!

Well—the milking was done now. He would have to go in and make some kind of effort to eat, sitting down as usual at the table with Hattie and Bert.

"I'm taking that old leather coat of yours and a couple of your old shirts down to the Andersons, Luce," Hattie said cheerfully when they were at supper at last. "Mrs. Anderson can make them over for the little ones. It will give her something to look forward to doing when the funeral is over."

Lucian did not reply. Somehow, he did not want to be drawn into any conversation about the Andersons.

"I've decided to pay the expenses of the funeral," Hattie went on. "Not as if it's my duty. And like as not I'll get smal



¶ *"You have stayed away all this time. Have you forgotten me?" asked Luce. "I have not forgotten," Karen said. "I never can. I have been lonely—for weeks."*

thanks for it." She sighed patiently. "But I've always been ready to do too much rather than too little."

She hid the irritation she felt when he did not reply. She sat back slowly in her chair and regarded Lucian with a smile.

"Do you know, Luce, you've said exactly three words since you sat down to this table tonight?"

Lucian looked at her swiftly, without raising his head.

"I don't think I have anything to suggest, Hattie," he said shortly, turning away from the table. He bent forward in his characteristic posture, his eyes on the floor.

"Nothing to suggest, eh?" Hattie mimicked with harsh mirth. "Well, I'd think you would find something to say about it. You seem to forget, Luce Dorrit, that I'm a woman—one woman against that whole dirty townful of gossips and slanderers who have been waiting for a chance like this to get their tongues going. I need your help, Luce, and all you have to say is that you have nothing to suggest. I ought to be able to—to come to you—and——"

Her voice ceased suddenly and she got up from her place. She walked to the foot of the stairway, *(Continued on page 160)*

A Story of a Fish *out of* Water

The Cowboy & the Lady

FROM up on the first level of the first shelf of the wagon road above Avalanche Creek came the voice of Dad Wheelis, the wagon-train boss, addressing his front span. The mules had halted at the head of the steep grade to twist about in the traces and, with six 'cello-shaped heads stretched over the rim and twice that many somber eyes fixed on the abyss swimming in a green haze beneath them, to contemplate its outspread glories while they got their wind back. It became evident that Dad thought the breathing space sufficiently had been prolonged. On a beautiful clearness his words dropped down through the spicy dry air.

"Git up!" he bade the sextet with an affectionate violence, and you could hear his whip-lash where it crackled like a string of firecrackers above the drooping ears of the lead team. "Git up, you scenery-lovin' *so-and-soes!*"

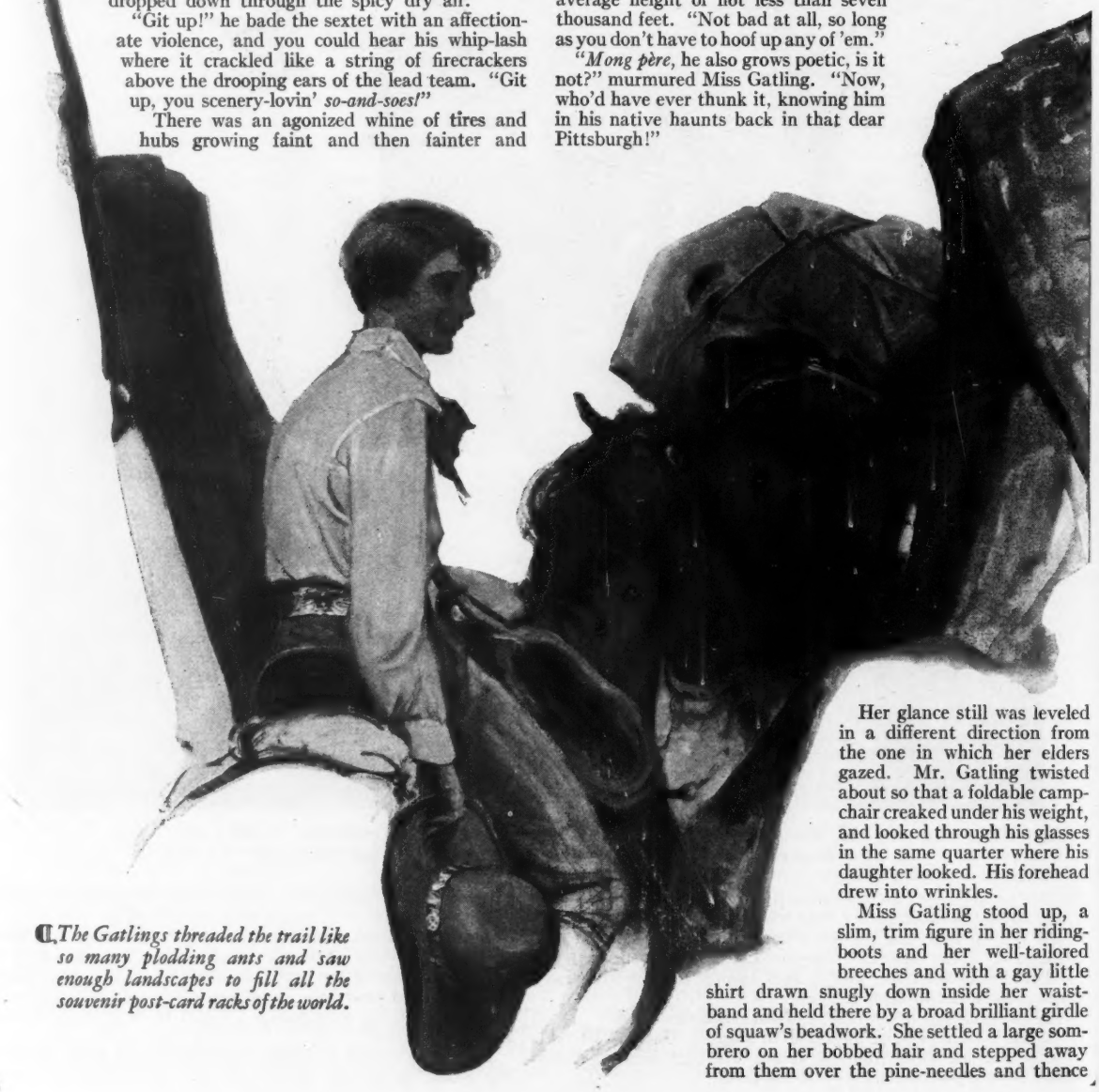
There was an agonized whine of tires and hubs growing faint and then fainter and Mrs. Hector Gatling sighed with a profound appreciation. "How prodigal nature is out in these Western wilds!" she said.

"Certainly does throw a wicked prod," agreed her daughter, Miss Shirley Gatling. But her eyes were not fixed where her mother's were.

"Such a climate!" affirmed the senior lady, flinching slightly that the argot of a newer and an irreverent generation should be invoked in this cathedral place. "Such views! Such picturesque types everywhere!"

"Not bad-looking mountains across over yonder, at that," said Mr. Gatling, husband and father of the above, giving his gestured indorsement to an endless vista of serrated peaks of an average height of not less than seven thousand feet. "Not bad at all, so long as you don't have to hoof up any of 'em."

"*Mong père,* he also grows poetic, is it not?" murmured Miss Gatling. "Now, who'd have ever thunk it, knowing him in his native haunts back in that dear Pittsburgh!"



The Gatlings threaded the trail like so many plodding ants and saw enough landscapes to fill all the souvenir post-card racks of the world.

Her glance still was leveled in a different direction from the one in which her elders gazed. Mr. Gatling twisted about so that a foldable camp-chair creaked under his weight, and looked through his glasses in the same quarter where his daughter looked. His forehead drew into wrinkles.

Miss Gatling stood up, a slim, trim figure in her riding-boots and her well-tailored breeches and with a gay little shirt drawn snugly down inside her waistband and held there by a broad brilliant girdle of squaw's beadwork. She settled a large sombrero on her bobbed hair and stepped away from them over the pine-needles and thence

by Irvin S. Cobb
& Her Pa



Illustrations by
James E. Allen

down toward the roaring creek. The morning sunlight came slanting through the lower tree boughs and picked out and made shiny glitters of the heavy Mexican silver spurs at her heels and the wide Navaho silver bracelet that was set on her right wrist. She passed between two squared boulders that might have been the lichened tombs for a couple of Babylon's kings.

"Continue, I pray you, dear parents, to sit and invite your souls, if any," she called back. "I go to make sure they're putting plenty of cold victuals in the lunch kit. Yesterday noon, you'll remember, we darn' near starved. For you, the beckon and the lure of the wonderland. But for me and my girlish gastric juices—chow and lots of it!"

Mr. Gatling said nothing for a minute or two, but he took off his cap as though to make more room for additional furrows forming on his brow.

"Mmph!" he remarked presently. Mrs. Gatling emerged promptly from her own reverie. It was his commonest way of engaging her attention—that *mmphing* sound was. Lacking vowels though it did, its emphasis of uneasiness was quite apparent to her schooled ears.

"What's wrong, dear?" she asked. "Still sore from all that dreadful horseback riding?"

"It's that girl," he told her; "that Shirley of ours. She's the one I'm worried about."

"Why, goodness gracious!" she cried. "What's wrong with Shirley?"

"Look at her. That's all I ask—just look at her."

Mrs. Gatling, who was slightly near-sighted in more ways than one, squinted at the withdrawing figure.

"Why, the child never seemed happier or healthier in her life," she protested, still peering. "Why, only last Monday—or was it Tuesday; no, Monday—I remember distinctly now it was Monday because that was the day we got caught in the snowstorm coming through Swift Current Pass—only last Monday you were saying yourself how well and rosy she was looking."

"I don't mean that—she's a bunch of limber young whalebones. Look where she's going! That's what I mean. Look what she's doing!"

"Why, what is she doing that's out of the way, I'd like to know?" demanded his puzzled wife, now jealously on the defensive for her young.

"She's doing what she's been doing every chance she got these last four-five days, that's what." Mr. Gatling was manifesting an attitude somewhat common in husbands and fathers when dealing with their domestic problems. He preferably would flank the subject rather than bore straight at it, hoping by these roundabout tactics to obtain confirmation for his suspicions before he ever voiced them. "Got eyes in your head, haven't you? All right then, use 'em."

"Hector Gatling, for a sane man you do get the queerest notions in your brain sometimes! What on earth possesses you? Hasn't the child a perfect right to stroll down there and watch those three guides packing up? You know she's been trying to learn to make that pearl knot or turquoise knot or whatever it is they call it. What possible harm can there be in her learning how to tie a pearl knot?"

"Diamond hitch, diamond hitch," he corrected her testily. "Not pearls, but diamonds; not knots, but hitches! You'd better try to remember it, too—diamonds and hitches usually figure in the thing that I've got on my mind. And, if you'll be so kind as to observe her closely, you'll see that it isn't those three guides she's so interested in. It's one guide out of the three. And it's getting serious, or I'm all wrong. Now then, do you get my drift, or must I make plans and specifications?"

"Oh!" The exclamation was freighted with shock and with sorrow but with incredulity too, and now she was fluttering her

feathers in alarm, if a middle-aged lady dressed in tweed knickerbockers and a Boy Scout's shirt may be said to have any feathers to flutter. "Oh, Hector, you don't mean it! You can't mean it! A child who's traveled and seen the world! A child who's had every advantage that wealth and social position and all could give her! A child who's a member of the Junior League! A child who's—who—— Hector, you're crazy. Hector, you know it's utterly impossible—utterly! It's preposterous!" Womanlike, she debated against a growing private dread. Then, still being womanlike, she pressed the opposing side for proof to destroy her counter-argument: "Hector, you've seen something—you've overheard something. Tell me this minute what it was you overheard!"

"I've overheard nothing. Think I'm going snooping around eavesdropping and spying on Shirley? I've never done any of that on her yet and I'm too old to begin now and too fat. But I've seen a-plenty."

"Oh, pshaw! I guess if there'd been anything afoot I'd have seen it myself first what with my mother's intuition and all! Oh, pshaw!" But Mrs. Gatling's derisive rejoinder lacked conviction.

"I've had the feeling for longer than these last few days," continued Mr. Gatling despondently. "But I couldn't put my hand on it, not at first. I tried to fool myself by saying it was this Wild Western flubdub and stuff getting into her blood and she'd get over it, soon as the attack had run its course. First loading up with all that Indian junk, then saying she felt as though she never wanted to do anything but be natural and stay out here and rough it for the rest of her life, and now here all of a sudden getting so much more flip and slangy than usual. That's the worst symptom yet—that slang is.

"In your day, ma'am, when a girl fell in love or thought she had, she went and got all mushed-up and sentimental; went mooning around sentimentalizing and rhapsodizing and romanticking and everything. All of you but the strong-minded ones did and I guess they must have mushed-up some too, on the sly. Yes'm, that's what you did—you mushed-up." His tone was accusing, condemning, as though he dealt with ancient offenses which not even the passage of the years might condone. "But now it's different with them. They get slangier and flippier and they let on to make fun of their own affections. And that's what Miss Shirley is doing right now this very minute, or else I'm the worst misled man in the entire state of Montana."

"Maybe—maybe——" The matron sputtered as her distress mounted. "Of course I'm not admitting that you're right, Hector—the mere suggestion of such a thing is simply incredible—but on the bare chance that the child might be getting silly notions into her head maybe I'd better speak to her. I'm so much older than she is that——"

"You said it then!" With a grim firmness Mr. Gatling interrupted. "You're so much older than she is; that's your trouble. And I'm suffering from the same incurable complaint. People our age who've got children growing up go around bleating that young people are different from the way young people were when we were young. They're not. They're just the same as we were—same impulses, same emotions, same damphoolishness, same everything—but they've got a new way of expressing 'em. And then we say we can't understand them. Knock thirty years off of our lives and we'd understand all right because then we'd be just the same as they are. So you'll not say a word to that youngster of ours—not yet awhile, you won't. Nor me, neither." Grammar, considered as such, never had meant very much to Mr. Gatling, that masterful, self-educated man.

"But if I pointed out a few things to her—if I warned her——"

"Ma'am, you'll perhaps remember your own daddy wasn't so terribly happy over the prospect when I started sparking you. After I'd come courting and had gone on home again I guess it was as much as the old man could do to keep from taking a shovel and shoveling my tracks out of the front yard. But he had sense enough to keep his mouth shut where you were concerned. Suppose he'd tried to influence you against me, tried to break off the match—what would have happened? You'd have thought you were oppressed and persecuted and you'd have grabbed for me even quicker than you did."

"Why, Hector Gatling, I never grabbed——"

"I'm merely using a figure of speech. But no, he had too much gumption to undertake the stern-father racket. He locked his jaw and took it out in nasty looks and let nature take its course, and the consequence was we got married in the First Methodist church with bridesmaids and old shoes and kinsfolks and all the other painful details instead of me sneaking you out of a back window some dark night and us running off together in a side-bar buggy. No, ma'am, if you'll take a tip from an old retired yardmaster of the Lackawanna, forty-seven years, man and boy, with one road, you'll——"

"You never worked a day as a railroad man and you know it."

"Just another figure of speech, my dear. Understand now, you're to keep mum for a while and I keep mum and we just sit back in our reserved seats up in the grand stand and see how the game comes out. A nice polite quiet game of watchful waiting—that's our line and we're both going to follow it. We'll stand by for future developments and then maybe I'll frame up a little campaign. With your valuable advice and assistance, of course!"

With a manner which she strove to make casual and unconcerned, the disturbed Mrs. Gatling that day watched. It was the manner rather of a solicitous hen with one lone chick, and she continually oppressed by dreads of some lurking chicken-hawk. It would have deceived no one who closely studied the lady's bearing and demeanor. But then, none in the party closely studied these.

The camp dunnage being miraculously bestowed upon the patient backs of various pack-animals, their expedition moved. They overtook and passed Dad Wheelis and his crew, caravaning with provender for the highway contractors on up under the cloud-combing parapet of the Garden Wall, and behind them heard for a while his frank and aboveboard reflections upon the immediate ancestries, the present deplorable traits, the darkened future prospects of his work stock. Soon they swung away from the rutted wagon track and took the steeper horseback trail and for hours threaded it like so many plodding ants against the slant of a tilted bowl. They stopped at midday on a little plateau fixed so high toward heaven that it was a picture-molding on Creation's wall above a vast mural of painted buttes and playful cataracts and a straggling timber-line and two jeweled glaciers.

They stretched their legs and uncramped their backs; they ate and remounted and on through the afternoon single-filed along the farther slope where a family herd of mountain-goats browsed among the stones and paid practically no heed to them. They saw a solitary bighorn ram with a twisted double cornucopia springing out of his skull and likewise they saw a pair of indifferent mule-deer and enough landscapes to fill all the souvenir post-card racks of the world; for complete particulars consult the official guide-book of Our National Playgrounds.

Evening brought them across a bony hip of the Divide to within sight of the distant rear boundary of the governmental domain. So they pitched the tents and coupled up the collapsible stove there in a sheltered small cove in the Park's back yard and watched the sun go down in his glory. When the moon rose it was too good to believe. You almost could reach up and jingle the tambourines of little circling stars; anyhow, you almost thought you could. It was a magic hour, an ideal place for love-making among the young of the species. Realizing the which, Mrs. Gatling had a severe sinking and apprehensive sensation directly behind the harness buckle on the ample belt which girthed her weary form amidships. She'd been apprehensive all day but now the sinking was more pronounced.

She strained at the tethers of her patience though until supper was over and it was near hushabye-time for the tired forms of the middle-aged. Within the shelter of their small tent she spoke then to her husband, touching on the topic so steadfastly uppermost in her brain.

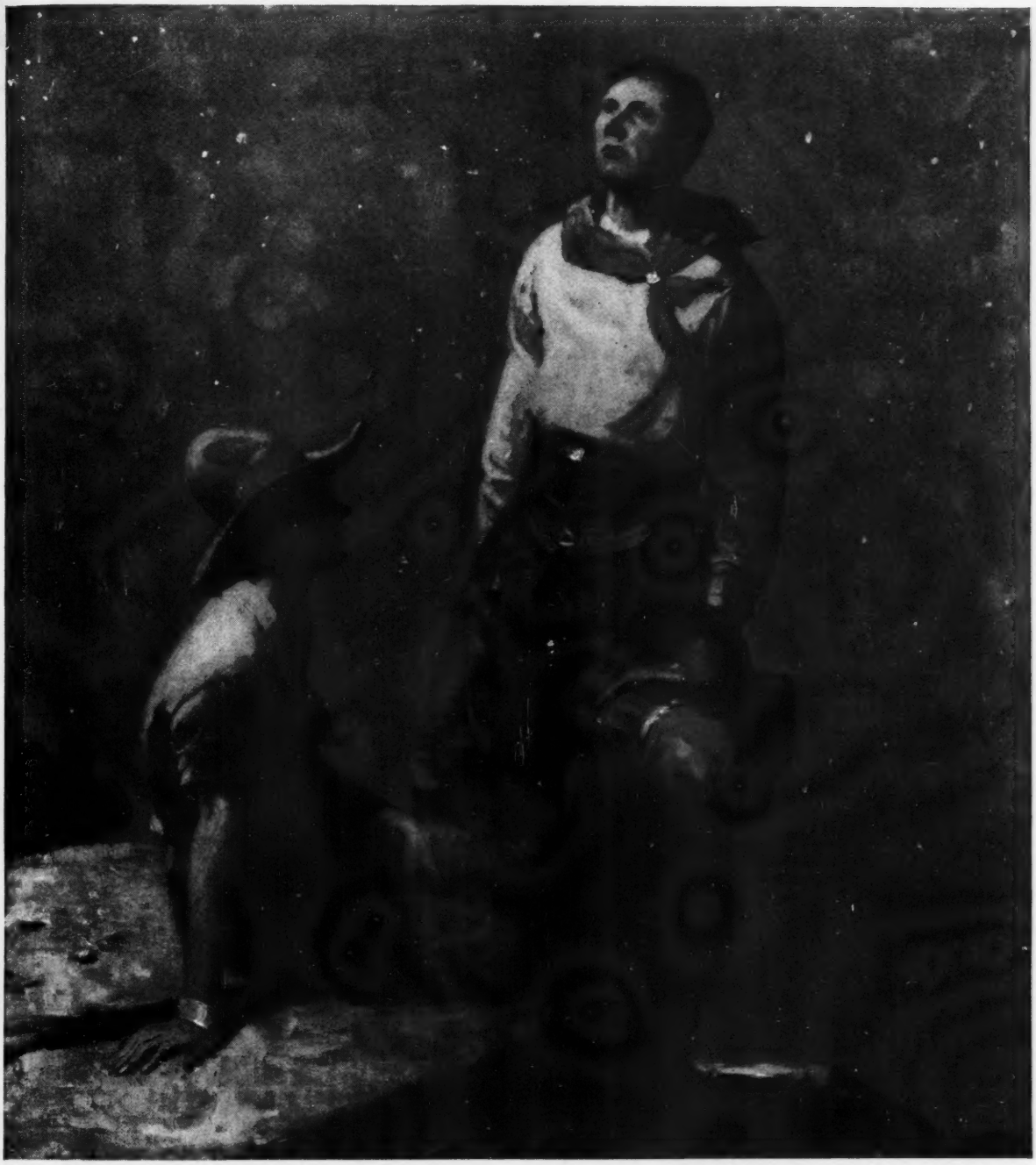
"Oh, Hector," she quavered, "I'm actually beginning to be afraid you're right. They've been together this livelong day. Neither one of them had eyes for anything or anybody else. The way he helped her on and off her horse! The way he fetched and carried for her! And the way she let him do it! And they're—they're together outside now. Oh, Hector!"

"They certainly are," he stated. "Sitting on a slab of rock in that infernal moonlight like a couple of feeble-minded turtle-doves. Why in thunder couldn't it 'a' rained tonight—good and hard? Romola, I don't want to harry you up any more than's necessary but you take, say, about two or three more nights like this and they're liable to do considerable damage to tender hearts."

"Don't I know it? Oh-h, Hector!"

"Well, anyhow, I had the right angle on the situation before you tumbled," he said with a sort of melancholy satisfaction. "I can give myself credit for that much intelligence anyhow." It was quite plain that he did.

He stepped, a broad shape in his thick pajamas and quilted sleeping-boots, to the door flap and he drew the canvas back and peeped through the opening.



¶ Hayes had ridden the man-killer at the Pendleton Round-up. And three moonlit nights hand-running had their effect on Shirley's impressionable youth.

The pair under discussion had found the night air turning chill and their perch hard. They got up and stood side by side in the shimmering white glow. Against a background of luminous blue-black space, it revealed their supple figures in strong, sharp relief. The youth made a handsome shadowgraph. His wide-brimmed sugar-loaf hat; his blue flannel blouse; his Angora chaps with wings that almost were voluminous enough for an eagle's wings; his red silk neckerchief reefed in by a carved bone ring to fit a throat which Mr. Gatling knew to be sun-tanned and wind-tanned to a healthy mahogany-brown; his beaded, deep-cuffed gauntlets; his sharp-toed, high-heeled, silver-roweled boots of a dude cowboy—they all matched and modeled in with the slender waist and the flat thighs and the sinewy broad shoulders and the alert head of the wearer.

His name was Hayes Tripler, but the other two guides generally called him "Slick" and they looked up to him, for he had ridden No Home, the man-killer, at last year's Pendleton Round-up and hoped this year to be in the bulldogging money over the line at Calgary.

Within his limitations he was an exceedingly competent person and given to deporting himself accordingly.

At this present moment he appeared especially well pleased with his own self-cast horoscope. There was a kind of proud proprietary aura all about him.

The watcher inside the tent saw a caressing arm slip from about his daughter's body and he caught the sounds but did not make out the sense of words that passed between them. Then the two silhouettes swung apart and the boy laughed contentedly and flung an arm aloft in a parting salute and began singing a catch as he went teetering off toward the spot where his mates of the outfit already were making the low tilt of a tarpaulin roof above them pulse to some very sincere snoring. But before she betook herself to quarters, the girl bided for a long minute on the verge of the cliff and (*Continued on page 136*)

By BLASCO IBAÑEZ

The Love Story of a Famous Novelist

The Satyr



WHENEVER anyone complimented the poet Montalbo on the amazing celebrity he enjoyed throughout the world, he always sat impenetrably silent. Sometimes he would smile even more impenetrably. Celebrity! Fame! What after all were they but "the uttering of one name by many mouths?" And a friend of his, an author like himself, was forever saying: "Fame? Yes! The chilly sunshine of the dead!"

At thought of this cold, pale luminary that shines for so small a number of those who have lived on our earth, Montalbo would shiver . . . How long would its wan light fall on his tomb? Strange how that particular reflection tormented him! Some day even the sunlight of posthumous glory might cease to shine on him. His whole life had been devoted, eagerly, confidently, to winning just such distinction. But how bleak it seemed to him now! No! Let him rather warm himself while he could in the commonplace sunshine of the living.

After all, he thought, only a very few of the famous books of the past have survived until our day. And of those few, a still smaller number are actually read. Better far to keep to the present. There at least fame was for him something positive, something delightful. Montalbo was keenly conscious of its cheerful glow. He had no reason to complain of the shortcomings of the present.

In years gone by Montalbo had seen days brightened by not even a promise of the glory that was to come. How slow and painful those first hesitant steps of his toward celebrity! France was not his native land. His forebears had been South Americans—one of those fabulously rich families with estates as vast as provinces. A hero of the Spanish conquest of the new world, Don Alonso de Montalbo, sea captain and colonist, had founded the city in which his more famous descendant had been born.

The poet's own father had married in Paris and carried off a young French wife to the other side of the Atlantic. The man had all the characteristics, good and bad, of the South American Creole. Chivalrous and irresponsible, sentimental and cruel, he was capable of any sacrifice for a woman he loved, and capable also of forgetting her half an hour later in the arms of the first mulatto girl who crossed his path.

Francisco Montalbo often noticed in himself certain traits of this father, though he had never known him. The older Montalbo had been murdered in a political intrigue when his son was a few months old. The family patrimony, already diminished in earlier generations, had been utterly squandered in the course of this man's exciting career, and on his death his widow had returned to her native Paris. And so it came about that her little son, christened José Maria in Spanish fashion and bearing the proud surname of the old *conquistador*, had stammered his first words in French.

The privations of his childhood, the difficulties of his school years, the loneliness to which his foreign name and his status as an exile often condemned him, his mother's death, and the bitter poverty he had struggled against after his first marriage, softened, grew dim, vanished when Montalbo thought of the comforts and the wide horizons of his present position.

His books were read by millions of readers. His verse was known in lands where no one could read it in the original. His plays often ran years at a time, and, of late, the cinema had added the charm of motion and visible plasticity to many of his novels. Security and wealth had come as the result of this far-reaching success.

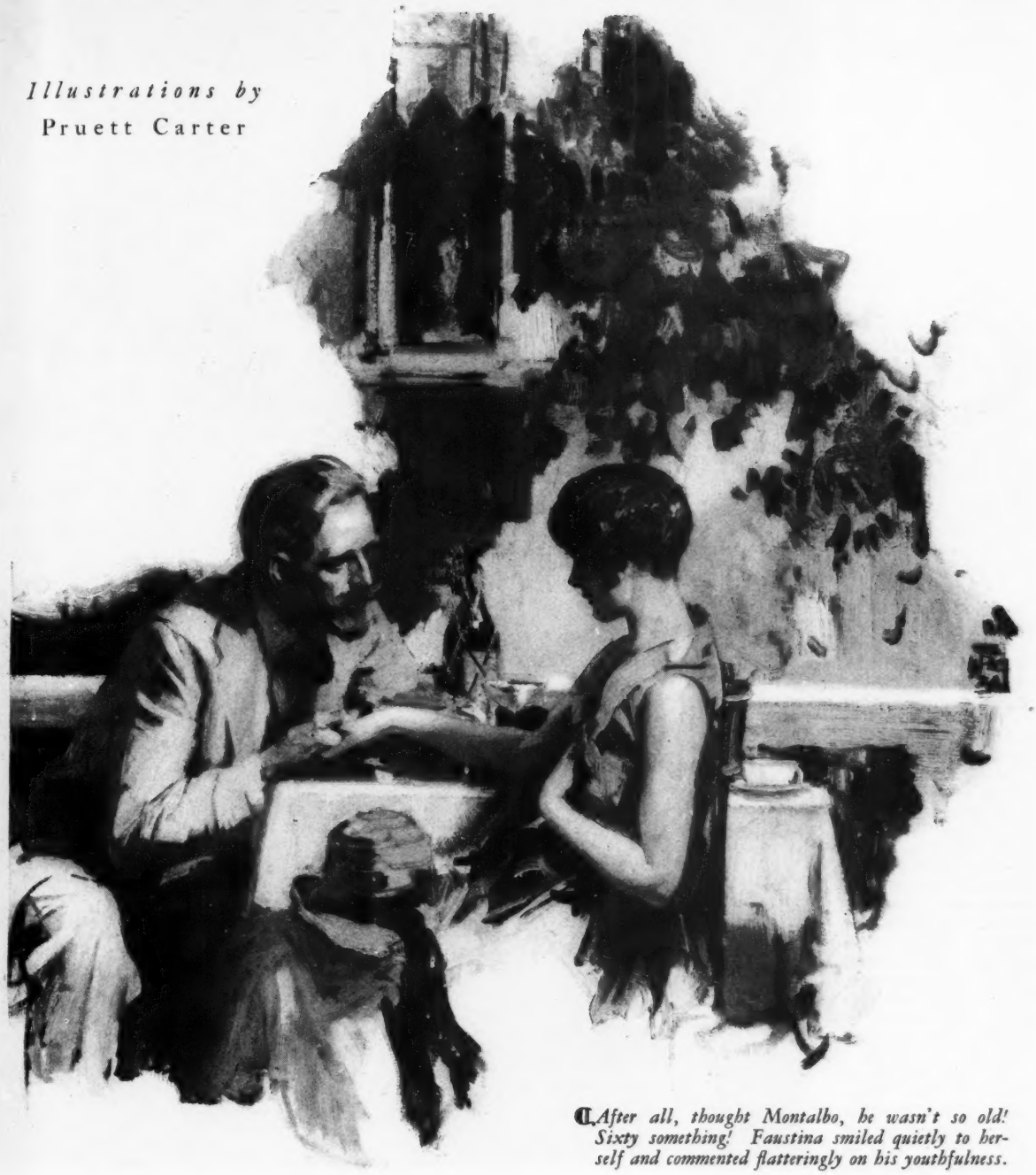
Every post brought him letters from admirers in remote corners of the earth. He was respected, venerated as one of the outstanding men of his time. The talk about him included even slander and gossip—those inverted forms of hero-worship. Never, not even in moments of the most exaggerated optimism, could the Montalbo of those early years of wretchedness have foreseen a time when material success and the aura of fame would so transform his life. And yet . . .

Man is eternal restlessness, he is doubt perpetually renewed. The great novelist, turning on himself the analytical powers with which he judged the creatures of his fancy, could not help asking himself from time to time:

"Am I really happy?"

He was barely twenty when, after his mother's death, he went to live in the Latin Quarter; and there, amid the torturing anxieties of ambitious youth, struggling for an eventual reputation but meanwhile for bread, he had first discovered love—or better, he had found the first satisfactions of male vanity.

Illustrations by
Pruett Carter



¶ *After all, thought Montalbo, he wasn't so old! Sixty something! Faustina smiled quietly to herself and commented flatteringly on his youthfulness.*

Badly dressed, ill-nourished as he was, he yet attracted the attention of fashionable women who passed him on the street. The dark pallor of his cheeks was framed by close-cut "siders" which ran down below the line of his ear tips. From his remote ancestors he had inherited a soft black beard, well-cut nostrils, eyes with pupils that had something of the softness of velvet—marks of the Arabs of Andalusia, the forerunners of the *conquistador*.

The girls of the Quarter, Russian students, artists' models or simple aspirants to the tenancy of a luxurious apartment on the "other bank" of the Seine, admired his "exotic piquancy." One of them, who had certain pretensions to authority on artistic matters—she frequented so many studios!—called him "Velasquez." His friends, who knew something of his history, referred to him as "the Conquistador."

It was during this period of his life that Montalbo came to know Duprat, the sculptor, and the latter's daughter, Matilde. The artist, already depressed by a premature advance of age and given to complaining bitterly that his own lack of success was due to the envy and machinations of rival sculptors of his own generation, found solace for his discontent in the society of younger men. They at least treated him with respect and called him "master"—though, if the truth were to be told, more out of regard for his years than for his achievements as a sculptor.

Duprat inhabited a shabby studio in an alley of Montrouge, and there, in the late afternoon, young bohemians of the Latin Quarter or from Montparnasse would assemble to talk with the old man, of "art" and "methods" and their latest disappointments. Hatred of the success won by others, contempt for the "old fellows," who were nothing but "bourgeois," "standpatters" and "fossils"—envy, in short, the poisonous intoxicant to which failure turns for solace—was the bond uniting Duprat and his young friends.

And then, there was the sculptor's daughter! To be sure, Matilde had nothing about her to feed vain illusions in any of her father's young friends. Quiet, speaking very little, a model housekeeper, no one understood how she could be so different from her erratic parent. Of her mother nothing was known.

Matilde had no intention of falling in love with any of her father's cronies, as each of them found out in turn. Whether

they posed as men of genius certain of future fame, or wild, scatter-brained, happy-go-lucky youths, they soon discovered that all their efforts were so much time lost. Matilde held herself quietly and gently aloof like someone from another world. Nor did she always conceal a mild scorn for the theories and manners of her father's associates. Happiness for her obviously consisted in a clean orderly house, where life went on quietly and methodically.

Yet Matilde had a kind of beauty—"muffled" some of the frequenters of the studio called it, a reflection from within of a modest gentleness, a beauty that escaped the first hasty glance, to reveal itself little by little. New members of the circle always wondered at first: "Is Matilde a pretty girl?" And inevitably the answer would slowly formulate itself: "Pretty, yes; but no wife for an artist!"

She spent little time in the studio. It was only on occasions when her father, proud to show that he could still earn money in spite of the machinations of his brother sculptors, treated his guests to a bottle of wine or a cask of beer, that Matilde put in an appearance, serving the refreshments with the composure of a chatelaine quite sure of herself.

And how she seemed to dislike him, Montalbo! For a long time the girl's hostility had given him a kind of distinction among the other guests. She openly avoided him, appearing not to hear his gallantries, or else receiving them with ill-concealed annoyance. Why? Perhaps because of that certain exotic charm he had, which aroused the enthusiasm of the girls of the Latin Quarter. Or perhaps because of allusions by her father and others to "conquests" by the "Conquistador." The brilliant young poet for her seemed to be the symbol of all the boastful fatuousness and talkative idling that she silently despised in those who haunted her father's studio.

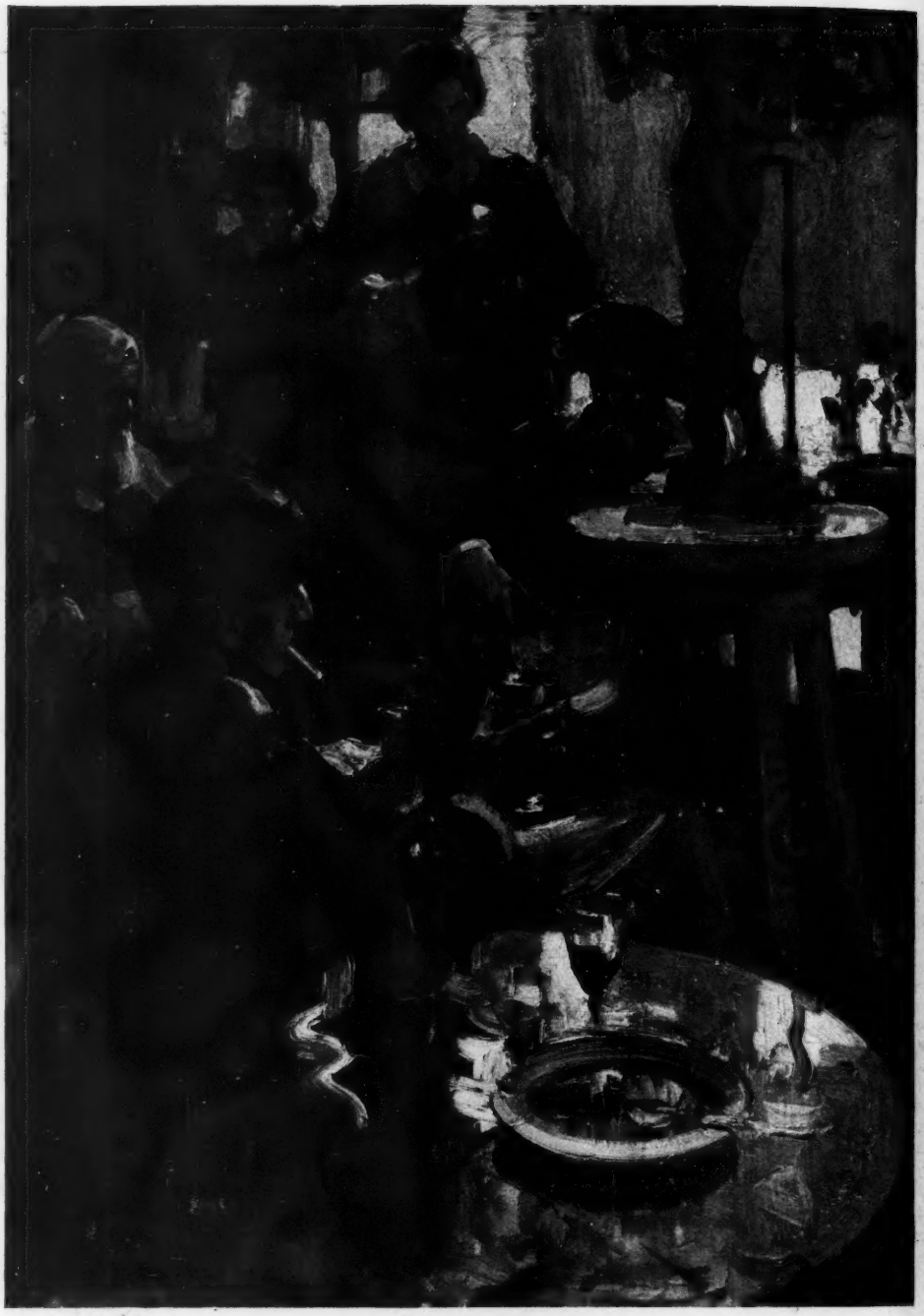
But it was just this silent disapproval which caught Montalbo's attention, piquing his vanity, disturbing his calm. One afternoon—they never knew how it happened—they met face to face and looked at one another for what seemed to be the first time. Something they saw in each other's eyes held them silent and absorbed.

He had always considered Matilde an insignificant young person, just about good enough to be the wife of some underfed government clerk; but in that moment of mutual revelation he discovered in her quiet features a beauty he had never suspected she possessed, a beauty surpassing in its simplicity and charm that of all the women he had known. For Matilde meanwhile the innermost soul of the youth had revealed itself in that one sustained glance. "Velasquez" was "a good boy," she decided. What though there might be stories about him? She knew the truth!

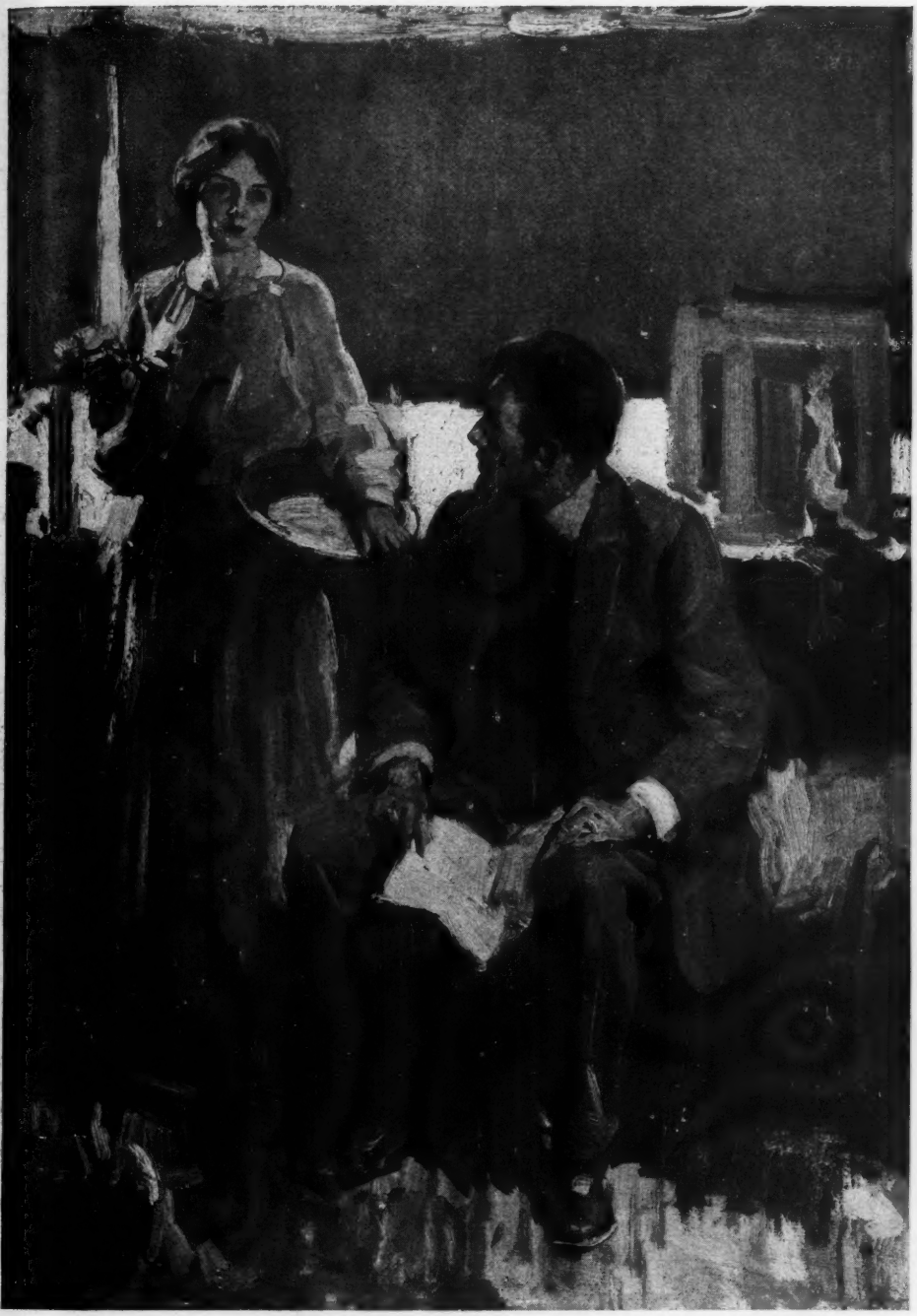
Nor could Montalbo, as he recalled this part of his life, decide which one of them had been the first to reveal the love so suddenly awakened.

They began to meet away from the studio. From the very first they spoke of marriage, as though a love like theirs could conceive of no other kind of union; and the impetus of this wholesome, serious passion gave to Montalbo new strength, new energy, new will to live and work. With Matilde to advise and encourage him he found himself overcoming with perfect ease difficulties which formerly would have disheartened him as insurmountable.

Matilde seemed to bring him good luck, a modest, limited kind of good luck, but never failing. It was just at this moment



¶ *For Matilde the innermost soul of Montalbo revealed*



itself in that one glance. What though there were stories about him? She knew the truth!

in his life that the important reviews began publishing his verse and some of his earlier stories. For the first time he was making a little money by writing. And it was Matilde's sober common sense which prevailed on him to turn away from "groups" and "schools" and snobbish magazines which were read only by their contributors and never paid for what they published.

But, just when the young poet believed himself on the road to fortune—hadn't Matilde put away several hundred francs, which his stories had brought him, to pay for a modest ménage for the young couple?—an event occurred which seemed to Montalbo as overwhelming as the catastrophe of a classic tragedy.

Duprat's venomous phrase for artists who had won reputation and wealth was "the chosen few." But from this prosperous and therefore contemptible élite he excepted the composer Fontana. For this celebrity the embittered old sculptor felt, not the hatred which the musician's success might have inspired, but a kind of affable toleration that old men have for a colleague who has lived through the struggles of youth and poverty with them. The fact that Fontana, who knew nothing at all about sculpture, treated the artist as an equal—and Fontana was considered a great man by his admirers—had a great deal to do with Duprat's acceptance of him. The musician was always ready to agree that Duprat was a misunderstood genius, above the comprehension of the crowd. Why not? That concession in no wise diminished his own importance.

Fontana had reasons for his visits to Duprat's studio. Through a friend to whom Duprat was in the habit of confiding his financial difficulties, Montalbo learned what those reasons were. The composer was a suitor for Matilde's hand!

The news seemed monstrous to the young poet. Why, Fontana was older than the girl's father! Moreover, one "episode" after another had crowded his life. In his younger days, on the concert platform, he had been the cynosure of all the fashionable lorgnettes in Paris. And he had made good use of his opportunities. Then came the success of his operas, every one of them on the eternal theme of love, which brought him innumerable callers of the opposite sex armed with photographs on which he must inscribe his name—or more than his name, if he only would!

Yet no one could know that these adventures looked far more romantic when viewed from afar than they ever seemed to Fontana. He was weary of them. The sight of Matilde, with her tranquil beauty, her calm, skilful management of her father's poor little home, had turned the composer's thoughts to the commonplace pleasures of marriage.

"Such a stroke of luck!"—that was how Duprat put it to the confidant in question. "A man not only distinguished, but famous—and rich, my friend, rich! And when he dies—of course he will die before Matilde—she will inherit his royalties."

The girl's father never doubted for a moment that the proposed marriage would come off. Neither did Montalbo. How could he? He was just nobody. Why should a girl put aside such a tempting offer of wealth, position and reflected celebrity?

Even to Matilde, sitting beside him on a bench in the Luxembourg, Montalbo's voice sounded faint and hollow. He was like a helpless child about to burst into tears.

"Fontana wants to marry you. Your father considers it an honor—for him! And of course you'll accept. He has what I lack, Matilde—recognition."

Matilde looked at him with a (*Continued on page 202*)

The Necklace of Marie Antoinette



The Story So Far:

CARDINAL DE ROHAN, secretly enamored of the lovely young Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, but long in disfavor in her eyes because of a luckless jest at the expense of her mother, Maria Theresa of Austria, felt—and with reason—that the pretty adventuress who called herself the Comtesse de Lamotte-Valois was in truth his good fairy. For she brought him hope that he might restore himself to royal favor—and more—if he would but procure for the Queen a diamond necklace which she longed for but dared not buy.

This necklace, property of Boehmer and Bassange, the King's jewelers, held in its glittering meshes jewels from all the markets of the world, doomed now to sparkle unseen. So thought Boehmer, at any rate, to whom the Queen's refusal meant ruin. But to him, also, Madame Lamotte appeared as a harbinger of hope, with word from the Queen that the necklace would be purchased, secretly of course—her extravagance was already the cause of much dissension among her people—and with payments guaranteed by the Cardinal! For Madame Lamotte assured Boehmer that de Rohan, frowned upon in public, privately received the Queen's most radiant smiles. Terrified and puzzled though he was by these revelations, they brought to Boehmer the first gleam of hope since he had been dismissed by the Queen.

Meanwhile, in the gaieties and anxieties of her queenly life, Marie Antoinette had forgotten the very existence of the necklace that was later to fasten its meshes inescapably about her. While the Lamotte fed the Cardinal's secret passion with skilful words and an occasional brief note, presumably from the Queen but actually written by her fellow conspirator Reteaux de Villette, and with the encouragement of Cagliostro the great prophet, the Queen was hearing the criticisms of her world for her disregard of court etiquette, her extravagance, even her choice of recreations.

While walking in the royal gardens one afternoon with Count Axel Fersen, of Sweden, the Queen requested and then commanded her escort to be frank with her as to her position with the French people, her subjects. And Fersen, with a courage born of his own love for Marie Antoinette the woman, admitted that she was not popular. Perversely, the Queen rebuked his frankness and he confessed his love—a love that asked only to serve her. Angered and humiliated, the Queen rushed away from him without a word.

Thereafter the Count was much in Marie Antoinette's thoughts and she would have given all her diamonds to undo what she had done. But that was beyond the power even of a queen.

NIGHT in the gardens of Versailles, a night of mellow moon and heavenly stars lamping low over an earth of passionate loveliness.

A man stood in the grove of Venus, moonlight falling through the leaves upon his black domino, waiting—waiting.

There was no one near him—he waited and longed. Could it be possible that she would come or was it nothing but a dream to dissolve in the gray breath of dawn?

A Colorful New Novel *by*

E. Barrington

Illustrations by Walt Louderback



¶ "*You know what this rose means. You may hope that the past is forgotten.*" *The Cardinal woke from his trance of ecstasy.*

The fountains had ceased to play, but his ears were full of their music. Were light footsteps brushing through the grass or was it the dropping of liquid crystal from the uprush of imprisoned waters? How could he tell whose own breathing deafened him? Or that brightness through the trees—was it the Queen-moon curving to her kiss of the happy Endymion, or the flutter of a woman's white dress drawing nearer?

Could he speak if she came? What should he say?

"Madame, I have loved you ever since I saw you at Strassburg, a little lovely Archduchess."

And what would she answer? Draw herself up to her full height and freeze his hopes with those cold, queenly looks he knew so well, or melt divinely into his arms—the dream at last come true? No—impossible! She would never come. Yet Jeanne de Lamotte, the good angel who had brought him letter after letter in that precious writing, had left him only a little while ago, saying gravely:

"She will come. She has promised. She owes you much for your devotion to her wishes. And perhaps—though I scarcely dare breathe it—there may be a dearer debt than this. She too suffers. She will come."

And even yet the Prince de Rohan doubted, though in a case against his heart his fingers touched the letter of her promise. Again and again he touched it to reassure his fainting heart.

"It will kill me if she fails," he told himself, and for the moment believed it, for when ambition and desire, the two strongest passions of the world, unite their strength, a man is thrust before them like a leaf on a gale.

Silence—except for light movements in the grass and leaves. Nothings that made his heart throb until he laid his hand on a bough for support.

Hush! The grass is stirring as though at the coming of a light breeze in spring. It quivers—it trembles. The scent from a drift of violets breathes upon his lips—the boughs part softly. It is not moonlight—no—nor a shower of cherry blossoms—it is a woman's white dress. Oh—if it were she!

He stood transfixed, still as a man of stone, for she came gliding nearer, nearer, looking fearfully about her, starting at the light noises of her own small feet. Should he have moved to welcome her? He had no power to stir.

She wore the flowing white dress of her hours of ease at Trianon. How well he knew it from the furtive glimpses he had from time

to time. A soft whiteness of lace was folded across her lovely bosom, and she wore the shepherdess's straw hat tilted forward a little to hide her face from the too prying myriad eyes of stars.

But she came nearer, while he trembled with ecstasy. Even if she passed him by as she surely would, still she had come for his sake. That was much—infinitely more than he had dared to hope.

She came along the little track in the grass, and now—so close that he could catch the fragrance of her hair—she was delaying, pausing. There was a queenly rose in her breast, languid with perfume. A white hand fluttered towards it —a nobly carried head bowed as with delicious shame. She lingered—she whispered:

"You may hope . . ." What?—was that all? But enough, surely. "You know what this rose means. You may hope that the past is forgotten!" And in earnest of that pledge the rose was detached from her bosom and dropped into his hand.

He woke from his trance of ecstasy—he put out beseeching hands. There was a rush, a crash through the trees which in his ears sounded like the crash of doom.

"Footsteps are coming this way. Monsieur and Madame d'Artois and others. Oh, fly, fly, or all is lost!"

The white figure was gone; only the rose remained and Jeanne de Lamotte pale with terror, dragging at his hand.

"Is she safe? We dare not let her go alone!" he gasped, trying to drag his hand away.

But Lamotte would hear nothing.

"Silence, if you love your life and hers," she said. "Of course she's safe. It is we who are in danger. Come!"

They fled behind the cedars along the grass to the nearest way out, only stopping to breathe when they must, and reached at last a great gate where a carriage waited to take them back to Paris.

Spent and breathless, they were dragged up the steps and he fell back on the cushions in exhaustion. The Cardinal was of neither an age nor a figure to race through the groves of Paradise for the sake of a vanishing lady, yet his heart was that of a young lover at the moment.



¶ *"Monsieur Leclaux," said the Cardinal, "I place in your keeping the diamond*

"I couldn't do it again," he almost sobbed at last, "not if my life depended on it. It's a fearful strain on a man's heart. But we soon distanced the footsteps. In fact I never heard them."

"Thank heaven, I did—and saw them too or we should all have been on our way to the Bastile now. Didn't I tell you it was a fearful risk?—and yet your courage would not let you refuse it. You are the bravest man I know. And oh, my friend, how she must love you to have done what she did tonight! I will own now that I thought her heart would fail at the last moment. Are you satisfied?"



necklace. It is our humble hope that it may worthily adorn the most beautiful of Queens."

"Satisfied? There is no word in any tongue of men to express my pride and joy. This rose! There was never a rose like it since Eden. But is she safe? You swear it?"

"Highness, yes. But who could have foreseen that those fools would come that way! You must be doubly cautious now! Put yourself in my hands—and hers, I beseech you!"

He expended his recovered breath in protestations. What would he not do? She had but to command.

"This," she answered, drawing a little gilt-edged missive from her bosom, warm from its nest beneath her laces. He kissed it, possibly for the sake of both ladies concerned, and read it by the flickering carriage lamps. The Countess waited expectant.

"I am to go down to Saverne for a while, and she meanwhile will be strengthening my position with the King—who has been very fixed against me. She does not despair of a ministry for me. Oh, madame—oh, Jeanne, for so I must call my best friend—if you had done no other good in the world you have raised a despairing man to the pinnacle of happiness!"

She pressed his hand kindly.

"There is much more to come. So have patience. I know how you will count the hours at Saverne, but all must give way to the thought of her safety, my friend. You feel that?"

"Unalterably," he said and began to babble of the great things he would do for Jeanne and her "excellent husband" when the reins of power were in his hands, and then fresh rejoicings over the Queen's condescension and so forth until the jolting of the carriage put him into a sleep from which he never waked until it drew up at the door of the house in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine which the friendship of the Queen had provided for her beloved friend.

Nothing but a parting word of good wishes could be said, but the Cardinal waved his hand from the window until the horses rounded the corner. Jeanne ran upstairs like a deer to the salon. Two men waited for her—her husband and de Villette.

Her husband was a slim, handsome young man with the air of a higher class than he really belonged to. Knocking about Versailles and Paris, it had been an advantage to pick up that trifle amongst others, and practise had given him an ease of manner in a bow and opening a door which went well enough with the pseudotitle of Count which had been his wife's wedding gift. They had for each other the toleration and quick sense of cooperation of hounds on the same trail. Why be unfriendly when the one end was in view?

Attained, the next move would be decided by the needs of the moment.

Still, there were moments when Jeanne regretted that she had married before meeting Villette. There could be no question

which was the cleverer and more courageous of the two men. It was always Villette who was ahead, planning, suggesting, daring; the other followed obediently but timidly. It was Villette's interest to second hers now, but supposing they did not coincide later? She knew he would throw her over as lightly as any other of the women he loved *par amours* and cared so little to conceal from her. The world was Villette's oyster and every man and woman his tool to open it. Together they might have made a satisfying meal on it. They might yet, if luck held.

"I knew you would be here first!" she said, breathing quickly from the stairs. "Your cabriolet must have done two miles to our one. Had you any *contretemps?*"

"Not one; we drove *ventre à terre* all the way. Essigny cried with terror until your husband consoled her."

"Call her Olisva, for heaven's sake," interrupted Jeanne. "Why use a name known as that of a disreputable woman?"

"Why give her a name which any adroit detective can spell out as the anagram of Valois, madame? Oh, the incurable romance of women—and to make her a baroness too! The name should have been as insignificant as possible. Well—we all have our weak points. Was it successful? I could not see from my cedar."

"A magnificent, a glorious success!" said Jeanne, in her low, thrilling voice. "I declare to you both I could have mistaken her for the other myself in the moonlight and shadows. She walked with a dignity!—but then, she has a beautiful figure—exactly like the—the other's."

"And you raised the hue and cry exactly at the right moment?" This was her husband, quivering with excitement.

"Exactly. I suppose she ran straight off to you?"

Villette chuckled. "Naturally. And Lamotte supported her tenderly to the cabriolet. I followed discreetly out of ear-shot. She was terrified."

"You don't mean to say she suspected what she had been at?" asked Jeanne seriously, looking angrily at her husband.

"Bless you, my dear, no. She thought exactly what I told her when I engaged her to play the part. I know her intimately enough to answer for that. I told her it was to win a wager for a court lady who wished to play a joke on a certain nobleman, and heaven knows there are jokes enough of the kind at Versailles to make it a very likely story. Besides, what else was it? No, what frightened her was the unexpected rush and scurry at the end, but it was much the wisest to leave it like that, for she ran like a hare in good earnest. We set her down in the Palais-Royal just now with the money in her hand and as pleased with herself as could be. 'I wish I had another chance like that!' she said as she tripped off."

"She may!" Jeanne said, drawing toward her the chafing-dish which held the little savory *plat* for their supper, and lighting the wick.

VILLETTE interrupted her decisively. "She may not, madame. Never again. I would not run that risk for twice the worth of—you know what. It had to be, and it is done. The thing now is for us all to leave Paris for a while. There must be no appearance of hurry. Boehmer can wait. De Rohan is longing to get through with the business and delay will make him keener. And Lamotte must get Olisva—if you will have that absurd name!—out of Paris for a while, lest she should babble to the other women of the Palais-Royal. Do you give him permission, madame?"

"I? Certainly. My husband and I understand one another perfectly."

"Olisva and the country!" sighed Lamotte resignedly. "What a combination! And you, Jeanne—where will you go? For there I shall go too when I can be rid of Olisva, that we may hatch our plans in peace."

She reflected a moment. "I shall go to Bar-sur-Aube, my native place, and I shall do it in style, so that the people who despised me in my days of poverty may know there was something in the Valois blood after all. And"—looking at her husband—"you can find someone to take Olisva off your hands later and carry her off to Marseilles or the ends of the earth, and then come to Bar-sur-Aube and let us be respectable or perish!"

"Right—a thousand times right!" cried Villette, rubbing his hands. "This little Countess of ours, what does she not know! I declare it is a delight to work with a woman so far above the weaknesses of them all. It is like working with a man gifted with a woman's finesse and intuition. Lamotte, you should be proud of your wife. Well, let us be off, and when we return—then for the last act of the comedy!"

"Heaven send it don't prove a tragedy!" sighed the Count de Lamotte with the disregard of grammar that his fastidious Countess could never quite amend. "There is still the signed agreement from the Queen to buy the necklace to be carried through, and every fresh scratch of Villette's pen terrifies me lest de Rohan should smell a rat."

"Take a glass of wine to warm up your courage, my friend, and come and share this delicious salmi your wife has ready for us. Madame, I kiss your hands and feet for your action tonight. It was supreme—superb!"

Two days later the Cardinal's friends, known and unknown to him, no longer blessed Paris with their presence. And he himself at Saverne was beating against the episcopal bars and thirsting for Paris once more—beloved Paris that was near the fairest, most beloved woman in all the world. When would she relax her fears and permit him that bliss once more?—he whose only prayer was to be there that he might serve her in this costly whim of hers for a thing not beautiful enough—beautiful as it was—to adorn her beautiful bosom.

AT LAST—at last came the gilt-edged missive in the writing before which his heart did obeisance. It came to Saverne borne carefully as such a treasure should be by her Majesty's own gentleman, Monsieur Leclaux, a not unpleasing looking man with a somewhat dissipated cast of face, but capable and adroit of speech and distinguished in an undress court uniform, though traveling in a private carriage to avoid general notice.

Naturally, not being in the prime secret, he had nothing but ordinary court news to bestow upon his Eminence, and appeared perhaps a little surprised at finding himself on such an errand though he hid it discreetly. Doubtless he imagined that the sealed letter contained some mighty affair of state. But his news was good.

Her Majesty had herself placed the letter in his hands, enjoining speed and caution. No, she had added nothing else, but looked extremely anxious and beautiful. She had not done him the honor to say whether she expected a reply. That was left to the pleasure of Monseigneur.

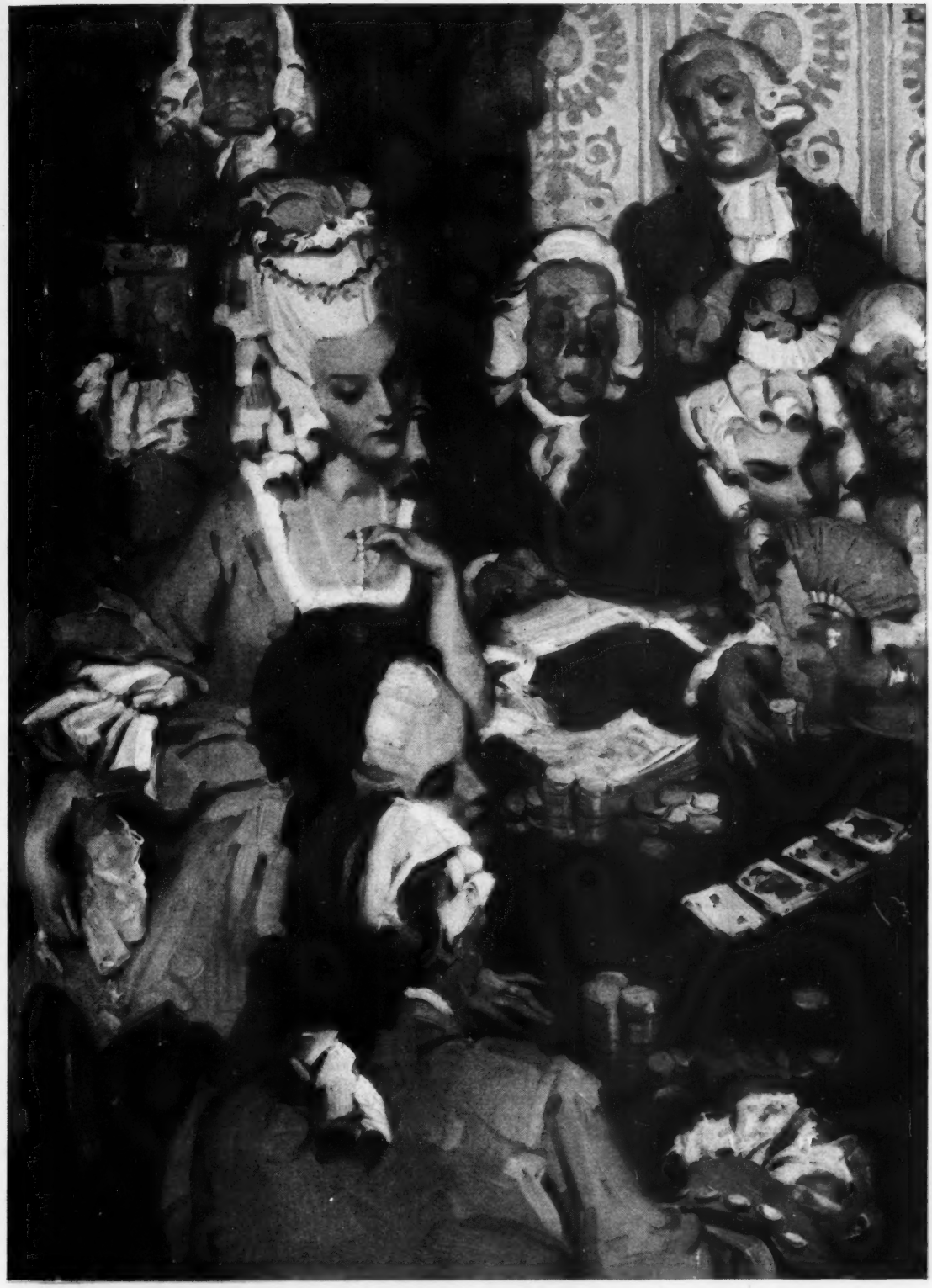
This brave gentleman refreshed himself handsomely with rich wines and meats at the cost of the Cardinal while the latter retired to devour the letter in solitude. It was written in a strain of melancholy tenderness. The beautiful writer blamed herself for the hopes she had permitted when fate so evidently was pitted against their fulfilment. But such affection as his would pardon such a weakness, and if he would be happier in Paris, let him return. Though they might not meet, still, they breathed the same air—and more to the same effect, ending with a slight but unmistakable allusion to the treasure which she would never wear without believing that its thousand lights reflected his thousand delicacies of sentiment and affection.

Inexpressibly soothing and delicious were those words! What could he do less than pen a few ardent lines breathing adoration and devotion and assuring her of his immediate return. And scarcely was the letter confided to the powerfully refreshed Leclaux—so charged with wine that the Cardinal felt grave hesitation in entrusting his protestations to such vinous hands—than his Eminence in his great, heavily rolling berlin was hard on the track of the galloping horses of Leclaux.

The coast now clear and a perfect understanding established, the first person he sent for on reaching the Hôtel de Rohan was Boehmer. And to Boehmer, languishing in suspense, tormented by the incessant reproaches of Bassange, that message came like a breathing gospel of peace. For, ushered into the library where the Cardinal sat in such majesty as was possible to him, the first words which broke on his enchanted ear were these:

"I have decided, monsieur, to buy the necklace from you on behalf of the purchaser, her Majesty the Queen—the name to be kept a secret between you and me. The price is to be what you decided. It is to be paid for in five equal instalments; the first, of twenty thousand pounds, is to be paid to you here at my house six months from the present day, the remaining instalments every three months until the purchase is completed. The payments will all be made through me. Here is the agreement, which must be submitted for her Majesty's approval. On receiving it, you will deliver the necklace to her Majesty's gentleman, Monsieur Leclaux, in my presence. If all this is agreeable to you, we will sign it."

What could the overjoyed Boehmer do but bow and smile and smile and bow again in quickest iteration? Hope had hovered over him rainbow-winged for a considerable time, but this was the bright bird alighting on his hand, for what is the word of a Prince, Cardinal, Grand Almoner of France and much more if it is less than perfect assurance? All was agreed, signed, settled and delivered, and comforted by a glass of generous wine the King's



The Queen in the midst of them, flushed and excited also, and Fersen's eyes gravely intent—not joining in the play but curiously watchful.

Jeweler took his glad departure, leaving behind him a no less joyful Eminence.

But joy unutterable awaited him. For Boehmer was scarcely turning his back on the Hôtel de Rohan before a clatter of horse's feet was heard in the street outside, and in swam the Countess, brimming with gaiety and happiness.

Heavens! was anything ever so opportune? The agreement was in her hand in a moment.

"But *I* will take it to Versailles, my friend! Would I have you kept one hour in suspense if it can be avoided? No. You know me too well. That is not the way friends serve each other. My husband is still at Bar-sur-Aube and I am a free woman. What is to hinder me from driving down now and returning to-morrow? Give me a glass of wine and I will go."

No need to express the Cardinal's gratitude and bliss. He gave the choicest wine in his (*Continued on page 149*)



¶ *Flappers when legs were limbs and well hidden at that (from Godey's Lady's Book).*

By George Ade

The Mushy

IF I HAD to select one comprehensive adjective with which to describe that stretch of neutral history between the Chicago fire and the time of Winfield Scott Hancock's suicidal declaration that "the tariff is a local issue," I think the word would be "woozy." Here we have an inspired bit of vernacular which is meaningless but unboundedly expressive.

Our so-called civilization arose to the sublimest peak of wooziness about the year of the Centennial at Philadelphia.

Woman, ever helpful, did what she could to wooze the Western Hemisphere by affecting hoop-skirts, bustles, chignons, nets, superfluous flounces, cameo brooches, pill-box hats and useless parasols.

The old illustrations from Godey's Lady's Book now command high prices, because they are rare and quaint and dreadful records of the unbelievable in feminine attire. Of course the belles of the 'seventies did not have the insipid doll faces, the extreme longitude or the microscopical feet shown in those incomparable "fashion-plates," but they certainly did carry much strange rigging and were encouraged to perfect themselves in mincing exercises with the Japanese fan, simpering affectations of speech and a snow-white innocence which now seems positively antediluvian.

The flapper of today is the symbol of extreme reaction against the twittering mushiness of fifty years ago, and, to borrow a phrase from the improved literature of our own times, it has been some reaction.

And the beaux of that remote yesterday! Ringlets and hair-oil, gates-ajar collars and huge padded cravats, spring-bottom trousers and box-toed boots! Did you ever see a derby hat with a narrow rim and high crown, lined with puckery silk, and resembling, according to Abe Martin, the interior of a child's coffin?

I can remember when the most admired gallant of our prairie kingdom was the succulent gawk who softly plunked the guitar and could yodel "Ro-holl on, silvury moo-hoon."

The character corresponding to the "sheik" of today was a buggy-rider who tempted the fair sex with conversation hearts, and was given to organizing a quartet of serenaders who stood in the pale moonlight and sang "Come to the window, my lady fair." Then my lady fair would lower a basket of home-made cake to the love-sick nightingales, and after they had devoured it they would warble something about "Good night, ladie-e-e-s, we're going to leave you now," and that would terminate the nocturnal orgy.

I couldn't forget the 'seventies if I tried. They came along just when I was at the most absorbent age, and whatever happened in our township was of major importance. When I go back to Kentland now and walk around town with Will Kent or John Ryan, we traverse all of the old streets and have competitive memory tests. We can tell each other who lived in every house in town when we were running barefooted, and recall details of scandal in connection with any inhabitant whose name happens to come up.

I cannot give the names of any of the people I met on a West Indies cruise last spring, but I can supply a complete roster of all the boys who infested our village fifty years ago and name those who were unfortunate in the matter of stone-bruises, and when it comes to my real intimates, I can tell you how many freckles each one of them had.

We were as woozy as the rest. Nowadays the designers and weavers and garment-builders cooperate to produce the most artistic effects and sensible modes in apparel for youngsters. The jumpers and rompers and knickers and sweaters and rolled stockings and dressy sandals and rakish head-gear are in the windows everywhere, and the little ones, even far out in the country, are downright snappy. Well, in the dismal days now being recalled, what we wore was hastily made over from something the older relatives had discarded. Pa's old vest would become a pair of pants for little Ulysses. Most of the juvenile garments must have been cut out with sheep-shears.



Gay dogs on an excursion in the far-away 'seventies (from Harper's Weekly of 1870).

Seventies

The Days of Hoop-Skirts & Serenades

When the starched waist had been connected with the shapeless nether garment by an equatorial girdle of white buttons, and the suffocating collar had been lashed up with a large bow and the forelock had been securely gummed to the brow, then the proud little man was supposed to be all fixed up for Sunday-school. No wonder so many of my colleagues have reacted against their early religious training!

In my curio cabinet I have a pair of petrified shoes which I wore when I was three years old. Experts have examined the shoes without being able to determine which was "right" and which was "left." The feet were supposed to be oval-shaped and exactly alike. The first shoe picked up in the morning was put on the foot which happened to be near at hand.

By reason of this Spartan method of inducing the feet to match up and also because of the toe-spread and general enlargement resulting from the popular custom of going barefoot from May to October each year, I acquired those pedal peculiarities which still prevent me from looking dressy, even when I wear dancing pumps.

I WONDER how many grown-ups recall those morning battles with the copper-toed boots which had been stood up by the kitchen stove to dry out overnight? Are there any bootjacks left in the world? Does anybody, anywhere, now wear that moppy kind of winter cap which pulled down over the ears and had peek-holes for the eyes? Are school children still reeking with "assifidity" bags, worn next to the person, because there are two suspected cases of measles over at the east end of town? Are they still smeared with "red precipity" when they complain of feeling itchy?

Sometimes I have suspected that rural and small-town conditions in the Middle West were one hundred percent woozy soon after the Civil War because a new population had been so busy conquering the wilderness and shooting at those who disagreed with them politically, that they had not found time to cultivate the amenities or embroider the raw facts of life with any of the fine arts. But when I count up I feel sure that we were simply a crude imitation of the wooziness which saturated the older settlements.

We got our books, newspapers, sheet music, furniture, pictures and wall-paper from the very headquarters of culture and all were either weird or half-baked. It was just the time when anything haw-haw was considered comical, and poetry was ladled out with a spoon, and the story papers were soggy with highfalutin, impossible, stilted romantic serials. Saturday Night was a big seller and E. P. Roe was the favorite novelist.

Just when everything was darkest, the cardboard motto and the professional elocutionist appeared to complicate the general environment of yokelism. Before the women began running yarn through cardboard, every front room had been a sarcophagus gleaming with cold horsehair and bearing on the walls doleful reminders, in crayon, of the kinsfolk who had passed on. Now the dim sanctuary began to brighten up with preserved leaves which had been sprinkled with diamond-dust and "God Bless Our Home," done in mottled colors.

I think that elocutionism, as perpetrated by those who have taken lessons, is now prohibited by law in many of our states, but it was almost an epidemic in the 'seventies. Tall brunette ladies of intense personality, and always suffering from a slight cold, would travel from town to town and collect their victims into halls, and goose-pimple them with "Rum's Maniac," "Curfew shall not ring tonight," and "The fall of the Pemberton Mill." I can think of only one form of entertainment more devastating than the serious recitation given by the lady professional who bites her words, and that is the humorous or laugh-provoking selection attempted by the same type of performer.

Regarding music, the favorite instruments were the jew's-harp, harmonica, guitar, melodeon and second alto. Every young lady was supposed to sing, if she could find someone to turn the music for her. The male quartet (*Continued on page 159*)

By *Capt.* JOHN W.

Luck



A COMPANY of German infantry and a machine gun platoon lay in the three-cornered clump of trees on the forward slope of Hill 142, in the sector northwest of Château-Thierry, and listened incuriously to the racket in the thick woods that began six hundred yards away, across the wheat. By the white piping on their uniforms, they were Prussians, and by the ugly, confident look of them, with a touch of Berlin swank, they were Prussians of a very good division; and there were no better soldiers in the world.

They had come in after dawn and halted here in reserve while the rest of their battalion passed forward. They were old soldiers, salty and hard, and what happened out of sight was no affair of theirs; they only hoped that those *Feld-ratten* in the leading division would dispose of whatever it was. If not, they themselves would attend to it at the proper time.

Meanwhile the sun was an hour high, and pleasant on a field-gray back, and Paris and the end of the war only forty kilometers away. They sprawled at ease; some made careful entries in diaries—"*Im Felde, 6 Juni, Kriegsjahr 4*"—and some wrote letters, or slept, or abused their rations and their quartermasters, after the manner of soldiers the world over.

The *Herr Hauptmann* in command, a stocky young Rheinlander named Deinhardt, walked up and down behind them, cutting fretfully with his heavy crab-wood stick at the ferns that grew there. He was in a black humor, and his men eyed him nervously; most of them knew the weight of that stick he carried. He had not been with them long; he had come to the battalion in the reorganization after the great March drive in the north.

His much-enduring soldier servant whispered that he was the sole survivor of a battalion that destroyed itself against the English in front of Amiens, and that his dressing-case contained every medal a man could win, and that he was a terrible *Kerl* to live with. "That stick of his, *liebe Herr Gott!* If it was a dear little wife, he could make no more trouble about it! By his hand always, even when he sleeps . . ."

His men sensed that he was a competent soldier, and let it go at that. The Prussian service was never noted for humanity. When your officer was angry, you kept out of his way if you could; otherwise, you set yourself and stood it.

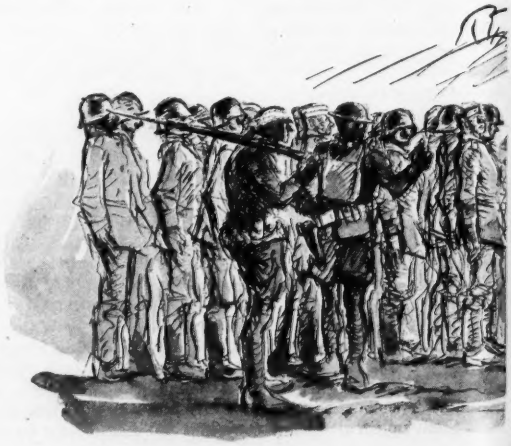
He was angry now; the *Herr Oberst* commanding the battalion had just passed and talked with him, and the conversation sat heavily on his stomach. At sunrise something had started in the front line, which ran through the woods yonder and angled away to the left in the direction of the wood called Belleau. There had been orders to advance this day, to proceed astride the Paris-Metz road towards Montreuil and Meaux. And just as our brave fellows were getting into position, said the *Oberst*, those obstinate fools over there attacked! There had been a little shelling from the enemy—not much, for it was well known that the French lost all their guns on the Chemin des Dames the other day—and then there was a mounting crackle of rifle fire.

German machine guns had opened up, and it had not at first sounded dangerous. But now the volume of machine gun fire, which set the tempo of every German battle, was appreciably lighter, and the rifles sounded nearer. A purely local action, decided the *Oberst*, but it did not look so good at this moment. The *Oberst* had sent two companies up to the front line; that should be enough, but Deinhardt, with the battalion reserve, would be prepared to fight where he was in the unlikely event that the enemy came so far.

"If it is permitted to ask, *Herr Oberst*, what troops——"

Unfortunately, there were as yet no prisoners. Fresh French troops, perhaps, from the garrison of Paris, which we will certainly have by the day after tomorrow! Some of their good colonials, it may be, for they are in khaki. There was a rumor yesterday about Canadians, but the High Command has not reported any Canadians moved from the north—Old Rupprecht and his Bavarians are keeping those God-accursed English busy in the north.

And, said the *Oberst*, some fool of an *Unteroffizier*, a little wounded, came back with a tale that Americans were attacking! The *Oberst* laughed augustly, as all good Germans did when the American myth was mentioned. It just showed you, said the



THOMASON, JR.

A Story of the Marines— Over There *and* Over Here

Illustrations by The Author



Oberst, what came of taking these sheepsheads out of the ranks and making officers of them, even underofficers! For his part, he had always been against the practise; it touched the honor of the Corps of Officers. He went on his way, an impressive figure, although a little knock-kneed.

The *Hauptmann* turned to his men, regretting that he was not dug in. Well, the machine guns were emplaced, and his position would be very deadly to any enemy who tried to cross that wheat in front of him! Those rifles, now—yes, they were much nearer. He recognized the whanging of a Hotchkiss gun, and the rattle of chaut-chaut fire; but those rifles—they certainly did not sound like French rifles.

He directed his signalman to test communications with the battery assigned to the support of the battalion; all clear, *Herr Hauptmann,* the fellow reported. That battery, by the way, was furiously in action. Presently all the batteries in the area were furiously in action, and that was a bad sign!

In the woods, just across the wheat, a German machine gun raved like a mad thing. Hand-grenades went off, and there was a clangor of rifles. Then the Maxim gun stopped, suddenly, finally, and Deinhardt was certain he heard a Lüger pistol. Also, a confused babel of shouting. Close, that! Thank the dear God, he had taken routine range data from his position.

"*Feldwebel*—go up that tree there and observe the face of the woods. On the run!" The observation would be poor across the wheat.

A few gray figures came into the wheat, running. The *Feldwebel* called down: "*Herr Hauptmann!* Our men retreat from the wood! *Herr Hauptmann*—the enemy comes from the wood—a platoon—two platoons—more are in the wood."

"Call firing directions according to the marks we have ranged," barked Deinhardt.

His war-wise people were on the alert before he blew his whistle. Bolts clicked, non-commissioned officers grunted commands, and the charging levers of the machine guns snicked back. The level light flickered on the broad Prussian bayonets with saw-edges. The light flickered, too, on bayonets yonder across the wheat.



"Six hundred meters. *Herr Hauptmann,* a company, in waves—five hundred fifty meters." The *Feldwebel's* voice was level and expressionless. "Five hundred meters."

Deinhardt could see them now, tall men in khaki, not widely deployed, coming in waves across the wheat—Canadians, yes? At three hundred meters he opened fire, without haste or excitement. In the first war year he would not have waited so long, but now he believed in heavy fire at close range; it did the job more effectively, and you got all the wounded. He laid his stick across the shoulders of a man who was fumbling with his sights, and noted with professional keenness that his fire was excellently effective, and the enemy too closely grouped.

"*Pfui!* what waste, to huddle them like that! One cannot miss."

The leading waves melted while he looked at them. Another minute, and the wheat where they had been was clean. His riflemen ceased firing, and squad leaders made rough jokes along the line—fine fellows, thought Deinhardt, these old soldiers of the Guards Corps!

"They will go back, now. Signalman, direct the guns to place shrapnel in the edge of the wood—sheet F, seventy-seven point eighty-six to eight point nine." He ordered slow fire from the machine guns on the flanks, to sweep the ground for wounded.

Then rifles spoke in the wheat, and a keening rush of bullets ripped through the coppice.

"*Herr Hauptmann!* They crawl forward in the wheat. *Herr Hauptmann!* They crawl to the left, by the flank—the wheat can be seen to move. Quickly, with the left section." The *Feldwebel* gave a choking cough and fell from the tree, his body striking the branches with an odd, thick sound. He hung in a crotch near the ground, head downward. There was a hole in his forehead, and the back of his head was blown out.

Thereafter it closed upon them as a nightmare closes. The firing from the wheat grew in volume, and the enemy fired low. A gust of steel-jacketed bullets found a group of infantrymen who were standing up for better sight, and they went down in a crumpled heap. A line of the enemy rose in front, astonishingly near and huge, and rushed, yelling; but a machine gun swung that way and cut them down like a scythe; the wheat did not move where they fell. The rifles tore the coppice.

A spatter of firing came from the left, fairly on the flank. There were two guns there, but they could not be traversed quickly enough, and their gunners sprawled across them in odd, twisted attitudes. Something violent plucked Deinhardt's field-glass from his breast. He shifted his stick to his left hand and drew his pistol. The fire of his riflemen slackened.

"*Donnerwetter!* are all the dogs shot?"



One chalk-faced private with staring near-sighted eyes—one of the recruits—rose up to run, and Deinhardt dispassionately pistoled him. One gun was still firing; while Deinhardt looked, a brown rush of men rolled over it; he saw one of them seize the spitting muzzle and rear it backward, and bayonets flashed up and down, and a rifle-butt rose and fell.

Then the enemy, lean-faced and long-legged men, were around him.

The machine gunners were dead. Some of his infantry broke and ran; a few threw down their rifles and cried "*Kameraden!*"—and furious straining figures and frantic straining figures streamed past him, and there was confused noise in which there was no sound that you could name, but only screaming tumult.

Deinhardt found himself looking into the muzzle of an extraordinarily large and ugly automatic pistol, and his hands went up, his pistol in one and his stick in the other, both forgotten.

His captor was a slim young officer in a greenish uniform with little silver bars on his shoulders. He looked curiously at the German, and spoke in a quiet voice to a big dark soldier by him. The soldier wrenched Deinhardt's pistol away, and addressed him in careful Heidelberg German:

"The Lieutenant says, what troops are you?"

There was another question or two, and then, with an apologetic grin, the Lieutenant reached for Deinhardt's stick, which was still clutched above his head. Deinhardt cried aloud and drew back sharply, his eyes blazing. At once the pistol was between the third and fourth buttons of his tunic, and the soldier's bayonet was under his armpit.

"Oh, don't ram that thing in him—no use," drawled the Lieutenant, possessing the stick. "What's he sayin'?" For Deinhardt burst into passionate gutturals.

"Sir, he says," translated the soldier, "that this here cane's his good luck, charm, or something like that. Says he's carried it all through the war. Says he carried it at Verdun, an'—an' all those places. Says if you take it he'll get killed. Says take his watch, take anything he's got, but leave him his stick."

"So he was at Verdun, was he? Well! An' it's a good luck charm, hey? Listen, you tell him he's goin' back to a nice jail in the S. O. S. somewhere, an' I've got to go on with this war, an' I need good luck bad! I'll just take his stick. *Bitte schön, Herr Boche*—good German, ain't it? It's a nice stick—I'll keep it to remember him by. Sergeant, put a casualty in charge of these Heines and send 'em back. Get me some kind of a line here! All right, you birds—get goin'—automatic rifles, this way. Tritt, you grave-robber, come out of that Boche's clothes! Let's go!"



The attack went on, and Deinhardt's stick with it, and a brisk casualty with a bloody head herded Deinhardt and twenty-odd prisoners into column of fours and started back across the wheat.

And Deinhardt went in a sick cold fear, the like of which he had never known.

Four years ago, a cadet in his last term, he had stood with his classmates and drunk Madeira wine to The Day. "*Gott sei dank*," they cried, "it has come in our time!" And his father, a terrible and bush-bearded old man with the 1870 war medals, gave him with ceremony the ugly crab-wood stick, taking it from the wall where it hung with a long sword of the *Gardedragoner*.

"Pay attention, thou! I carried this at Gravelotte, and over the cemetery wall at St. Privat, where all the King's Guards died, but I took no harm. Carry it, thou! There is luck in it. No good German fears to die—I give it not for that; but a dead soldier is no good to anybody. Make the enemy die!"

And young Deinhardt had carried it down to the Marne country, as far as Guise and the St. Gond morass, with Paris ahead, a vision bright as the *Rheingold*. And back from Guise, with those venomous Frenchmen in preposterous red pantaloons following like hornets. Thereafter war, until he could not remember another existence. East front and west front, and in the south, beyond Austria, where you looked as the eagle looks down on the plains of Italy.

Of all those junkers who drank to The Day, he alone was left in service. And nothing touched him. Even the typhus in the Balkans passed him by. There had been promotion and honors, and the stick became an obsession. He believed quite implicitly that it kept the bullets off, beginning with that day, far back on the Aisne, when, leaning idly against a tree, he had dropped the stick by chance; he had stooped to recover it, and a sniper's bullet had thudded into the bark where his head had been.

Now it was gone, and he did not want to die, or be messed up by a shell.

"Allay, allay now!" The casualty with the bloody head hustled his charges through the wood, where many bodies lay and German shells were falling, and through a battered little town, and along a rutty road across the fields. The casualty halted his convoy and spoke with an individual who rested by the road.

"Say, guy, where's Regimental—the Fifth, what I mean?"

"The Fit'? It's that there little farm, like, up there a piece. How come you goin' there? Ain't no place to go. You go 'long this road to a farm bein' shelled like blazes, an' that's yo' Regimental. You got to go there?"

"Yes—th' Lootenant says, take these birds to Regimental, an' say the Forty-ninth took 'em. So I takes 'em, shells or no shells.



Then I'm goin' to turn in to the sick bay. I got a right smart nick on the conk. Oughter be good for a liberty in Paris, huh? Aw—no good goin' through 'em. Everybody I met done gone through 'em. Ain't a Iron Cross left." He turned to his prisoners. "Allay, you Heines!"

Then Deinhardt knew, with the strange foreknowledge which comes to men sometimes, that he was finished . . . It was a shell from his own people, and it fell at the head of the little column. There was a vomit of earth and black smoke where the head of the column had been. Those prisoners who lived groveled on the road and made animal noises; the casualty with the bloody head picked himself out of the ditch and shot one Heine who had made off across the field, screaming.

The casualty spat dirt from his mouth and considered: "Here's a hell's delight—bet th' Lootenant blames me, too! An' it sho' killed my officer-bird dead—wasn't for his leather puttees, you couldn't tell which was him. Well! He was a mean-lookin' guy, anyhow. Hope I kin get the rest of them turned in. Allay, you!"



SHRAPNEL beat hideously on a hillock in the Champagne country, east of Reims. The remnants of a battalion of the Marine Brigade clung there, rolling back with rifle fire a mounting tide of Germans. The machine guns were out of action, and the platoons were whittled down to squads, when a runner got through from Regimental: "Move to the left and link up with the Second Battalion."

"About time," said the senior captain, in command, looking at the casualties around him. "Be nobody to move in a little while—— Turn to—get the wounded up and proceed by companies to the right through those woods. Sixty-sixth first."

The companies, thirty men in this, twenty-odd in that, less than two hundred out of a thousand who started in the misty October dawn, filed off toward the new position. The Boche artillery continued to flail the corpse-cluttered hillock.

It was quieter in the new position, and there was some cover. The Boche was firing, but most of his stuff went high. The marines covered their ground as well as they could.

"Where's my second in command? He started down the hill with us—only officer I had left, curse him!" The skipper of the left center company swore with deep feeling.

"Seen him goin' back, sir," volunteered a corporal. "Said he'd forgot somethin'. Lawdamighty! Yonder he is now!"

Looking back over the tortured way they had come, they saw the Lieutenant.

He was plodding along with his head down, leaning on his stick, and supporting the sagging figure of a wounded man. Many jets of dust around his feet showed that the Boche was attending him with continuous rifle fire, but he came in miraculously unscratched, and the battalion's surviving hospital corpsman took over the casualty.

The Lieutenant flung himself into the commodious shell-hole occupied by the Captain and regarded certain tears in his raincoat with a rueful eye. "Brand-new Burberry—cost two hundred an' eighty-five francs in Nancy not a month ago. Cursed war's sure hard on your clothes, I'll say. How's that, sir?"

The Captain expressed himself with a fluency that was appalling. "You think officers are so plenty around here that you can go and get yourself bumped off like that?" he concluded. "What'd you go back for, anyway—chasin' a D. S. C. or something? Well, I ain't gonna recommend you—I'll tell you that! Plain fool! And not havin' you here, I had to send Sergeant Hamilton out there to secure that flank, an' the slant-head got himself killed."

The Lieutenant looked up from his damaged coat apologetically. "Know it was sort of feeble-minded, sir, but when we moved, I'd been shootin' a rifle, an' I forgot this old stick. Carried it since Hill One-forty-two, you know—sort of feel naked without it. I went back to get it, an' the sergeant was there, so I just brought him along too."

The intimate shadow of the box-elders held them. His white uniform, and the filmy dress she wore, were one pale blur where they sat. Moonlight drenched the world, and a mocking-bird sang from the pear-tree across the lawn, and a cool little wind made drowsy noises through the intervals in his song. It was very dark under the box-elders. Some moonlight filtered through the branches and lay around them in a gently moving, inconsequential pattern that showed you nothing. He wanted to see her face.

"For it's gone by too fast, my leave," he complained. "A month, and then ten days' extension— (*Continued on page 158*)

Romance Begins at Home

PAMELA GRYLSE hung up the receiver of the telephone as her husband came into the room. "Topsy, that was Margaret ringing up," she said. "She wants you to go over to Greycoats at once."

Topsy Grylse stared and rubbed his fair head. "Old dear and wife of my bosom," he protested, "I *can't* go out there tonight. It's a ghastly night. The moon's not up yet and the road is."

Pamela came slowly across the room and stood beside him. "Yes, you will, Topsy. She wants you urgently. I'm sure something's happened."

"But what can have happened, my blessed child?"

"I don't know. Margaret didn't say. She just said, 'Ask Topsy to come at once—I want him.' She wouldn't ask you to come over on a night like this just to talk to you."

Her husband looked down at her. "You coming?" he asked.

"D'you want me to come?"

"I could get the old car out in five minutes," he coaxed her.

Pamela smiled uncertainly. "I've promised the babies to read to them in bed, and I can't refuse you anything when you look at me like that, Tops. Are you sure you want me? Go and get Humphrey and I'll be ready."

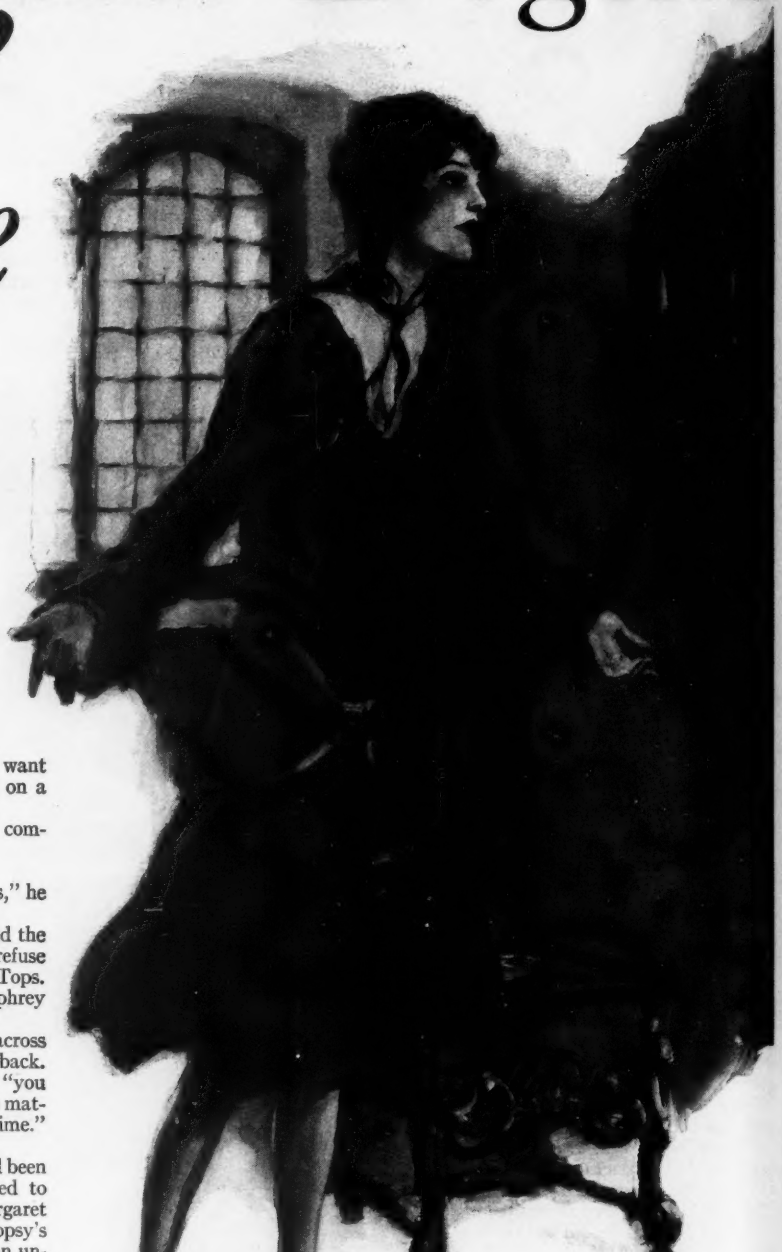
Six and a half feet of Topsy Grylse shot across the room. At the door he paused and turned back.

"Pamela," Topsy Grylse said breathlessly, "you know you're the only person in the world who matters, don't you? It's been like that a long time."

He stooped and kissed her and was gone.

Pamela stood looking after him. There had been a time when the only person who mattered to Topsy Grylse had been the very same Margaret whose voice over the telephone had given Topsy's wife a shock of apprehension. It had been an uncertain, nervous voice, for all its imperious ring. Margaret House nervous!

Pamela realized suddenly that Margaret had been uncertain and abstracted ever since she came to join her husband in this desolate place. "Stupid of me not to notice it before," she murmured. She had not been thinking of Margaret but only of Topsy, wondering what he was thinking, what effect the sight of Margaret after five years had had on him. She was not afraid of any vulgar betrayal—that was not Topsy. But she did not like to think of a loyal Topsy held to her only by



¶ *"It's the end, Maurice," said Margaret. "I've discovered I couldn't run away with anyone. I'm married for good. Forgive me."*

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens



By Storm Jameson

author of that Unusual *Novel of* Modern Woman

"Three Kingdoms"

affection and decency and all the decent, jolly things that a Grylse would feel about his wife if another woman contrived to rouse in him his deeper emotions.

Her husband appeared in the doorway with a rug and her coat over his arm. "Where are your snow-boots?" he demanded.

"I shan't want them," Pamela protested. "It's only half a mile. My feet won't have time to get cold."

"You may have to walk the whole half-mile," her husband said grimly. "If Humphrey falls over something in the dark."

He went away and came back with the boots. "Nice little feet," he said absently as he strapped them on. He pulled her up and hurried her into the hall. There they were halted by the breathless arrival of little Mrs. Denham, muffled to the eyes and shuffling along in her husband's knee-boots.

"Pamela," she began, and paused in stupefaction. "Pamela Grylse, where are you going at this time of night? Is Topsy dragging you out to throw you into one of those awful pits? I'm sure you'd go if he said, 'Come along, I'm going to murder you.' And I won't have it." She untwisted a muffler and darted towards Topsy. He held her off the floor in one hand while she threatened him like an angry kitten. "Put me down. Pamela, make your brute of a husband put me down."

Pamela chuckled. "You brought it on yourself," she said. "But put her down, Tops. We must go." She added gravely: "Margaret House rang up a few minutes ago. There's something wrong up there, I think. She wanted us to come over."

Mrs. Denham's face curved in malicious surprise. "How like Mrs. House to ask you to come out at night over a road that's a perfect death-trap even in the daylight! Well, I hope you won't find anyone dead. Margaret House has been riding for a fall ever since she came, with the airs and her followers. 'My friend, Maurice Bradley. You've read his books, of course.' " Little Mrs. Denham paused in her mimicry to cry ruefully: "Now you're cross with me, Pamela. I'm ever so sorry. I won't say another word. But she deserves to be punished. Have you any candles to spare? Jim forgot to bring ours from the town yesterday . . . Oh, thanks ever so! Good-by, Topsy. Jim said the bank at the far end of the road to Greycoats had slid right across it since this afternoon. Don't forget. You may not be able to see it. Good-by."

Humphrey, the car, proceeded slowly down the frozen road. At one point, round a sharp bend, the ground fell away below the road for six hundred feet into the snow-bound valley. The road itself was full of holes and more slippery than glass. Pamela held her breath as Humphrey slid round the corner, hugging the bank on the safe side and bumping violently over some obstruction.

She said: "That's past. Topsy, I hope nothing's very wrong. On the other hand I'd like to have to *do* something for Margaret. Do you know?"

Peering ahead, her husband said: "Dear, I *like* you."

They negotiated the edge of the collapsed bank and saw the lights of Greycoats at the end of the road.

Margaret House was standing in the doorway when Humphrey stopped at the foot of the steps. Silhouetted against the light streaming from the hall, her slender height was exaggerated. Bareheaded and coatless in the bitter wind, she ran down to meet them.

"It's Garry," she said, without a greeting. "He went out at five o'clock just to go over to the power-house. He said he'd be back in a minute. He's never come back. I rang them up. They said he didn't stay there more than three minutes. He left again at ten past five. Now it's after six. Tops, where is he?

There's no one here. Not even Maurice. *He* went out at three. For a walk. Topsy, I'm frightened. They *can't* both have found something to keep them out on this frightful night."

Topsy was helping a frozen Pamela out of the car. "Come along in," he said briefly, and hurried them both into the house.

"Is it serious?" Pamela breathed in his ear.

"I don't know," he said gravely. "It might be."

MARGARET HOUSE was an odd figure in this little colony of engineers, wireless experts and government officials, who with wives and families had settled themselves in this wild place to build an immense government wireless station, the biggest and most powerful in the world. Most of them had been here for eight or nine months, coming when a tardy spring had climbed from the valley to the upland, to see, from their outflung vantage-point, the valley filled with summer mists and swooning in the heat, to see it riotous with brief autumn and see it now snow-bound, as desolate, almost as bleak as their own wild aerie.

All of them had not wives to share their exile—and Garry House, the man in charge, had a wife who could not bring herself to follow him there until a London November began to make even Scotland in winter seem desirable. Whereupon she wired, "May I come?" and without waiting for his reply, set off, with the manuscript of her unfinished book packed away among her clothes, and the protesting entreaties of Maurice Bradley in her ears.

Maurice Bradley saw no reason why she should leave London. They were quite happy. That extraordinary engineering husband of hers was suitably buried in the wilds of Scotland. Maurice could ride with her in Richmond Park, drive her about the country, dine her at Boulestin's, that gourmets' heaven, sit beside her in the theater, tell her how and why he loved her—and all with no hindrance but the aloof mockery of Margaret herself that kept him at his distance when he would swear she was as eager as himself to annihilate all distance. Otherwise why did she not send him about his business?

"I love you, Margaret, I love you."

"Do you, my little Maurice? Don't bother me now. I want to write in my book. 'If anyone calls, Say I'm designing St. Paul's.'"

"Are you putting me in the book?" he retorted savagely. "Is that why you keep me on? Are you anything but Margaret Boulenger, our brilliant novelist?"

"Margaret House, in private life."

She left London, and at the other end Garry met her, with a small tight-lipped smile and a detached ironical affection. He brought her to the immense house where he was, as he said of it himself, camping out. "I think it's a castle or something of the sort," he observed. "It terrifies me. I've been hiding in a corner ever since I came."

Margaret looked round his small bedroom. Garry was as fastidiously neat as an old maid. Nothing was out of place. Even his spare gold pin was laid neatly parallel with hair-brushes and comb, and flanked by the leather case that held two gold-stoppered bottles, one filled with brilliantine and the other empty; he did not know what to use it for and was too housewifely to throw it away.

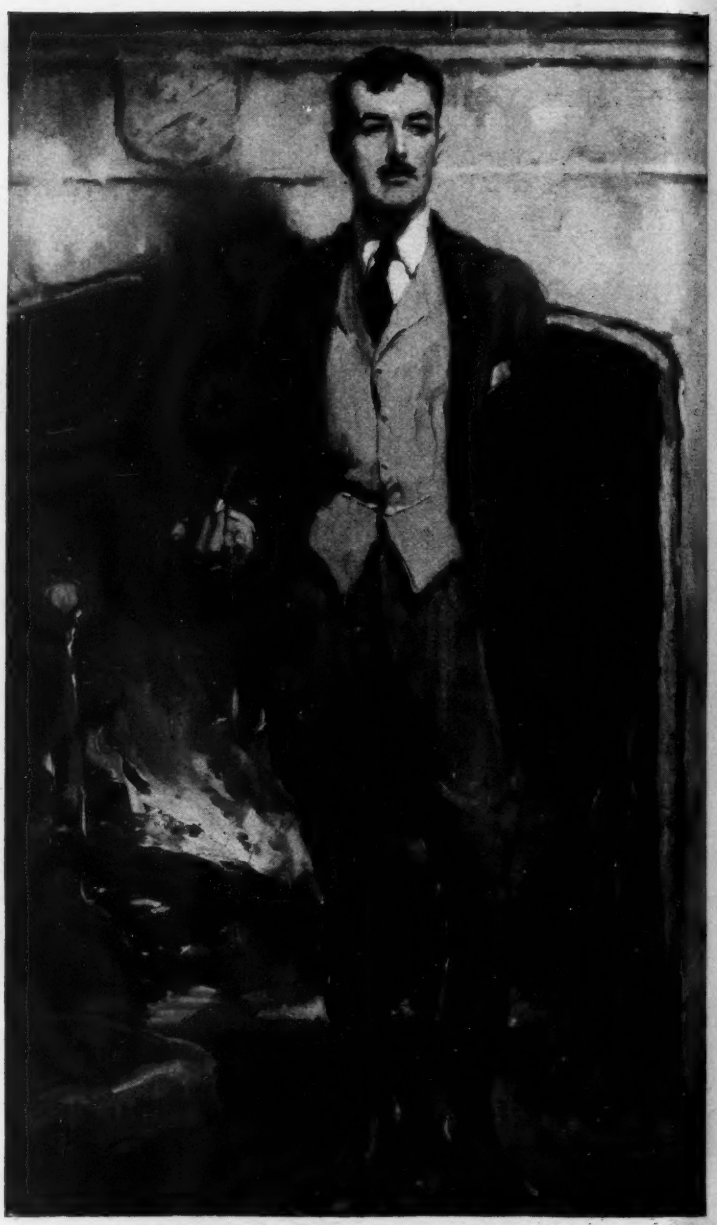
She wandered back into a vast room across the landing. "I think I'll have this one," she said.

"I don't think I would," Garry said calmly. "We'll never get it warm. I've had a fire lighted in the room below this. Come along." He tucked her arm in his and led her down-stairs.

Margaret looked at her room. Garry's was no less unlived-in and bare. She turned to her husband. "Are you pleased I've come?"

His gray eyes smiled at her very sweetly. "More pleased than you'll be when you've stayed here a month. If you stay so long," he added casually.

The resolution made that instant to stay until Garry himself was free to come away endured innumerable assaults before she had been there a week. It was impossible to get this barracks of a place warm, even with unlimited wood to burn and a batman who liked to build huge fires. There was no one in the colony who talked her language and Margaret was too arrogant to learn any other.



¶ *Sometimes Maurice thought Garry House was a fool who*

The little thrill of meeting Topsy Grylse again was only momentary and did not revisit her on any of their subsequent meetings. He smiled at her very kindly, and asked after her books—"I'm always meaning to read one, Margaret, but you know what a stupid fellah I am. I'm sure I shouldn't understand it a bit"—and seemed to have forgotten entirely that when they parted, five years ago, he had been haggard, and tongue-tied with words he would not say, and she in tears for having hurt him in this ghastly fashion. Not that Margaret House wanted him to remember the Margaret Boulenger who had hurt and failed him. But could he have forgotten so completely—everything else?

Her friendship with Topsy's wife, begun on her side in a rather mean curiosity, flourished and grew sweet for all its poor beginnings. But Margaret could not fill her leisure hours in talking to Pamela Grylse, whose life began and ended in Topsy, and in two ridiculous miniatures of that yellow-haired giant.

Her novel hung fire. What had been so real, so vivid and eager to be written down in London, here eluded her, seemed oddly



did not know he had an uncommonly attractive wife—and meanwhile he continued to pay court to Margaret.

flat, unreal. She hated the cold and rarely went out. Garry was rarely in, and when he was at home still gave all his thoughts to the work in which Margaret could see nothing absorbing, nothing even admirable. She simply could not understand Garry's absorption in it, a passion that filled his days.

The idea that in the gaunt building, now half-way up in a welter of cranes and steel scaffolding, a man would one day stand and hear—as if it were in the next room—another man call across thousands of miles, "Hullo, England, England, hullo," stirred her not at all, said nothing to her. And yet she was supposed to be an imaginative, ardent creature—"the most richly romantic of our women writers." But she saw nothing in this, in which Garry House, that slight, stolid man, saw mystery and magic and an idea that a man could serve with all his strength and soul.

It was an immense task. There was more to it than the station. There was the new road to the valley and over the opposite pass. There was the bridge across the least manageable bit of river in Scotland. The whole weight of the undertaking—attendant experts and worshipful aides notwithstanding—rested on Garry's shoulders. It was his first big job, and he bore it alone. Even Topsy Grylse, that loyal friend and subordinate, saw only a stupendous piece of fun where Garry saw the meaning of his life and the door to his future.

Margaret did not understand this silent, absorbed Garry. She wondered sometimes whether she ever had understood Garry. Yet there had been a day when he had said, "Margaret, you make everything worth while," and Margaret had found that better to hear than anything she had ever heard of her brilliant books or her beauty or her wit.

Where had he gone, that devoted Garry? At what moment, pausing in her successful, exciting career, had she lifted her head and found him gone, found in his place an ironic, attractive stranger, an attractive Garry, but not hers, not the engaging, impulsive youngster with whom she had fallen in love—on the very edge of marrying Topsy Grylse—had married, and thereafter somewhere lost?

If she had come up to this place with any vague hope of finding him again, it quickly vanished. Never had Garry been so kind, so out of reach, so absorbed in his own life.

Margaret stood it for a fortnight, and then gave in to Maurice Bradley's pleading. "Come if you like," she wrote, "but this place is fantastically lonely and the house is as cold as the grave. There's nothing to do. For pity's sake don't bring your beautiful shooting clothes. You'll be a marked man."

Maurice came. Garry drove thirty miles to the railway station to meet him, borrowing (*Continued on page 174*)

By *Sum Nung Au-Young*

An American Girl Taught Me *the* Meaning *of Love*



"HE IS *not* Oriental." That was recently said about me by a young married woman in New York City. And it was said in a tone of disappointment.

Much as I regret proving a disappointment to the adventurous in spirit and the curious-minded, I have to confess her judgment was correct. In my mental attitude to women I am no longer Oriental. The priceless treasure which I have gained in my contacts with Occidental civilization is the spiritual conception of love.

Some fifteen years ago I came out of China, young, inquisitive and avid for fresh experience. Bent on studying the science of government, I found flocks of darling instructors ready to teach me the fundamentals—petticoat government.

I was amazed by the freedom allowed me in associating with ladies, and much more startled by their freedom.

It is customary to warn our students that they must not be surprised at anything happening in America. But warning cannot subdue a young man's feelings when unexpectedly brought up against such sex bombardments. The surprise of the attacks makes them deadly. Once, right in the middle of a serious conversation, an unmarried woman threw up her hands exclaiming: "Four hundred million people. Goodness! Why don't you practise birth control?" That time my urbanity failed me. With goggling eyes I regarded her, too shaken for any reply.

My curiosity was keen at first, but not more so than the curiosity of the American girls. They rattled a machine gun fire of questions on delicate subjects: Did we kiss in China? Did we embrace? Over and over and over these and similar questions kept my pulse stirred.

I now realize it was my position as an outsider that led them to talk in such a direct way. They treated me as a curiosity rather than a human being, and were absolutely devoid of self-consciousness.

About the time I began to count as a personal friend with a few American women, I also began to appreciate the advantages of their mental freedom; to understand how wonderful it is that doors can be unlocked and sex, beautiful in its innocence, admitted to consideration.

China is strict in its tabu of all subjects touching on sex relationship. As an Oriental I was reared in the atmosphere of the Book of Rites which says, "Men and women should not sit together, or let their hands touch in giving and receiving." As a cosmopolitan I realize what a regrettable atmosphere this is.

That China, during her five thousand years of civilization, has grown overconservative along some lines is not to be wondered at. I do not reproach my people but I hope they will change, for I fully appreciate the benefits derived from freer companionship.

Coeducation leads to mutual understanding. Open-mindedness and the free discussion of what is after all the most important subject in the scheme of things, mean harmony. And harmony between parents is bound to lead to a higher mental and spiritual level in the next generation.

I was fortunate in my friends. It can be readily understood that a young and impressionable Oriental had much to learn from women like Mrs. John Dewey and Mrs. David Starr Jordan.

Meanwhile my sophistication progressed at the hands of such distinguished ladies as Sarah Bernhardt, Elsie Ferguson, Lenore Ulric, Olga Petrova. The ever supreme tragédienne was playing in Rhode Island, and it was my privilege on several occasions to escort her from the theater to supper.

She too peppered me with questions—sword thrusts of her melodious voice going straight to the roots of our social structure. It seems now that it was I who did all the talking. Conditions in the East and West are so different that her question, "Does your society condemn a man and woman for living together without marriage?" demanded an explanatory reply.

"Chinese custom permits the taking of concubines," I said. "These second and third 'wives' are received by society; their children are considered legitimate and share in the estate. It is therefore not necessary for a man to be secret about such additions to his responsibility, and the position of a 'mistress,' as you understand it in the West, is practically unknown."

That marvelous woman flashed me a smile. "On one point at least China is saner than the rest of the world!" she said.

It was inevitable that a young man pursuing his soul through foreign experience should take the step from friendship to love.

Of course I had seen women of my own land whom I had thought I would like to marry. Bernard Shaw says somewhere that it is the turn of an ankle, a curling of the hair which quickens a youth's heart. Man's preference in such cases rests largely on



Doctor Au-Young and the late Mrs. Au-Young (center) on the Great Wall of China.

appearance, an Oriental's more than any. I was aware of one friend's daughter as a pretty girl, of another as an accomplished girl, after the Chinese manner—possible wives. But the family, always so important in our matrimonial affairs, was satisfied that I should finish my travels and studies before settling down, so no pressure was put on me. In the proper time the proper lady would be produced and all arranged as smooth as silk.

So much for marriage. Love when it came to me among the mountains of New England proved a very different thing.

The woman who meant more to me than anybody else was in every way a suitable person. A few years my junior, of equal birth and station, but for the accident of race it would have been what is called here an "ideal match." She loved me and was persuaded of my genuine love for her, and yet she would not marry me. Because she loved me, she refused to marry me, giving me instead the living proof of the greatness of unselfish love.

Naturally during the course of our friendship she had learned much of China and its customs. Too much! Without realizing it, I had revealed the patriarchal attitude of all Chinese society in such a way that she saw very clearly the sacrifices I would be making in taking a foreign wife against the wishes of my family. She also had tradition to consider—a standard to uphold—a sense of fealty to old established things. Faced by the difficulty of achieving a balanced life for either party, romance paused.

It was the prejudice of my people more than of hers that held us apart. A Chinese estate is administered by the whole family as a community, and even a man who has reached responsible years cannot act against their wishes without suffering serious consequences. Moreover, the ability to support a foreign wife with the degree of convenience to which she is accustomed is no light problem in our cities.

You have a saying at the bridge table: "He who hesitates is lost." I hesitated to urge my suit overmuch—and I lost.

My return to China after seven years' travel through American and European countries was hailed as an event in the family circle. It was decided the time had now come for the eldest son to marry and settle down. Chinese marriage is as solemn and formal as a coronation. About $40,000, in Chinese currency, had been set aside to provide the wedding-feast. Expectation ran on tiptoe. "His sisters and his cousins and his aunts," to the number of two thousand, had been invited. And every guest had ordered her new gown.

Remember, I had not been consulted. I had nothing to say in all these arrangements—nor in choosing the bride! The stage was set and the lines written. I was merely to act the part of leading man. A horde of my relatives brought me the news by tender, coming to meet my ship before I landed—and I would have none of it. I refused to be married. Such a thing had never before happened in a respectable Chinese family!

Obloquy descended on me. My mother prayed. My most awful female relations argued and stormed. But I remained adamant. I had learned in your America what love is, and all that marriage should mean. My beloved might withdraw for the sake of my career. Expediency might sacrifice us both. But I felt that I could never of my own volition put another woman in her place.

I became rapidly the most unpopular man in that part of China, so I went north, entered the government service, and did not see any member of my family for a long time. During these years I corresponded with my American sweetheart. I must call her that, for she was so much more than a friend. But the gods seem jealous even of a partial bliss. One day I received a letter from her telling me it was all a mistake, that she had never loved me and she thought I ought to marry to please my family.

I took it as a forerunner of the announcement of her own marriage, and our correspondence ceased.

It turned out I was less true to the ideal than she. Years afterwards I married a Dutch lady and found myself established in Peking, face to face with all the imagined handicaps of having a foreign wife. My professional work was in no way influenced by my marriage. But I took the precaution of not mentioning the event to my social world until afterwards. There was considerable feeling about it. The august acting head of the family was so deeply offended by my foreign alliance that he refused to call on my mother for some time. Still, these things work themselves out.

I want to say here that there are at present more than fifty couples internationally married in Peking, heads of universities, diplomats, officials, forming a closely knit social unit—one of the most delightful human groups with which I have ever associated.

Orientals are rapidly becoming less Oriental than the sightseeing, thrill-hunting Westerners would like them to be. In spite of our moderation we find it difficult to drive out the established Occidental opinions concerning our customs. When crossing the Continent I stopped to call on Olga Petrova, with whom I keep in touch. Her first question was: "Have you brought your wife along?"

"You know I have been a widower for two years," I answered.

"But you are Chinese. You must have a lot of wives!" was the quick reply.

I threw up my hands. Your women will have their Orientals with a sex complex—and what is to be done about it?

The Truth *at any* Cost

A Love Story in Strike-Torn England



Illustrations by
C. D. Williams

YOU know the snobbishness of youth—well, English youth, perhaps, though I fancy it's the same in most countries. It is not altogether contempt for inferiors, but pride of caste, a half-amused tradition of the right kind of tie, the particular slang of some school or college, the social code of a certain set. Anyhow, I remember I was mightily surprised when a young friend of mine named Mervyn Wingfield, President of the Oxford Union and a very elegant fellow, waved a cheery hand at a queer, shabby fellow who was slouching past New College, and shouted out:

"Hullo, Anderson! Going strong?"

"Who's your amazing friend?" I asked, and shot another glance at the man on the other side of the street.

He was certainly not an undergraduate, by the look of him. At least I had never seen one before quite so untamed. He was a tall, husky chap of about twenty-three or -four, with a shock of untidy hair, brick-red, above a square, ugly, pale face, and he wore the last thing in clothes. That is to say, he had a pair of flannel bags ludicrously too short for his long legs so that they showed his woolen socks above a clumping pair of boots badly down at heel, and a ragged old jacket positively out at elbows. Worst of all, he wore a tie even redder than his tousled hair. A red tie in Oxford, ye gods! I wondered that he had the nerve to walk past New College, or any other.

Mervyn Wingfield smiled at my question, and then answered quite gravely and said an astonishing thing which I remembered afterwards—long afterwards.

"That's Sandy Anderson. Rather a pal of mine, and a future Prime Minister of England, if I'm anything of a prophet."

"You astonish me," I said and, suspecting a "leg pull" from a young gentleman renowned for his sense of humor, laughed loudly. I think the shabby fellow must have heard and thought I was jeering, because his face flushed as he passed and he failed to answer Mervyn Wingfield's greeting.

"I'm perfectly serious," said young Wingfield, "and I wish you hadn't yapped like that. He'll think we were guying him. He's frightfully sensitive, like most of those Ruskin Hall blokes, who think that all the undergraduates have a supreme contempt for them, which isn't true."

"Oh, Lord," I said, "Ruskin Hall!"

By *Sir* Philip Gibbs



¶ *"Under Labor rule," said Anderson, "there'd be no room for people like you." "Aren't you getting rather rude?" Lettice asked.*

"Sandy Anderson's coming out of it," said Mervyn Wingfield calmly. "He'll go far, if poverty and a life of toil don't cramp his style. He's a miner in private life—went down the pit at fourteen years of age, and may have to go down again if he doesn't get a job on the strength of his education. Come round and talk to him one evening. He often comes to my rooms, if he thinks I'm likely to be alone."

It was an extraordinary friendship between those two, that red-headed socialist, dressed for decency but nothing more, speaking English with a Northern burr, inclined to be sullen and suspicious with strangers, and that charming, well-tailored, highly bred young aristocrat—his father was Major-General Sir Cuthbert Wingfield—who was the idol of Oxford, President of the Union, and already marked out for a brilliant career.

Their queer comradeship had begun in a fight, or rather, a series of fights. The Ruskin Hall men, suffering from an "inferiority complex," imagined that the undergraduates wanted to push them off the pavement when they met in the narrow streets of Oxford. Perhaps they did, but certainly the Ruskinites asked for trouble by linking arms and disputing the passage. Instant battle started, and there were skirmishes and assaults rather like the old "town and gown" riots of earlier days. Mervyn Wingfield, a good boxing man in spite of his delicate look, marked out for his special enemy the man he afterwards knew as Sandy Anderson, that tall, scarlet-headed lout with the hunched shoulders. They exchanged compliments with fisticuffs. Curiously, the red-headed fellow seemed to have a particular antipathy to Wingfield.

"You'll be sneering once too often, laddie!" he shouted out one day when they met in a general scuffle.

For answer Wingfield's elbow gave him a nasty jolt and he went staggering back.

"The humor of it was," said Wingfield, "that I wasn't sneering. I was rather afraid of that dour-looking laddie. I expect my smile was mere bravado."

But their friendship was really established on a night when some labor leader spoke at the Town Hall on the subject of the tyranny of the British in India. The undergraduates didn't like his title or his previous reputation. They came armed with rotten eggs, bags of flour, stinking chemicals and other emblems of disapproval. Meanwhile the Ruskin Hall men had rallied round the labor leader and formed a body-guard—below the platform. Not one word was heard from the orator that evening. He stood there, plucking his faded beard and looking very scared, while the undergraduates made an infernal din with catcalls, whistles and Red Indian yells before they began their bombardment, from which the labor leader fled. Then, with a joyous shout of challenge, they flung themselves on his body-guard and drove them through back entrances into the street. The battle had only begun. It was Mervyn Wingfield who led the assault on Ruskin

"Yes," he answered. "I see you're a snob like so many of us."

At that time Ruskin Hall, Oxford, was a sort of workingmen's settlement attached to the University but not part of it, although the students had the privilege of attending some of the lectures. It was an outcome, in a way, of old John Ruskin's sentimental—and rather noble—idealism, in which he tried to combine the dignity of labor with a classical love of beauty in art and nature and life. The students in Ruskin Hall were paid for out of trade-union funds and were mostly young men of the laboring class—miners, carpenters, bricklayers, factory hands and so on—who had been picked out for their intellectual abilities, as young pups who might develop into trade-union lions.

My exclamation was not due to snobbishness, I hope. It was rather the expression of my prejudice against an institution which seemed to me dangerous to the future welfare of England, owing to its narrow class teaching, its false economics—based on the philosophy of Karl Marx—and its utter repudiation of all that is meant by the spirit of Oxford. At least that is what I had heard from some Oxford dons who were hostile to it.

"No good can come out of Ruskin Hall!" I exclaimed, rather hotly.



¶ *Lettice kept breaking out into ripples of laughter, and Anderson, who was utterly frightened*

Hall, to which the enemy retreated in grave disorder, but with rear-guard actions.

The Ruskinites resorted to medieval tactics. They flung down furniture from their bedroom windows and poured jugs of hot water on to the heads of the undergraduates. But Mervyn Wingfield gained the cheers of his comrades by swarming up a drain-pipe and flinging himself through an open window. Alone he was in the stronghold of his enemies . . . For a moment he was in an empty room, but as he advanced stealthily towards the door, it opened with a crash and he was face to face with the scarlet-headed "tough" whom he knew so well by exchange of blows.

"Clear out or I'll throw you out!" said that representative of Ruskin Hall.

Another undergraduate had followed Wingfield's example. Already he had a leg over the window-sill.

"Rally up!" shouted Wingfield.

But he went down under a smashing blow from the Ruskinite. He went down badly, with the back of his head against a wooden chest, and lay there senseless and rather dead-looking.

It was some time before he was able to observe the world again, and then he saw that he was surrounded by a gang of Ruskin Hall men, who looked scared. One of them was down on his knees with a sponge and a jug of water. It was the red-headed lout.

"How do you feel, sir?" he asked anxiously.

"Fine!" said Wingfield, who felt like death. Then he laughed feebly and said, "For the Lord's sake, don't call me 'sir'!"

"I hit you in the passion of the moment," said the Ruskin Hall man. "I feel very bad about it."

"Not at all," said Wingfield, courteously but languidly.

"It's an awful lesson to me," said the red-headed man. "It was the old ape coming out—the curse of Cain."

Wingfield wondered what the man was worrying about. "A fair fight, old man! You got your fist in first. Congratulations!"

"It might have been murder," said his late enemy. "And I'm a Christian pacifist. This kind of thing is all against my principles."

Wingfield tells me that he wanted to laugh, but couldn't do so without a nasty pain at the back of the head. For a pacifist, this conscience-stricken fellow was pretty useful with his fists.

An hour later Wingfield was led home by the man who had given him the knock-out blow, and he noticed that his ex-enemy lingered for a moment before saying good night.

"I'd be glad to shake hands with you," he said, rather sheepishly.

"Why not?" asked Wingfield, holding out his hand and wincing at the grip which closed on it.

"I've heard you in the Union," said the Ruskin Hall student. "Man, you can speak like Demosthenes himself. You'd make a grand orator if ever you said a single word of decent truth."

"What is truth?" asked Wingfield, like a youthful Pilate in plus-fours. Then he changed the question and said, "Would you care to tell me your name? Mine's Wingfield."

"I know," said the Ruskin Hall man, with unconscious flattery. "Mine is Alexander Anderson. Maybe you'll hear more of it in future history. I've a terrible ambition inside me—sinful, if it weren't for the love of learning and the service of humanity."

"Good luck to it!" laughed Wingfield lightly.

ANDERSON'S face flushed for a moment. "Yes, it sounds like self-conceit," he said. "I was a fool to give myself away like that . . . Well, good night, sir, and I'm glad I didn't hurt you much."

Wingfield laughed again, rather ruefully. "You did. But I don't bear any grudge. Come round to my rooms sometimes, won't you?"

Anderson stared at him in a suspicious way. "Do you really mean that? Or are you pulling the leg of a Ruskin Hall man, one of the lower orders, the dirty slum dwellers?"



of her, guessed that she was laughing at him.

"Come tomorrow, my dear chap," said Wingfield carelessly. "Any old time."

"And you the President of the Union!" exclaimed Anderson, as though a little dazed by this chivalry.

It was the beginning of their friendship, that extraordinary comradeship which was regarded as Wingfield's crowning joke at Oxford. His particular set—literary and esthetic—were highly amused when they saw the Ruskin Hall man coming out of their friend's rooms, hurrying past them sullenly when they exchanged sarcastic smiles.

"What on earth do you find to talk about with that unkempt son of toil?" asked one of these.

"I'm learning a lot from him," said Wingfield. "He knows more history than ever I've cared to worry about."

"By Our Lady!" exclaimed one of the esthetes, "the impudence of the lower orders is becoming intolerable. What right have they to expose the ignorance of the privileged classes?" His indignation was not wholly sincere, for he was a young gentleman with a pleasant wit.

It seemed that Wingfield—"a first-class brain" as they called him—discussed other things with the red-headed savage. Dull and squalid things, like the conditions of life in the English slums—"perfectly ghastly," said Wingfield—and the power of the trade-unions, and the idea of organized labor moving towards a social revolution which would establish equality of opportunity and equal pay for equal service.

"The man ought to be smudged out!" cried one of Wingfield's friends. "Obviously an anarchist."

"Yes!" said another young gentleman with a hint of side-whiskers in the Georgian style. "What will happen to us, my dear Wingfield, if such ideas are allowed to spread? What will happen to me, with my flowerlike beauty, my intellectual distaste for squalid toil, my dependence on inherited wealth from honest ancestors who labored so that I might live as the perfect product of noble breeding and moral loveliness?"

He was pleased with this outburst of eloquence and gratified by the laughter of his friends.

"Seriously, my dear fellow," said one of them to Wingfield, "I don't think you ought to encourage the Ruskin Hall brand of social philosophy, or pander to the vanity of one of its fanatics."

"He amuses me," said Wingfield. "Besides, I'm putting in some good work with one of our future masters. I reveal the horrid crudity of his arguments. I've done something already to soften the sharp edge of his hatred—quite ferocious—for people like ourselves."

"Well, there's something in that," agreed one of the esthetes with a certain admiration. "If you can really tame the brute——"

"Besides," said Wingfield, pausing to make a sensational statement, "I like his company. I have a sneaking admiration for him."

THIS remark was not taken seriously. It was received with light laughter as one of Wingfeld's priceless little jokes. It was impossible that the President of the Union and the best-dressed man in Oxford could like a half-baked fellow with raw ideas and dreadful clothes.

"I like his fanaticism," said Wingfield. "His passion for truth, his savage honesty, his self-denial for the sake of knowledge. It rebukes our levity of mind, our careless indifference to the grim purpose of life."

He smiled at the mocking applause which greeted these sentiments. Truly Wingfield was a great humorist. Then he raised his hand and spoke with a touch of sincerity.

"Would you believe it, my dear fellows, those lads at Ruskin Hall make their own beds, wash up their own dishes and cook their own food?"

"Disgusting!" said one of the esthetes, shuddering at the thought of such squalor.

"Before Anderson came here," continued Wingfield, as though revealing an unknown phase of life, "he worked at the coal face for eight hours a day, and then came blinking out of the darkness to gulp down a mug of tea and munch some bread and butter before sitting down to his books in a two-roomed hovel, with a grimy father tubbing himself in the front room and a frowzy mother spanking her squalling kids. Not an easy path to knowledge, O Athenians!"

"If you go on like that," said the young gentleman with the side-whiskers, "I shall be sick, old man. I can't bear it."

Wingfield laughed, yawned, and stretched his arms. "Anderson is more interesting than the whole crowd of you! I know you too well—every pose, every insincerity. I'm getting a lot of fun out of contact with the primitive mind."

"Well, I must say you deserve a prize for your sense of humor, old man!" said the young gentleman who boasted of a flowerlike soul. "Personally I find barbarians most unpleasant. Their dirty finger nails disgust me. Their manners make me blush."

Anderson's manners were certainly not attractive. I remember going round to Wingfield's rooms one afternoon and finding the Ruskin Hall fellow there—red tie and all—looking strangely out of place in a big chintz-covered chair by a little table supporting a marble statue of a dancing nymph which Wingfield had brought back from Naples. With his red hair in disorder as though he had just thrust his hands through it, and his baggy trousers half-way up to his knees, the young miner looked an extraordinary contrast to Wingfield in white flannels and a college blazer with brass buttons. The Ruskinite was talking excitedly when I came in—something about art being the vicious luxury of the idle rich—and I noticed that he spoke with less of an accent, as though Wingfield's company had improved his way of speech. But he dried up completely when I came in, and did not answer my friendly nod.

As it happened, shortly afterwards the door opened suddenly and a pretty girl stood there for a moment, laughing, before Wingfield jumped up with a shout of surprise.

"Hullo, hullo! Why didn't you send a wire? I've only some moldy old cakes for you!"

It was his sister Lettice, more amazingly pretty than ever, exquisitely dressed, alarmingly self-possessed.

"Hope I'm not intruding," she (*Continued on page 120*)

A Novel of LOVE and Mystery

Wolf's

By *Arthur*



Illustrations by John La Gatta

The Story So Far:

HAVING successfully escaped from the police of France and England, Berry Baline, lone-hand crook, assumes the identity of Johnson Craigie, a man who had been killed in a motor accident, and boards a steamer for the United States, determined to live straight thereafter. But as Craigie, Baline finds himself involved with a gang of crooks when a sailor on board ship slips him a package containing a priceless diamond necklace. Instead of "playing the game" with the gang, he resolves to outwit them and return the necklace to its owner.

In carrying out this resolution Baline finds himself in conflict with Candish, the Chief of the gang. Baline is warned of danger to himself by a girl with whom he falls in love at first sight, and Candish holds the girl prisoner in order to force Baline to relinquish the necklace. Baline, meanwhile, has entrusted the necklace to Minnie Humphrey, a girl who had aroused his interest and whom he felt he could trust. He goes to her at once, and on the way back to Candish with the necklace he sees two members of the gang trailing him. Taking a desperate chance, Baline throws the necklace to ex-Senator Parsons, whom he recognizes in a limousine near his taxicab. He is granted an extension of time and freedom from surveillance by Candish when his men report that they have not been able to find the necklace on his person.

Baline immediately goes to Parsons's office and finds that he has actually returned the necklace to its owner—Parsons had bought it for his daughter. And Parsons's daughter, Baline learns, is the girl he has known as Rose Bellair, who has become involved with the gang in an attempt to get a big newspaper story. For Baline, that knowledge means that he must give up his dream of making Rose his wife, but he is all the more determined to rescue her and at the same time keep the necklace from falling into Candish's hands.

With the help of Minnie, he forces Spaghet', one of Candish's men, to betray the whereabouts of the Chief. And with Minnie he goes to the address given by Spaghet'. There they encounter an old lady—the notorious Mother Lace. And when, after a struggle, they enter the house, they see Rose sitting in a chair, her hands and feet tied.

I HANDED Mother Lace's revolver to Minnie. "See if it's loaded," I told her.

Minnie broke it open. "All ready for a rattlesnake," she said. "Shall I use it on the dear little lady?"

Mother Lace spat at her. In deference to my readers, I will not reproduce her words here. Suffice it that even Minnie, little gamin as she was, blushed painfully; I did not dare glance, for the moment, at Rose.

"If she makes a move, Minnie," I said, "empty every chamber into her." I shook Mother Lace. "Into that corner!" I ordered, thrusting her forward.

She was a woman, but I swear in that moment I would have beaten her as cruelly as I had beaten Spaghet', had she opposed me. For there was Rose Parsons, the embodiment of all my dreams, straining at bonds that cut her skin. And Mother Lace was as responsible for this brutality as Candish himself. Indeed, it took no vivid imagination to picture Mother Lace jeering at the captive, pulling the bonds tighter.

But Mother Lace became suddenly meek. Perhaps my voice, or the glare in Minnie's eyes and the eager way in which my partner in the storming of this house fingered the revolver, weakened the cat spirit that animated this most vicious woman. Anyway, in fear, maybe, of her very life, Mother Lace walked over to the corner. Behind her, tense and ready, followed Minnie.

I turned to Rose. She had not uttered a sound since we burst into the room, and now I saw why. Instead of something being tied across her mouth, something had been thrust into it. Her cheeks were distended, swollen. In the first glance she had been to me—as always—beautiful, and I had not noticed how out of proportion her face had become.

But her brave eyes were as gallant as ever, and it seemed to me that from their blue depths she sent a message of confident reassurance.

I touched her mouth, and she quivered. Not mere "nerves" caused her convulsive movement; pain, agony even, made her shrink from any touch. But I must touch her again. I opened her mouth, and realized how, even in slight details, the cunning of Candish showed. No clumsy mass of rags had been thrust into her mouth, but a rubber ball. A valve showed where it had been inflated after it had been placed within her forced-apart jaws. Inside the teeth, impossible to burst by pressure of the jaws themselves, it effectually prevented speech. Bound hands prevented the victim from turning the valve that would deflate the gag.

Clothing

Somers Roche

I turned that valve, wondering if the ball had been inflated by a toy pump, or if some brute—Josephs, the Alderman, for example—had placed his foul lips close to hers, and breathed. There is a rage so great that one's thoughts take on a bestiality . . . Well, I had settled with Spaghet'; Josephs's turn would come next. And his would be a turn beside which the affair with Vanelli would seem a playful frolic. I'd have nothing to ask of the Alderman; no secret to wring from his fat lips. So there would be no reason for me to spare him in the least. I would beat Josephs as close to death as possible, and would possibly not cease then.

All this, mind you, while I drew the gag from Rose's mouth, and before I knew how culpable the Alderman was. I turned my head while the girl, gasping, wiped her lips. My eyes rested upon Minnie and Mother Lace. Minnie had learned brutality from me this afternoon. She was talking in a slow monotone to the ivory-faced old woman.

"Just be a tenth as sweet as you look, willya, honey?" she was saying. "Just make one of them graceful motions of your hand, like the screen mother you look, as though you were blessing your wandering boy or something like that. Do that for Minnie, will ya, old dear? Because the minute you do I'm going to send a bullet into your wicked old carcass, get me? And I just wanta do it. A sweet old dame like you oughta wanta make a young thing like me happy, and there's only one way I can get a real hearty laugh, and that's by watching you croak. All I want you to give me is an excuse, and that ain't much for a big-hearted old dame to give to a girl, is it? Just an excuse, you rat that oughta died fifty years ago, and old man Death catches up with you in the same second."

And Mother Lace, who didn't lack courage, I could be certain, had lost the ivory tint in her skin; she had become dead-white with fear. For Minnie, my salesgirl pal, was steadily working herself into a frenzy.

"Never mind threatening her," I called. "She won't move."

"Take her away from me," pleaded Mother Lace. "She's gone ga-ga and she'll be headed for the electric chair any minute."

"I'm not worried about that," I assured Mother Lace. "She might get a vote of thanks from the police, but nothing worse than that. However, I want talk from you."

"Don't know nothing and wouldn't tell if I did," said the old woman.

"Is tha-at so?" drawled Minnie. "Maybe I could make her talk."

"Or the police," I amended.

Mother Lace showed her even white teeth. "Swell chance there is of Berry Baline going to the coppers with me," she jeered.

I PURSED my lips. "Who can tell, Mother Lace? There wasn't much chance of Berry Baline getting the necklace, but—he stumbled right upon it. Not much chance of Berry Baline finding you here and rescuing Miss Bellair. But I did it."

"Luck, bull luck," commented the woman.

"And a wicked right-hand shot to the jaw—don't overlook that little detail," said Minnie. "You can stop luck, but you can't stop Berry's wallop except with your jaw, which ain't so healthy. You can ask your friend Spaghet' about it."

"So Vanelli turned stool, eh?" snarled Mother Lace.

"As you will turn—after a bit, Mother Lace," I told her.

But now Rose stood beside me.

"You can't hurt her, Mr. Baline," she said.

"Why not?" demanded Minnie.



"I let Candish understand," said Rose, "that I was reckless." "Like I," said Minnie, "really am."

There was something more than a mere argumentative tone in Minnie's voice. There was ready defiance—more than that—a patent dislike.

"Because she's a woman," said Rose.

Minnie laughed. "She's an old hell-cat, that's what she is! Treating her kindly would be like petting a rattlesnake. If you'll leave her to me for a coupla minutes, just lemme bat her over the bean until she begins to feel good and sensible, she'll spill all there is to spill about Candish."

I offer no apologies, no extenuation of Minnie's attitude. Minnie was what she was, and nothing finer ever trod the earth. But you, my readers, had not seen Rose bound in the chair; no poor words of mine can make you comprehend the vileness of Mother Lace, a vileness accentuated by her appearance of sweet, venerable innocence. Had Rose not been freed, had she still lain captive somewhere, I would have aided and abetted Minnie in any assault she chose to make upon the woman. But Rose intervened again.

"You can't be brutal to her," she said.

She met Minnie's defiant glare with quiet authority. Her manner would have brought angry retort had I not been there, I suspect. As it was, Minnie shrugged, a tinge of contempt in the gesture, and stepped back from the cowering Mother Lace.

"Anyone else in the house?" I demanded.

"Why not look?" sneered Mother Lace. Courage was reinforced by the knowledge that Rose would protect her.

I turned to Minnie. "Keep her covered," I ordered.

Rose interrupted. "There's no one else in the house. Candish was here this morning. I heard him giving orders—it was when I pleaded with him that Josephs gagged me—they were all going somewhere. They told Mother Lace that she was to stay here with me, not to release me on any pretext, and I'm sure there's no one here."

"Just the same," I nodded, "we'll make positive."

I explored the little house from cellar to garret, but it was empty. Although there were visible signs that men had slept in the up-stairs rooms, there was no living presence. Somewhat shame-facedly replacing my automatic in my pocket—I felt like a householder who has equipped himself for battle with burglars and met only a stray cat—I returned to the ground-floor room where the three women awaited me.

"We can't stay here," I said. "And I don't feel like giving Mother Lace complete freedom of action."

"You take me out and I'll bawl, so all New York can hear me, that you're Berry Baline kidnaping me," said Mother Lace.

I grinned at her. "You give me the very idea that has been bothering me," I said. "Miss Pars——" I stopped; there was no reason why Mother Lace should know Rose's real name. "Miss Bellair, where is the little gag that you wore?"

"I won't let a yip outa me," protested the old woman, as Rose picked the deflated ball from the floor.

"That," I said, "is perhaps the only truth that has passed your lips in many years."

I don't like to tell about it; she fought like a tiger-cat; but finally she was gagged, even as Rose had been.

"You take one arm," I said to Minnie, "and I'll take the other. She's our dear aunt, who's had an apoplectic shock—and we're taking her home."

"Fine," said Minnie, "only—where's home? Back at the Welland there might be someone else watching——"

"My apartment," said Rose. "No one knows about that."

We did as she suggested. We found it necessary to walk a couple of blocks before we found a taxicab, and I noticed that several people whom we passed looked compassionately at the swollen-faced old lady who was so gently led and supported by Minnie and myself. As for Rose, she walked behind us, and somehow I found myself wishing that I'd explained Minnie before this.

She gave the chauffeur of the taxi we finally acquired an address on East Eighth Street, but when we arrived there I found that Rose's apartment was in an attractive little alley behind the Eighth Street block. Indeed, it was a little house, a maisonette, with a large living-room and kitchen on one floor and a bedroom, study and bath on the second. It was furnished, my first glance told me, not merely with cultured taste but expensively. And why not? She was the daughter of Senator Eli Parsons, who could give her in a day more than I could earn in a lifetime.

My dream had seemed hopeless enough when I faced Parsons in his study, but now I realized that hopeless was not the adjective; ridiculous was the word that summed up my infatuation.

"You two sit down," she ordered, smiling at Minnie and myself. "You've been through more than I have. Besides, this is my home, and I know my way about it."

We saw her lead Mother Lace up-stairs, heard a door slam, heard the click of a key as it turned in a lock; and then Rose reappeared at the head of the stairs.

She ran swiftly down, and her bruised face was wreathed in a smile. "When trouble impends, or when trouble ends, tea is indicated. What do you think?" she asked.

Mind you, not a word as yet about the fierce struggle in which we had all been engaged. Calm, equable, merry-eyed, was there ever one like her?

Yes, there was Minnie. For, defiance and dislike gone from her voice now, she replied:



¶ "*Men to the right, ladies to the left!*"

"If there was something solid with the tea, I'd give three screaming cheers."

"And you?" Rose asked me.

I suddenly felt all in, weary, sodden, hungry and thirsty. My battle was over, and I had won back the girl who had been lost. But I hadn't won her back for myself. I'd won her back for—whom? Young Lennard? Probably, or for someone who, like him, had walked the straight road always.

Observe us, then, Berry Baline, thief; Minnie Humphrey, sales-lady and motion-picture hanger-on; and Rose Parsons, heiress to millions. The three of us are engaged in sipping tea which Rose has prepared.

"I want to know all about you two," said Rose.

"And I want to know how you knew I was Berry Baline, yesterday at dinner," I said boldly.

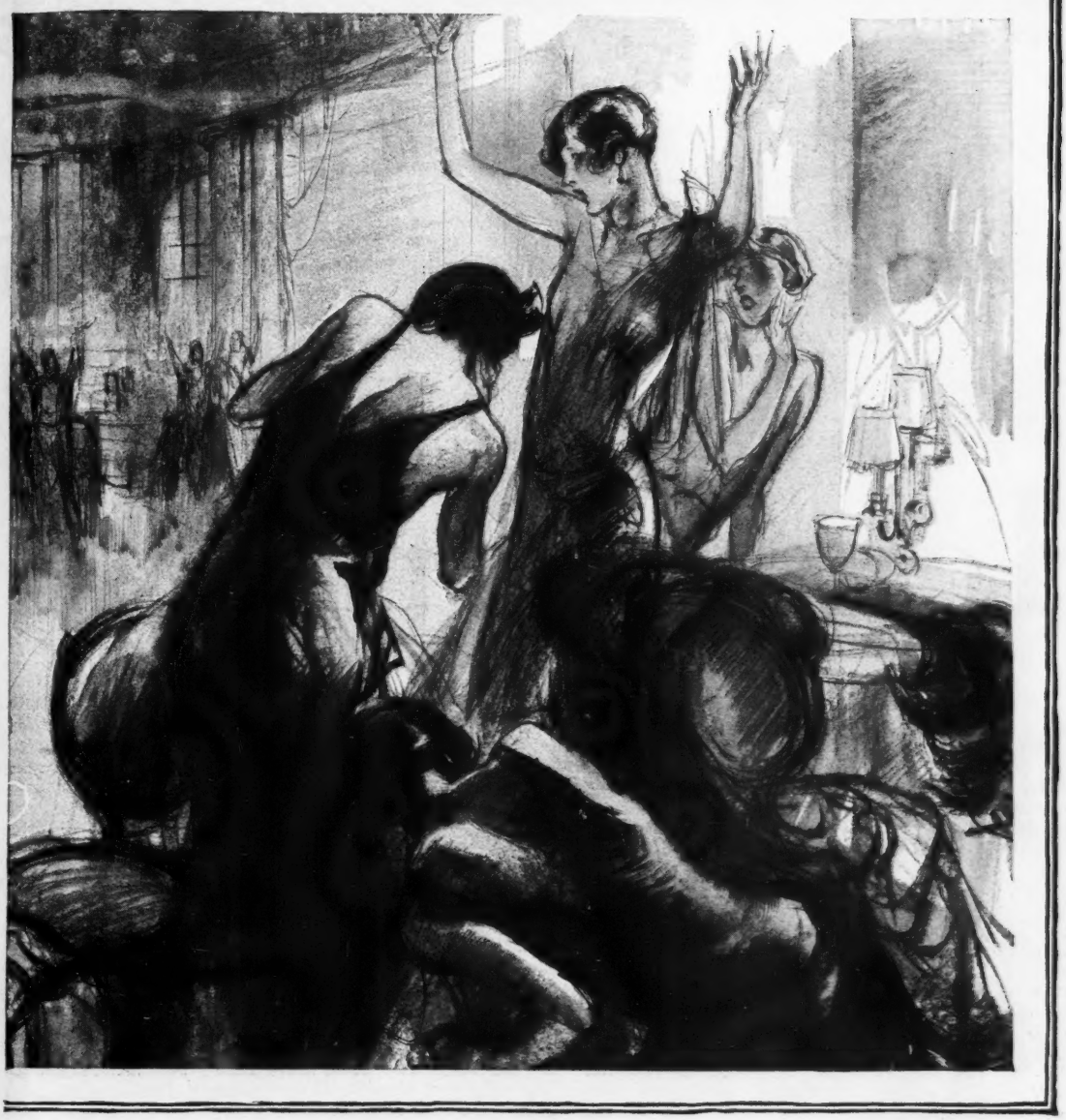
She smiled at me; there was a hint of roguery in her glance.

"The life of Berry Baline is so filled with rescued maidens that he can't remember a tenth of them, eh?" she mocked.

"Say, I thought you two didn't know each other from a coupla holes in the ground," said Minnie.

"Evidently, to Mr. Baline I am exactly that," laughed Rose. "But Mr. Baline—oh, well, perhaps he is modest."

"I never rescued anyone. There was a child once," I said slowly, "who fell through the ice at Craig's Pond, near Boston——"



called Candish; and a dozen as desperate criminals as ever lived swept down upon the women.

"And the great Berry Baline, an end on the Wendover freshman football team, and a star on the hockey team of the same class, couldn't remember—oh, well, the child of ten is an infant to the child of sixteen. No matter if your memory be defective. Mine isn't. The lady thanks you now for the two rescues, Berry Baline."

"The thief is grateful for the thanks," I said. "Suppose, Miss Parsons, you tell us what it's all about?"

"My father is Senator Parsons," she said.

"Sure—we got your number from the cradle to the grave," interrupted Minnie. "Berry's had a gabfest with your old man, and we know you, Jack Dalton! Swell society dame, tired like a movie heroine of life's shallow depths and so forth, goes forth looking for work worthy of her hands, and lands a job on pop's pape. Shoot us the works from then on, kid."

"You've seen my father?" asked Rose in surprise.

"You tell your story first," I said. "Then I'll tell mine."

"Well, you know I went to work on the Sentinel, it seems. I wasn't satisfied with my regular assignments. I made the acquaintance of a policeman, Sergeant Baker. Met him on a story I covered, found him interesting, and had him down here, in this place, to tea, on several occasions. Baker is supposed to be a moony old fool by his superiors. It seems that he has maintained for the past year that practically all of the crimes of violence in New York are the result of the skilful planning of one organization. In fact, he goes so far as to maintain that he sees a connection between certain crimes committed in other cities, in other countries, and crimes committed in New York. If ever a man had a hobby, Sergeant Baker has it.

"And he interested me. A week or so ago a warehouse was robbed; hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of silks were stolen. Baker vowed it was part of the gang's work, this gang in whose existence he so implicitly believed.

"Now, a year or so ago, I became interested in a young chap who'd been sent to Sing Sing, unjustly, I believed. Partly through my efforts, he was released. He got a job as a waiter—in the Winser. He came to see me to express his gratitude and told me what he was doing. I told him what I was doing. To my surprise, he corroborated Sergeant Baker's theories and told me that, like many another ex-convict, he was frequently importuned to join various gangs of thieves. He believed, so he said, that he had been approached by gangsters who were allied to the biggest gang of all.

"Well, to make a long story short, I told him to join the gang and to establish me with it, if possible. Ten days ago he introduced me to Josephs. Three days later Josephs presented me to Candish. Baker came here to see me and told me of the warehouse robbery. I began to see my way to the biggest story that any reporter had ever got.

"I let Candish understand that I (*Continued on page 131*)



Housekeeping *in*

ON A SUDDEN notion I decided to quit New York and live in France awhile. Paris—as Oscar Wilde said of an egg—is always an adventure. I have tried living in its hotels, which are pleasant enough, but we—my wife, mother-in-law, cousin Josephine and Billy, the dog—decided to keep house among real Parisians.

So, after crossing, we began searching for an apartment. One of the very first we saw struck my fancy. It was on one of those virginal, unexplored streets which take such a sudden sharp turn out of the hubbub. The interior with its expansive stained-glass windows resembled a cathedral. There were enough statues, winged what-nots and marble slabs to open a monument yard.



¶ *A neighbor*

A frowzy, shawled and slightly mustached *concierge* came out of the sepulchral depths of the clinging, damp chill so peculiar to Paris. Ponderous keys jangled about her waist and we began to climb upward into what seemed to be a heavenly succession of choir lofts. But in the gloom I saw the *concierge* kick at the dog. So she lost a tenant.

It was just as well, for the place we finally selected was better suited to our needs. It had so many clocks that didn't run. I adore tinkering with clocks. In three days I had enough left-over parts to fill an opera-hat. And two more rooms to go.

The apartment was pleasantly located on the Avenue Henri Martin, a thoroughfare spreading from the Trocadero to the Bois and lined on either side with chestnut-trees, with a bridle-path in the center.

Our quarters were on the third floor, reached by one of those dinky and damnably tricky self-starting elevators which I almost mastered. At first I could only make it stop at the fifth floor, but I finally got it stopping at the fourth and walked down one flight, which was better than walking up three.

The apartment seemed entirely too spacious and grand for the price, considering New York standards, but all France is impoverished and the aristocratic lady who owned it was a daughter-in-law of a former president of the Republic. My gush of sympathy jelled a little when I learned our three months' rent covered the actual rental for two years.

It had four master bedrooms, three bedrooms for the servants, a spacious hall, salon, dining-room, library, butler's pantry, huge kitchen and the customary single pint-sized community bath. The dining-room was in Chippendale. At least they said it was and it seemed chipped enough. There were rare hangings of tapestry. Also a Watteau, a Corot and other original paintings.

I wish the folks at home might have seen me sitting on the balcony in the early morning as the sun dappled the boulevard through the chestnut-trees bursting with their white bouquets. The balcony overlooked a lovely garden abloom with fragrant flowers and slit with cool white graveled paths. I didn't know until two days before we left I might have sat in the garden too. I thought all along it belonged to the people on the first floor.

We had two servants—Louis and Maria. They had two English words they could share among us. Louis could say "currency" and Maria could say "money." Louis was chock-full of shrugs, and if you sent him out for an American newspaper in the morning he often returned the evening of the same day with the wrong newspaper and a suspicious breath.



¶ *Maria*

Maria was the typical French cook. She was red-cheeked, dumpy and tied in the middle like a sack. Thin wisps of hair coiled like a door-knob on the top of her head, and when she smiled she revealed three very pretty teeth, although sparsely located. But she slung a mean skillet and what she lacked in personal pulchritude she made up in culinary yum-yums.

Louis had the irritating habit of standing back of my chair at meals mumbling pleasantly to himself. I had the guilty feeling he was saying something like "The wrong fork, please."

The second night I popped into the kitchen. Covers were



Illustrations by Corinne Dillon

Paris by O. O. McIntyre

being laid for eight. I think I looked disappointed. Their dinner looked better than ours. Louis explained rather sheepishly next day it was Maria's birthday. I judge it was about her ninety-sixth. Louis had his birthday dinner two weeks later.

When a week had nearly passed I said to Louis in my choice menu French: *"Louis, vous et Maria sortie Jeudi soir. Non dinez!"*—a brave attempt to convey my generous wish they could have Thursday evening out.

Louis looked crestfallen but bowed respectfully and withdrew. Shortly after, he and Maria appeared with their luggage, dressed for the street, Louis wearing my favorite green tie. They thought they had been discharged.

Another night all the lights in the house gave a sudden despairing flicker and went out. I told Louis to call the electrician. He popped in immediately. I think he had been hiding in the pantry. He was paid ten francs and for three nights running the same thing happened—at ten francs per happening. But I fooled them by getting candles and lighting them on the fourth night and afterward there was no trouble. Such fun!

Maria kept books to show she was not knocking down more than the customary ten percent, and at the end of the week we would go gravely over the accounts. Afterward she and Louis would have a great laugh in the kitchen. They were paid about $12 a month each and personally I don't think they knocked down enough—not more than five or six dollars a month.

Our neighbors were all Parisians. One gentleman was in his seventies. He had a large white fan-shaped beard which he preened every morning at a window across the court. He had several combs, starting with a vest-pocket size and working up to a big one shaped like a harp.

It took him an hour to arrange the foliage satisfactorily, and later he would appear in a frock coat, high silk hat, lapel flower and cane. Mrs. Irvin Cobb called him "the answer to a maiden's prayer."



¶ *Louise*

The *concierge* is supreme ruler in the Paris apartment building. He or she sits all day and night at the entrance and nothing escapes his ferret eyes. The *concierge* is a part of the police espionage. It was annoying to find your mail and packages had been inspected, but we grew to like Louise, who ruled our portals.



¶ *Louis*

I found out incidentally that an unused servant's room of ours on the roof had been rented by the *concierge* to an American lady seeking a divorce. She was never in it but left a dress, hat and pair of shoes there. Thus did she establish a Paris residence.

All quondam residents of Paris grow accustomed to the dignified group of representatives who call almost daily in behalf of this charity or that. The first group frightened me stiff. They were in uniform and the head delegate looked as though he might be the Prefect of Police. I expected him to say "This way to the Bastile!" Instead he wanted five francs for starving pigeons or something. I gave him ten, for which he gave me a carpet-kissing bow.

There are certain phases of Paris housekeeping to which I could never grow accustomed. Topping off a fine dinner with the lowly prune as dessert. Elevators in which you may ride up but cannot ride down. Telephones. Oh, lots of things.

I certainly found no more neighborliness than you find in the average apartment building in New York. One has more space and living is about half the price. These are the chief compensations for such annoyances as standing in a chilly bathroom shouting at an antiquated faucet, "Come hot, durn you!"

People from America who reside here permanently say they wouldn't think of living elsewhere. But when you tell them good-by they have a longing look.

I shall miss Louis for a while just as I shall miss my pigeon-blood oxfords. I hope they fit him.

The Walls



¶ *"But I don't know you. Do I?" said Graves.*

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

ANY adult male who in this day and age states that he has nothing on his conscience simply has no conscience. This is true not only of Ocean Grove, where sin is unknown and there seems to be a city ordinance which permits the dead to walk the streets, but of great centers like San Francisco and New York. Certain consciences, however, are troubled by certain things by which they ought not to be troubled. And before a man settles down to a cankered thought-life he should take advice. Cures often are possible.

But the advice of professional moralists is worthless, and if possible one should lay one's problem before Tom, Dick and Harry, and before Tomasina, Dicksonia and Harriet.

What is troubling Graves' conscience is a piece of advice which he gave to a young man who had got himself into a jam. Other things trouble it too, but this is the most recent, and the only one concerning which he is in doubt. The young man took his advice, got out of his jam, and made those dependent on him secure and happy and well. If he hadn't taken the advice and made good use of it, he would have gone to jail. And yet six times out of the dozen Graves' conscience tells him that although nothing but good came of it, he should never have given the advice, and that is what is troubling him, and he has asked me to submit his case to the public.

About four o'clock one morning Graves' front door-bell began to ring and kept on ringing at intervals until Graves was wide awake. For a while he hoped that his servant would answer it, and then remembered that this one had asked for the night off and would return only in time to prepare breakfast. Graves was alone in the house and if the persistent bell-ringer was to be attended to at all, he must attend to him himself.

While Graves got into his dressing-gown and hunted up his thirty-two automatic, the bell kept on ringing. From a bedroom window which stood wide open to the starry night Graves perceived that his visitor was a man who wore a Panama hat, and who couldn't stand still. Graves spoke to him in a loud voice. "What is it?" he said. "You're making a terrible row."

The man looked up at the head protruding from the side of the house, and answered, evidently in a great state of agitation: "Please let me in, Mr. Graves. I've got to talk to you."

"But," said Graves, for the man's face, a young, care-worn face, was distinctly illuminated by the light which burned all night under the hood over the doorway, "I don't know you. Do I?"

"Does that matter? I'm in trouble and only you can help me."

Graves is first of all good-natured, then he is a lawyer, then he is good-natured, then he is one of the ablest and most adroit lawyers in the city, and last of all he is good-natured.

"Couldn't you come to my office a little later?"

"I came now because I had to. I couldn't stand it any longer."

"All right, then," said Graves. "If you had to, you had to. Just wait a minute."

He slipped the automatic into the pocket of his dressing-gown, went down-stairs, undid the chain-bolt of the front door and pulled it open.

"Come in," he said.

His visitor was a tall and angular young man of twenty-three or -four. His eyes were preternaturally bright and his cheeks cadaverous. He might have been exhibited in a medical museum as a horrible example of nervous breakdown and insomnia.

This was so obvious that Graves smiled and said: "But why have you come to me? I'm not a doctor."

"I know that, Mr. Graves, but whenever people get together in this city and talk about trouble, your name always comes into it. The world's greatest fixer. That's what people call you."

Graves states that this somewhat raw, blurted-out compliment made him think well of the young man.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Wayne Anthony."

"And your difficulty? But come in here first and sit down." He led the way into the living-room. And then with a mixture of sudden cautiousness and hospitality: "You haven't been drinking, have you?"

"Lord, no!"

"Well, you need a drink. Wait a minute."

He left the room and returned presently with a tall glass containing three fingers of dark brown liquid.

"It would be a pity to put water into this," he said. "It's pre-prohibition. Bourbon. Drink it right down and you won't be so jumpy."

The generous liquor caused Mr. Wayne Anthony to choke and gag. It brought tears to his eyes at once, and color, presently, into his cheeks.

"I'm not used to it," he apologized, "but I made up my mind that I'd do just exactly whatever you told me to do."

"And your difficulty?" asked Graves.

"I'm the first cashier of the Maryland and California Bank. My wife has the T. B. and could be cured if I could send her to New Mexico and pay for the proper care and nursing. We have two babies, girls, twins—and I bet they're the cutest babies in the city . . ."

Young Mr. Wayne Anthony paused and passed the back of one hand across his eyes as if he were wiping out a vision.

"Oh!" he then exclaimed. "I didn't do it for myself, Mr. Graves! I did it for them. You believe that, don't you?"

By *Gouverneur Morris*

of San Quentin

Graves nodded. "Of course," he said. "And what did you do?"

"Mr. D——," said the cashier, and he named a name of real magnitude in the oil industry, "told me that if I bought Gusher at thirty-nine I'd clean up. He's always been kind and friendly and interested. And wouldn't you believe a man like that, Mr. Graves?"

"Yes."

"So did I, but I didn't have any money."

Graves nodded and said, "You were so sure that Gusher would do as D—— said it would do——"

"That's just exactly the way it was. Of course I knew that the bank wouldn't lend me money to buy oil stock, and so I just waived the formalities."

"You assumed for the moment that you were both borrower and lender. And you hadn't a notion that you wouldn't be able to pay off your loan."

"That's just exactly it. I felt that there was all the difference in the world between what I was doing and —stealing. But there isn't any difference. I thought that Gusher would advance right off, that I'd take a few points' profit, have enough to send Nancy and the kiddies to the mountains, to send them *right*, and put back the money that I'd taken from the bank."

"And instead of going up Gusher went down and down until your broker asked for more margin."

"It went down so suddenly that he sold me out. It went down to thirty-one and he sold me out."

The young man's head sank down upon his breast, and with the fingers of both hands he began to pick at the tapestry arms of his chair.

"What am I to do?" he said presently.

"I don't know," said Graves.

"The bank examiner is due early next week and then everybody'll know."

Graves nodded.

"And then—and then Nancy and the kiddies won't even have my salary to live on, and I'll be sent to prison."

"Unless you can put the money back."

"Put the money back!" exclaimed the cashier. "Who'll give me fifty thousand dollars to put back?"

"Unless you have better and richer friends than I have," said Graves, "nobody will give you such a large sum. Did you think that I would be able and—willing?"

"Oh, no, sir, I didn't."

"I don't understand why you came to me at all. If you had been accused of taking money and told me that the accusation was false, I would believe you, and I would take your case. But you tell me that you took the money, lost it and that you cannot put it back! You have no case. No lawyer in the world can do anything for you."

"But"—and the voice was almost a wail—"I've heard so many wonderful, wonderful stories about what you've done for people to get them out of trouble."

"When a woman," said Graves, "has abused her husband for years, I can usually get her a divorce and good alimony, and keep friends with the husband. But I can't perform miracles."

Wayne Anthony sat for a few moments saying nothing and looking off into space. Then he rose slowly to his feet and advanced slowly toward Graves with the look of a man who is groping in the dark.

"My reason," he said, "told me that you couldn't do anything, and yet I hoped that you could. Well, I've made my bed and I've got to lie in it. It's harder, though, than if I'd just been trying to give myself a boost up in the world. I love my wife and babies so much more than I love myself that it's a joke."

Feeling that the interview was over, and that nothing remained but to show his guest out into the night, Graves had also risen. But Anthony kept on talking.

"Do you know," he said, "if I were a bank I'd rather employ me than somebody who'd never done anything crooked in his whole life? Look at me. I was the ideal cashier. The depositors liked me and the board liked me, and I'd never done anything crooked. If a man has never had the experience of being crooked, how can he know what a terrible feeling it is to know that you are crooked? Not knowing, the minute I was tempted, I fell. Do you think, Mr. Graves, that knowing what I know, remembering what I've been through the last three nights and days,



¶ *"Does that matter?" said Anthony. "I'm in trouble and only you can help me."*

if I could once get out of the mess I'm in, I'd ever yield to temptation again? You know I wouldn't! Why, I'd rather put my hand in a rattlesnake's mouth than take a nickel that didn't belong to me."

Graves says that he felt very sorry for Anthony, and believed that if the young man could be given another chance, he would always thereafter toe the mark and walk the chalk-line. He said as much and offered his sympathy, and his regrets at being unable to cope with the situation and find a way out of it.

"But there's one thing," he said, "which will make things easier for you. Don't wait for the bank examiner. Go to your best friend on the board and tell him what you have done and why."

"Oh, no," said Anthony, "I won't do that. I don't have to. I got into this mess through thinking too much about others. Now I've got to think for myself. I can't go through any more. And I won't."

Suddenly, Graves says, there was a revolver in Anthony's hand, and he had cocked it and closed his mouth over the muzzle.

When Graves tells this part of the story he laughs. He says that his first thought was not that he was going to see a despairing human being die before his eyes, but of the mess that was about to be made on his best rug. He says that he flew into a rage, pulled his own gun, pointed it at Anthony, and shouted:

"Stop that, you fool, or I'll fill you full of holes."

And then of course Anthony, who wanted nothing better than to be filled full of holes, was rattled by the vigor of Graves' threat and actually took the revolver muzzle out of his mouth and looked at Graves in a dazed and foolish way.

Graves leaped forward, knocked the revolver out of Anthony's hand and put his foot on it.

"Now you get right out of here and don't come back," he said. "Getting a man up at four o'clock in the morning is bad enough; but I'm not going to stand for what you are pleased to call your brains being splashed all over my house."

"I didn't stop to think," said Anthony. "Let me have my gun, please. I won't do it here."

"Promise."

"I promise."

"Or anywhere within hearing distance?"

"I'll promise to walk at least ten blocks first."

"Well," said Graves, "any man is a fool to kill himself. But what you choose to do ten blocks from here is your business and not mine."

He took his foot from the revolver, and young Wayne Anthony picked it up, lowered the hammer to half-cock and returned it to his pocket.

Graves opened the door to let Anthony out. Then he said:

"I hate to have a man come to me for help and go away in a suicidal mood. It's the first time it's ever happened, I think."

"Well," said Anthony, "I don't suppose it can be helped. It's my bad luck that I should be the exception. But I thank you for wishing that you could help me."

He didn't offer to shake hands; simply straightened his back and walked down the steps and down the flagstone path that led to the street.

Graves stood at the open door, watching him. And had a sudden thought.

"Anthony!" he called. "One minute! Hey, come back here! I've got a hunch."

Indeed he was so eager to be of service, now that the way had been revealed to him, that he ran half-way down the walk to meet the returning Anthony.

"Listen!" he said. "And I'm only sorry that you didn't think of it for yourself." And then he gave Anthony the piece of advice which has been worrying him ever since.



¶ *Today young Anthony is worth nearly $200,000. Nancy and the babies are in New Mexico—and the spot on Nancy's lungs is shrinking like magic.*



According to Graves, Anthony in a second of time became completely transformed, and went presently home to his Nancy and his twins like one who walks upon the air.

"If you had seen him," Graves said, "you would have realized, with me, that hope is the most wonderful thing in the world."

For at least a week Graves watched the newspapers closely. Twice he was startled by head-lines concerning defalcations, and eleven times by suicides, but a close inspection always proved that his midnight client, Wayne Anthony, was yet to be mentioned in print.

The great O'Farrel case broke. Graves plunged into it, on the side of the defense, and forgot all about trifles. He traveled to five distant cities to dig up evidence. He worked sixteen hours a day, he played detective, discovered the missing valet, and at the point of the same gun with which he had threatened Wayne Anthony, forced a confession out of him. A day or two later, being by now relieved of all mental pressure, he began to wonder what had become of the said Anthony.

He picked up a newspaper, turned to the market reports, and saw that Gusher was selling at ninety-nine and some eighths. He resolved that the next morning he would drop casually into the Maryland and California Bank and see if Anthony was still cashier. While this thought was actually in his mind, the door-bell rang, and a few moments later Graves learned from his servant that a Mr. Anthony wished to see him.

Mr. Anthony had taken on a little weight. His cheeks had plumped out. The worried look had gone from his eyes.

"Mr. Graves," he said, "I didn't know whether you'd care what had become of me or not. Then I got to thinking that maybe you would. So I came. I had to come. I had to tell you, sir, that there's one man in this world who'd be glad to die for you any time."

"So you took my advice," said Graves, "and it worked."

"Worked! I should say it did work! Two days before the bank examiners showed up I had put back all the money I'd taken. Today I'm worth close to two hundred thousand dollars, a hundred thousand in seven percent mortgages, and the rest in Maryland and California stock. They've made me a director, and gee but I'm going to work to make our bank the biggest and the safest in the state. Nancy and the twins are in New Mexico. They've got a bungalow and a servant and a trained nurse, and the doctor says that the spot on Nancy's lung is shrinking like magic. And I owe it all to you."

"Well, don't tell anybody," said Graves. "If the Bar Association ever found out what I'd advised you to do, they'd disbar me, and they'd do right."

"But you didn't advise me to do it—exactly. You just threw out a hint. Gee! Will I ever forget! Me stalking off! I was going to stalk exactly ten blocks as I'd promised and then end everything. Then I hear you calling, 'Anthony! One minute! Hey, come back here! I've got a hunch.' I'll say you had a hunch! And then I turn back and you come running down the walk with your dressing-gown flying, and so pleased and excited you grab me by the shoulders and shake me.

"And will I ever forget what you said? You said, 'Listen, you poor fish! You took fifty thousand dollars from the bank and lost. Why not take fifty thousand more and win? You don't risk anything. There's nothing you can do now that will make the walls of San Quentin an inch thicker or an inch higher . . .'"

We Bag *the* Famous



¶ *Theodore Roosevelt (right) and a record head of Ovis Poli.*

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WE STAYED four days at Kashgar and gathered ourselves for the last effort of the trip—our hunt for Ovis Poli. Round the horns of this great sheep, story and legend have clustered for years. Forgotten for six hundred years after Marco Polo first noticed him, he was rediscovered in the late thirties of the last century by a British officer. Since then he has been the lodestar of big game hunters. We could get but little late news of him. Indeed, many of those best posted considered the Ovis Poli nearly extinct.

For a couple of days we traveled through the plains. We passed from oasis to oasis. Burnt and forbidding, the desert lay between. There was an endless succession of scrub bushes and sun-scorched rock with dust-devils dancing between. Time and again we passed small oases on which the desert was marching. On the third day we turned due south. Soon we were among the foot-hills. The plains of Turkestan were behind us.

The hills were more than welcome after the long weeks we had spent in the plains. Bare and red, they suggested the buttes of Colorado. We marched up the bed of a rocky stream, the trail weaving from side to side over numerous fords.

About noon we saw two men approaching on horseback, who turned out to be Nadir Beg and the mail-runner from India. Nadir Beg was the native that Major Gillan had got us as a guide for the Ovis Poli country. He was an important citizen of the town of Tashkurghan, a fine-looking man with a light complexion, a black beard, and a hawk-like nose.

That evening we camped by a little Kirghiz settlement on a small plain in the valley. Around the camp-fire we worked out our plans for the Poli hunting. Nadir Beg said that though *goolja* (rams) were scarce, he had seen a fine head shot by a Kirghiz near Subashi the previous winter. We accordingly decided to try that point first.

For the next two days we pushed on up the river. At times the trail was very bad. It wound along the steep sides of the mountain. The valley narrowed into a gorge through which the stream rushed so rapidly that fording was very difficult.

It had now begun to be bitterly cold. The snow lay thick on the mountains. Snow flurries and sleet storms swept across the valley nearly every afternoon. The wind blew with gusty fury. At night the tin cup of water that Kermit and I had left between us in the tent froze solid.

The evening of the fourth day out we reached Boulon Lake. Our caravan had been traveling very slowly, and we had decided to speed it up. Accordingly we marched ahead and told the leaders not to stop until they caught up with us. We reached the lake just before dusk.

Next morning we were up at daylight. The lake was cupped by snow-covered hills. Frost lay heavily on the brown sparse grass.

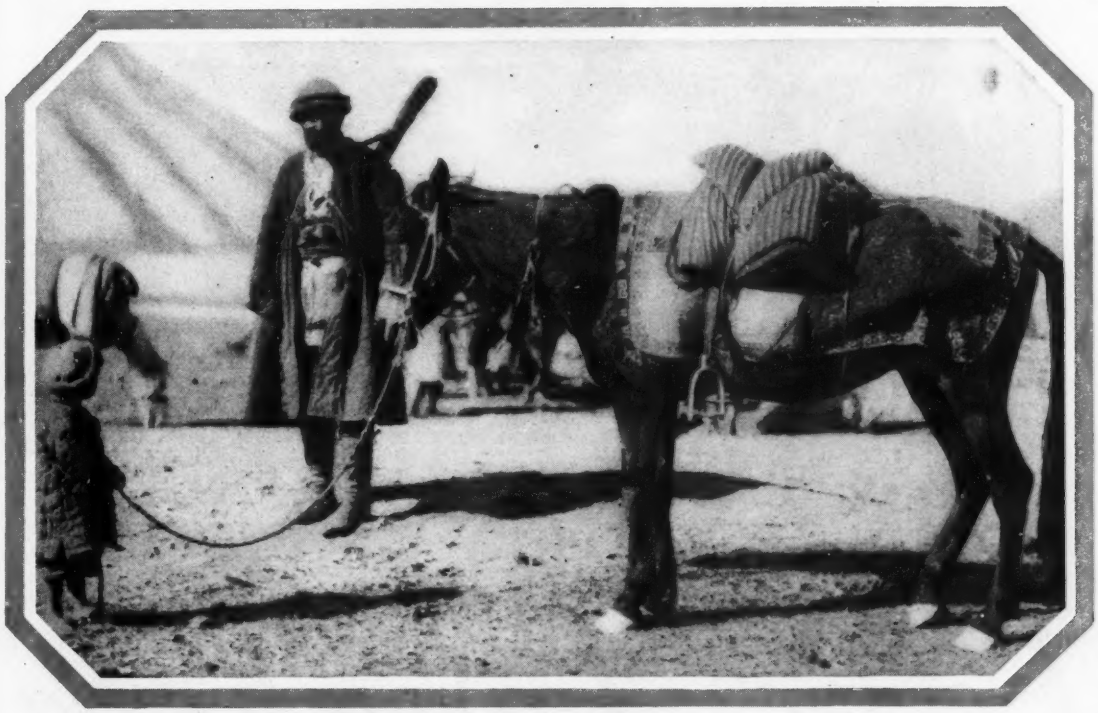
We marched to the Little Kara Kul where, after talking with the natives, we decided to stop and hunt for a day. We were now in the land of the yak again, and the great shaggy beasts grunted and shuffled around our tent all night. A yak is not an uncomfortable animal to ride, but patience is necessary. He goes very slowly, though his gait is reasonably smooth and he always gets there. Also he goes over the most impossible country imaginable about as fast as he goes over level ground.

When we got up next morning it was very cold. The sky was the monotonous gray of winter. Everything was white from a light snow. After a hurried breakfast, we started for the hunting-grounds, mounted on yaks.

It was typical Pamir country, sandy valleys dotted with tufts of dried grass, and snow-covered hills and mountains. For so barren a country there was a surprising amount of wild life. We saw snow-buntings, pigeons, vultures and hawks. There were many tracks across the snow.

As we were plodding along, Khalil jumped off his yak, calling out "*goolja!*" and pointing to a slope some six hundred yards

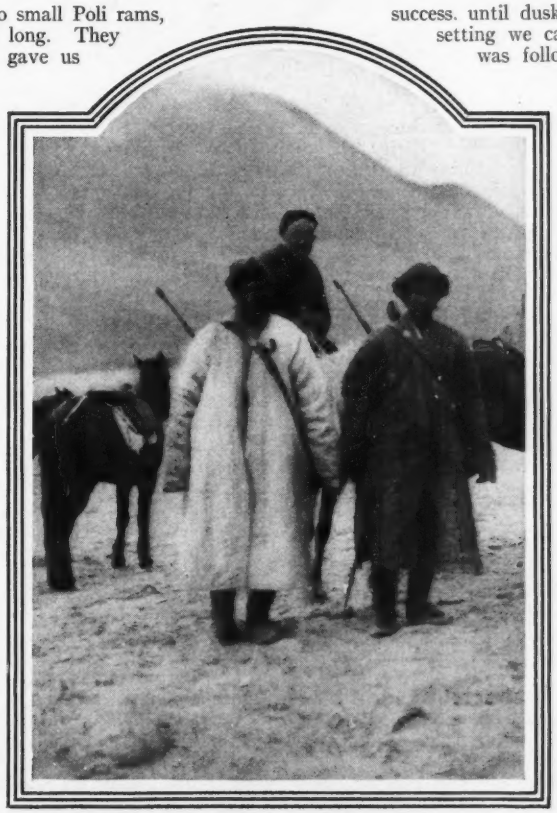
Marco Polo Sheep



¶ *Nadir Beg, the Roosevelts' guide in the Ovis Poli country.*

away. Along it were running two small Poli rams, with horns about twenty inches long. They were too small to shoot, but it gave us a thrill to see the Ovis Poli in the flesh for the first time. Though they had seen us they seemed but little frightened, and cantering gently up the slope disappeared over the crest. They were very handsome with their gray backs and white chests and legs.

Shortly after this we separated, Kermit going to the left and I to the right. Only a few moments after I left him I saw some animals among the rocks about seven hundred yards away. After studying them with the field-glasses I found them to be six female Poli with four young. Our first care was for the males, so we left them undisturbed and hunted up a nullah to one side. We found nothing and worked our way back in the hope that some male Poli had joined the females. None had, and as we wished to hunt the country beyond, we walked towards them over a great snow-bank. They soon saw us, and cantered gracefully away over the mountain. We then plodded through the deep snow to the crest of a saddle. Again we saw females but no males. We tramped along the ridges, but without success. until dusk began to fall. As the sun was setting we caught a glimpse of Kermit, who was following the same tactics with the same lack of success.



¶ *Native hunters of the expedition at Subashi.*

On the whole, we were not discouraged by the day's work, for though we had seen no good heads we had seen enough females and young to make us reasonably certain that there were some mature males near by.

We got to Subashi about one o'clock the following day. It was a valley with a little stream in the center from which the ground sloped up rather abruptly to surrounding hills. As it was evidently a place where there was no room for two separate guns, we decided to hunt together. Twice on our way up the valley we saw herds of female and young Poli on the hillsides.

Soon we met the *jungli walla* sent out the night before to look for game. He was in a state of great excitement. He told us that he had found a herd of eight *goolja*. We were delighted, and pushed forward cautiously to a point where the nullah forked. With our field-glasses we could just see them lying among some rocks toward the end of the right branch. The hill was a very steep (*Continued on page 180*)

Romance—with a Dash *of* Gin

By *Royal*



Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

Love Laughs at

LOVE at first sight is ever an intriguing suggestion. Yet to attribute any such spontaneous combustion of the so-called tender emotion to either Charity Thayer or John Alden Durant as coincident with their first encounter would hardly do. True, a great and enduring love was germinating in young John Alden upon that occasion, but of that Charity was not the seed. For with Charity's appearance upon the scene young John Alden deemed it highly desirable that he remove himself from her immediate vicinity as swiftly as possible, and, with the assistance of agile legs, he did so.

From a point of safety so achieved he turned and thumbed his nose either at Somerseby, the Thayer chauffeur, or at Charity herself. Charity was not sure which, but to be on the safe side she ran out her tongue at him.

At eight—which Charity was in 1908—that form of feminine repartee does not lack point or savor.

Thereupon, the matter having become personal, young John Alden proceeded to assure Charity that to him her opinion was of absolutely no concern. This he achieved by placing two fingers between his lips and whistling raucously, after which he turned a series of highly insulting cart-wheels.

Finally, he spat on the ground—a magnificent gesture of disdain, that—and swaggered off.

In 1908 John Alden Durant was eleven. A lithe, active, sunburnt hundred pounds of sinew and quicksilver—all boy. As he passed out of Charity's sight there was naught to suggest to anyone that a great love had come to him which was to mold his whole life.

Not for Charity. Nor, certainly, for Somerseby, the chauffeur who, breathing hard, murmured maledictions as he examined the hood of a car parked in the drive.

"The limb of Satan!" he remarked, between his teeth.

Charity approved that as picturesque and well deserved. She did not know that in the servant quarters, Somerseby often applied the same term to her.

"Did he make a scratch on it?" she demanded.

"No," admitted Somerseby. "But just let me catch him——"

Together, as he paused, they surveyed the car.

This was brand-new. It had cost thirty-five hundred dollars F. O. B. somewhere. Brass work and gleaming lamps embellished its anything but stream-lines; wind-shield it had none.

Nevertheless it was—in 1908—an aristocrat of its kind, known as the Silent Northern—Silent, presumably, because it made less noise than a steam-roller. The engine under its hood was reputed to have fifty horse-power, but two horses could—and frequently did—return it to the Thayer stable. In more auspicious moments it moved, a menace to life and limb, at the scandalous speed of fifteen miles an hour and more.

So it had come to Plymsol, which is on the south shore of Cape Cod. The Thayers had a summer home there, but *they* had come by train. The Silent Northern, chauffered by Somerseby, had appeared two days later. From his description of the trip—a hundred miles—he had proved himself no less heroic than Captain Slocum crossing the Atlantic in the Spray.

To the most of the natives the Silent Northern became an object of distrust. It was their outspoken opinion that nobody but a consarned fool would ever buy such a contraption.

But to John Alden Durant, aged eleven, the Silent Northern was a thing of beauty. The sight of it parked in front of the Thayer place had drawn him as irresistibly as Juliet's fair young loveliness drew Romeo. No thought of vandalism, but a pure surge of adoration had moved him to finger its gleaming surface. He was in the throes of his first great love; in a moment his life had been given direction and purpose. In brief, one of those vaulting ambitions that, in their realization, make America the land of romance, had been born.

"I'll have one just like it some day," he promised himself.

In 1908, sober wisdom would have said the odds were a hundred to one against his ever realizing that ambition. He was a Cape Codder, born and bred. The John Alden in his name was more than just coincidence; under happier auspices his mother might have been a regent of the Society of Colonial Dames. The

Brown



Quarrels

¶ *"Hereafter I'll get my gas elsewhere," Charity announced. "Do!" Digger acquiesced cordially.*

actual auspices made it necessary for her to take in washing for the summer folks. John Alden's father had been a life-saver until that night, in 'ninety-eight, when he had lost his own.

Yet in the case of young John Alden there was his nickname to be reckoned with. The more primitive a people, the more descriptive these sobriquets. Young John Alden won his as a young Indian might have, though not in battle or in the hunt, but on the clam flats, where he worked along with the older men, matching his youth and agility against their maturity and strength. They rechristened him Digger. He remained Digger through Dartmouth and the World War, where he shone chiefly as one of the two million.

IN 1925 he was still Digger Durant, though the name over the garage in front of which Charity brought a long-nosed roadster to a stop of a late June morning was emblazoned forth as J. A. Durant.

From the garage, answering Charity's horn, emerged Digger in person and, despite khaki shirt and trousers, not unpersonable. He was as lithe, as lean and as alert as he had been in 1908. To these qualities there had been added, with the years, a certain poise and ease of manner, and an air of authority that always seemed somehow a subtle affront to Charity.

This Charity never admitted, naturally. Or even that, through the years, there had always been a hint of veiled antagonism between them. She would have said that was foolish, because for her Digger simply did not exist.

"Gas," she tossed at him now, without a glance toward him.

Her tone had a ring of aloof authority, as of one accustomed to command anything of his gender and get action. As indeed she was. Among a civilized people names are almost always absurd; Charity had none of that quality in celebration of which she had been christened. She should have been called "Young-man-look-out-for-yourself."

As Digger moved to execute her command, she turned back to her companion. The latter, who was formally known as Norman George Oswald Kynnastone, was more commonly referred to as "the Englishman." He looked the part, with his air of lean, clipped distinction that a small, smart mustache and gray-touched temples subtly accentuated. Beyond the physical attributes, his casual comments revealed an Englishman's wide and varied experiences—references to polo in India, a charging tiger in Africa, a snapped mast during a regatta.

Lazily, his eyes approved Charity. They were much together these days.

This was his first summer at Plymsol. He had taken Sea Dunes for the season, a large place for a bachelor, and no place for anyone not well supplied with money. In it he seemed to fit perfectly however.

They talked casually, he and Charity, yet with considerable parry and thrust, ignoring Digger entirely.

"Sixteen gallons," announced Digger, replacing the cap on the gas tank.

Charity, without turning, thrust in her clutch. "Charge it," she commanded.

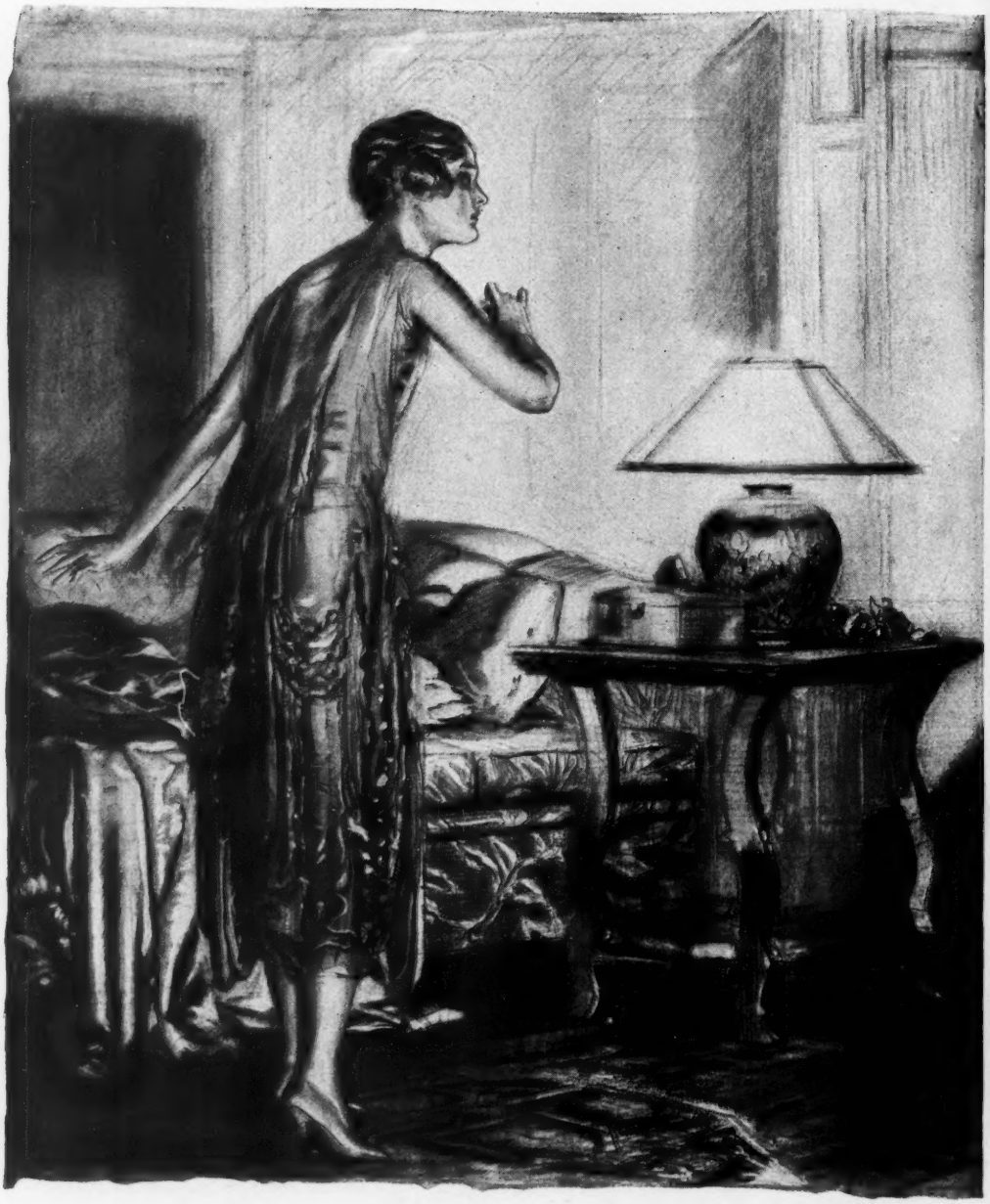
Now that was something Digger heard sixty times a day or more. It wasn't therefore what she said but the way she said it—a swift change in tone and manner that came close to insult—that caused him to take exception.

"If you don't mind," he announced coolly, "I'd prefer cash."

The effect was as arresting as he could have hoped for. She turned and her eyes met his, wide and incredulous.

Nothing like this had ever happened to her before. Her great-grandfather had owned many ships, her grandfather had been a shrewd banker, and as such left her father a solid fortune. That that had diminished she knew; her father—chiefly a connoisseur and collector of old china—had so confessed. There were, she also knew, many bills outstanding. But what of it? She continued to have her charge accounts, her allowance and her own car. She had never been dunned, never dreamed she could be.

Kynnastone, sensing the situation, intervened. "Look here, my man——" he began in his best English manner.



"I," Digger interrupted him softly, "am *not* your man."

The change in Kynnastone's customary expression was swift and startling. His lips became menacing, his eyes mere pinpoints. But it was not Digger's eyes that fell first. And it was Kynnastone who, regaining self-control, cut the Gordian knot by reaching into his pocket and producing a ten-dollar note.

"Much obliged," acknowledged Digger, extracting a five and a one from his pocket; and, holding them by their tips, he offered them to Kynnastone.

At that point Charity found her voice, choked but serviceable. "Hereafter I'll get my gas elsewhere," she announced.

Digger grinned. "Do," he acquiesced cordially.

To which he might have added a kindly warning that unless she used more care in shifting her gears—which protested audibly at her vehemence—she would also have some repair work done elsewhere soon. But he thought it as wise not to.

As the roadster shot down the elm-shaded main street Charity forgot that for her Digger simply didn't exist.

"He's always been that way—he's never known his place," she said furiously. "His mother used to do washing for summer folks. He—he just wanted to be nasty, I suppose. And—and show his independence."

"I understand perfectly," said Kynnastone sympathetically. "Even in England the lower class is getting out of hand these days."

The lower class in America, as represented by Digger, strolled back into the garage, with the grace to be a shade ashamed of itself. Digger could not understand why he had so acted; the best explanation he could marshal was that Charity had always rubbed him the wrong way.

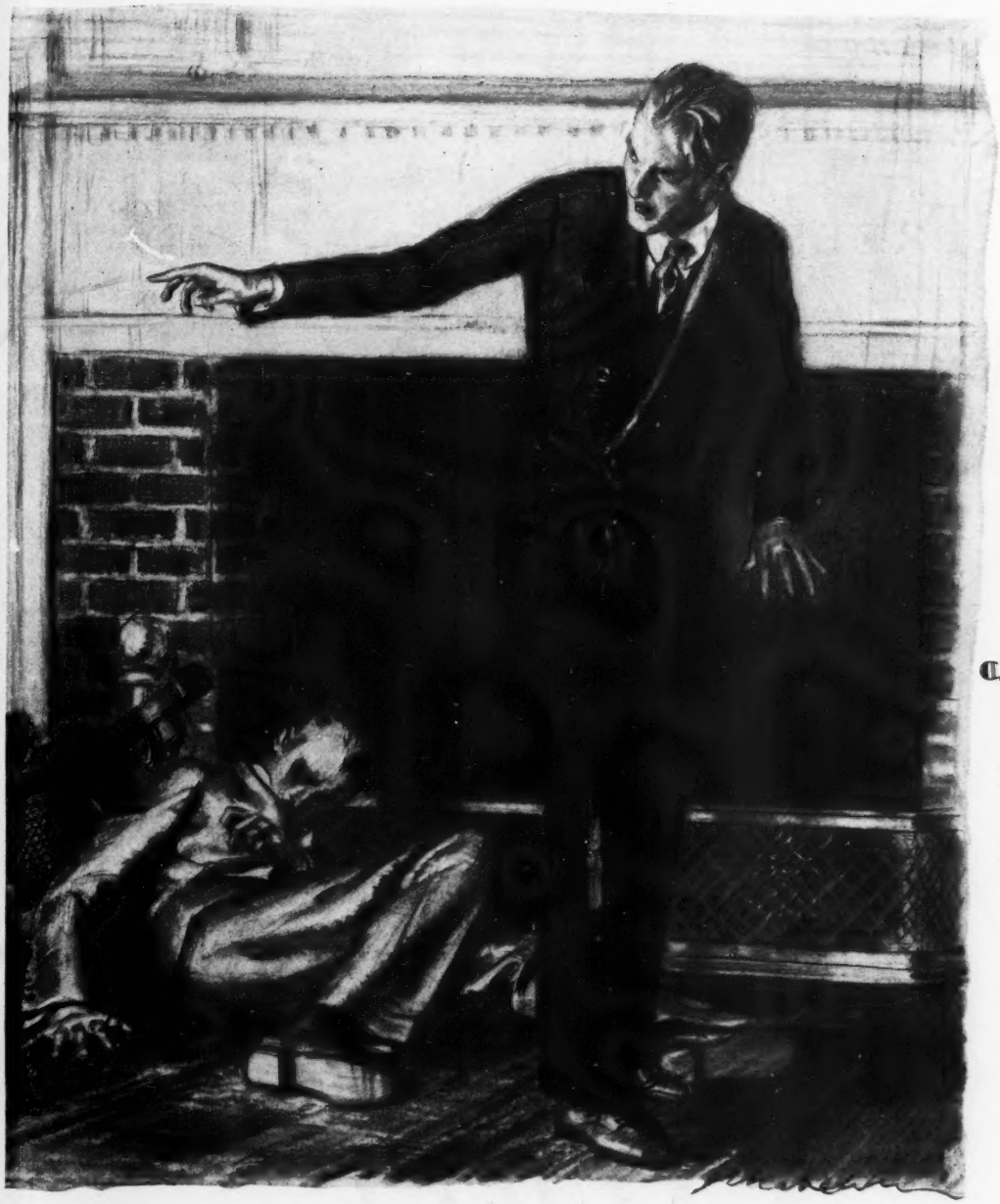
Once, when he was fifteen and she a leggy twelve, she had calmly commanded that he take her out in a brand-new sailboat he had built himself. She had appreciated the boat at least, and he had been unwise enough to confess his greater ambitions.

"Huh!" she had intervened scornfully. "You're crazy! Dad says all you Cape Codders are simply running to seed."

Out of which, in some inexplicable way, had grown his determination to go to Dartmouth. He hated her—but he'd show her.

But that was all ancient history now. This was 1925, and even the natives of Plymsol admitted that Digger was doing pretty well for a young chap. His present garage might be said to be the third he had owned. The first had been a shed in which he and another boy had set themselves up as automobile repairers before he had gone to Dartmouth. The first job they had ever tackled had called for the installation of new gears. They had managed to get them in, but when they had shifted into what should have been first speed ahead, the car had shot backward out of the shed, taking the rear wall with it.

To the interested owner they had explained that wrong parts had been sent them—and got away with it.



¶ *Digger knew Kynnastone was "out" for some time. "Get behind the divan —quick!" he commanded Charity. "It's a matter of life and death."*

But that had been in 1912, when an automobile was still pretty much of a thing of mystery and even Plymsol, for all its antiquity, was still young and naïve, yet to come into that golden future an age of gas was to create. Man was to be accorded increased mobility, distances were to dwindle and the social, the economic and the criminal aspects of life were to take on new phases.

In the days of Digger's youth Plymsol had been existing a hundred and fifty years with little material change in its aspect and its habits. But in 1925 all this had been changed, not only materially, but almost basically.

The harbor, under burnishing sun or enveloping fog, remained eternally the same. The ancient weather-beaten shacks of the fishermen and clam diggers still endured, as did the rose-embowered little Cape Cod colonials from which certain natives refused to be dislodged by the influx of summer residents.

But the square colonial mansions of old sea captains had been remodeled as summer homes for millionaires. Modern replicas of these had been built beside the harbor or the sand cliffs.

In the harbor, along with the kickers of the fishermen and lobstermen, speed boats and cruisers, gleaming with white and mahogany, swung at their moorings. And here and there among them, drab gray boats that endeavored to look inno ent but were not.

No man, as Digger could have told you, needed a hundred and fifty horse engine in his hull to go out and pull lobster-pots.

And certainly the Scotch that was openly offered for sale after prohibition was enacted, did not float ashore. Various portents heralded its coming. A throb of engine offshore, with no running lights to be seen. Automobiles which coursed swiftly down to some promontory where their headlights misbehaved like a chorus girl's eyes.

Presently inevitable competition among the runners themselves. Fusillades of shots in the night. A body washed ashore, riddled with bullets.

This had happened late in 1924. And about that time the summer colony stopped boasting of Scotch at three dollars a quart and began to clamor for protection.

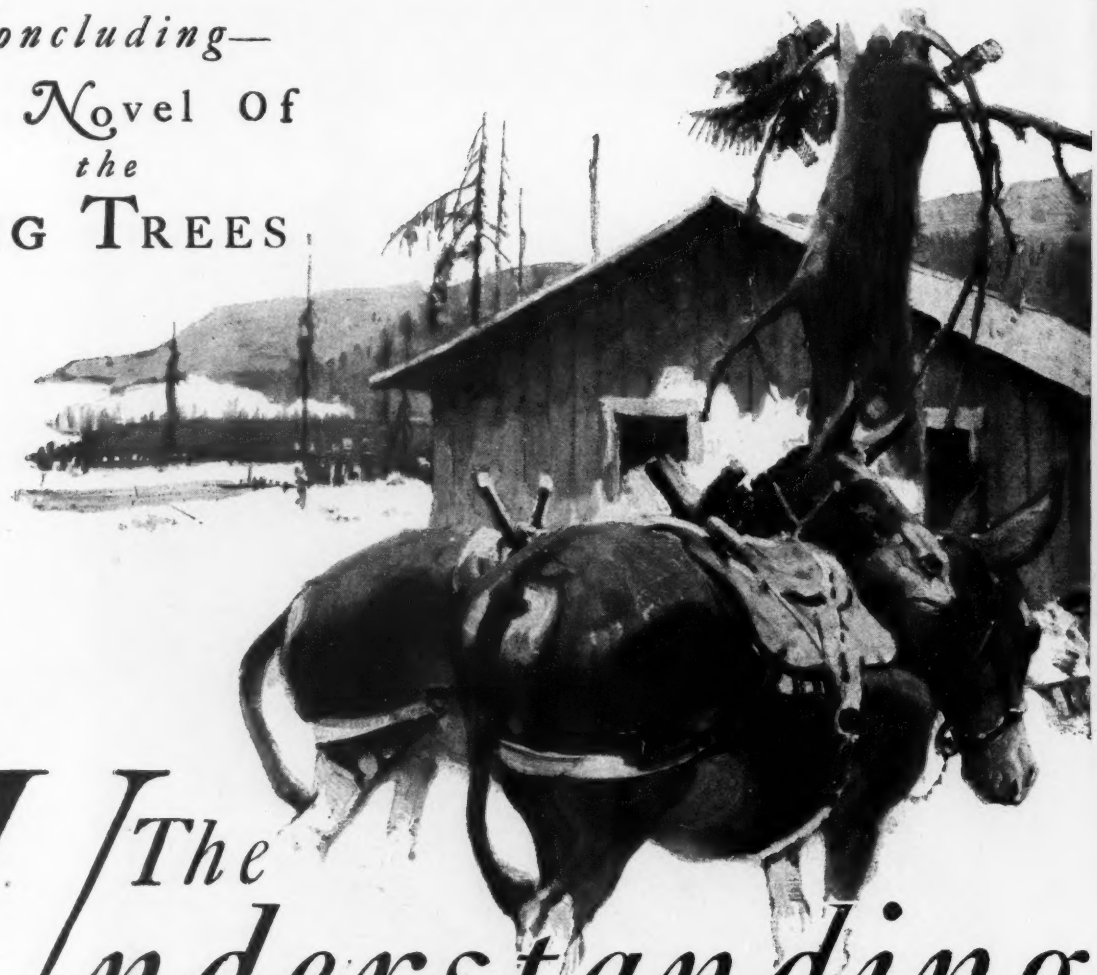
Now Digger was nobody's fool. Otherwise he would not, at twenty-eight, have been the owner of the picturesque bit of architecture that fronted the village green. This he called the Colonial Sales and Service Station, and it was colonial not only in name but in appearance, even to the green window-boxes burgeoning with geraniums in blossom, set under the small-paned windows.

The effect had been calculated. The Colonial Sales and Service Station—Digger was agent for two cars, ranging in price from $1000 to $3500—looked as little like an ordinary garage as a Persian kitten does like an alley cat.

That Digger believed was good business.

That certain individuals who stopped (*Continued on page 114*)

Concluding—
A Novel Of the
BIG TREES



The Understanding Heart

ONLY one who has known the sweets of self-sacrifice could have realized the light-heartedness with which Anthony Garland presented in person to Chief Ranger Casey his resignation from the service.

Within two weeks the resignation was accepted and a new ranger came to relieve him at Tantrum. After sending his few effects in to headquarters in the Forest Service motor-truck he mounted his horse and rode up to Bogus. When Monica ran out to greet him he leaned down from his horse and drew her up to him for a kiss and a caress.

"Well, my dear," he announced, "I'm Anthony Garland, attorney-at-law, again, with my office under my hat, and I've come to my first new client with a demand for a retainer. I want a hundred dollars."

"Give you a check," Monica replied gaily, and forthwith wrote him one.

"I think that amount of ammunition will do me nicely," he informed her.

"Have you heard anything new about our case, Tony?"

"Of course. I wrote Judge Kenly and told him I'd like to have it set for trial at the earliest possible moment and assured him it would be a favor to Bob Mason and you. Consequently we go to trial tomorrow morning."

"Which trial? Bob's new trial or the trial to establish the authenticity of Uncle Charley's will?"

"Bob's trial, of course."

"But I thought the Supreme Court must first grant permission for a new trial."

"Oh, no! This trial is unofficial. Bentley and I decided not to bother the deliberate gentlemen of the Supreme Court. They're always about two years behind on current business and we can't have Bob waiting in San Quentin until they get leisurely around to his case. So we're going to make a short cut. It's Bentley's idea, as I believe I told you once before."

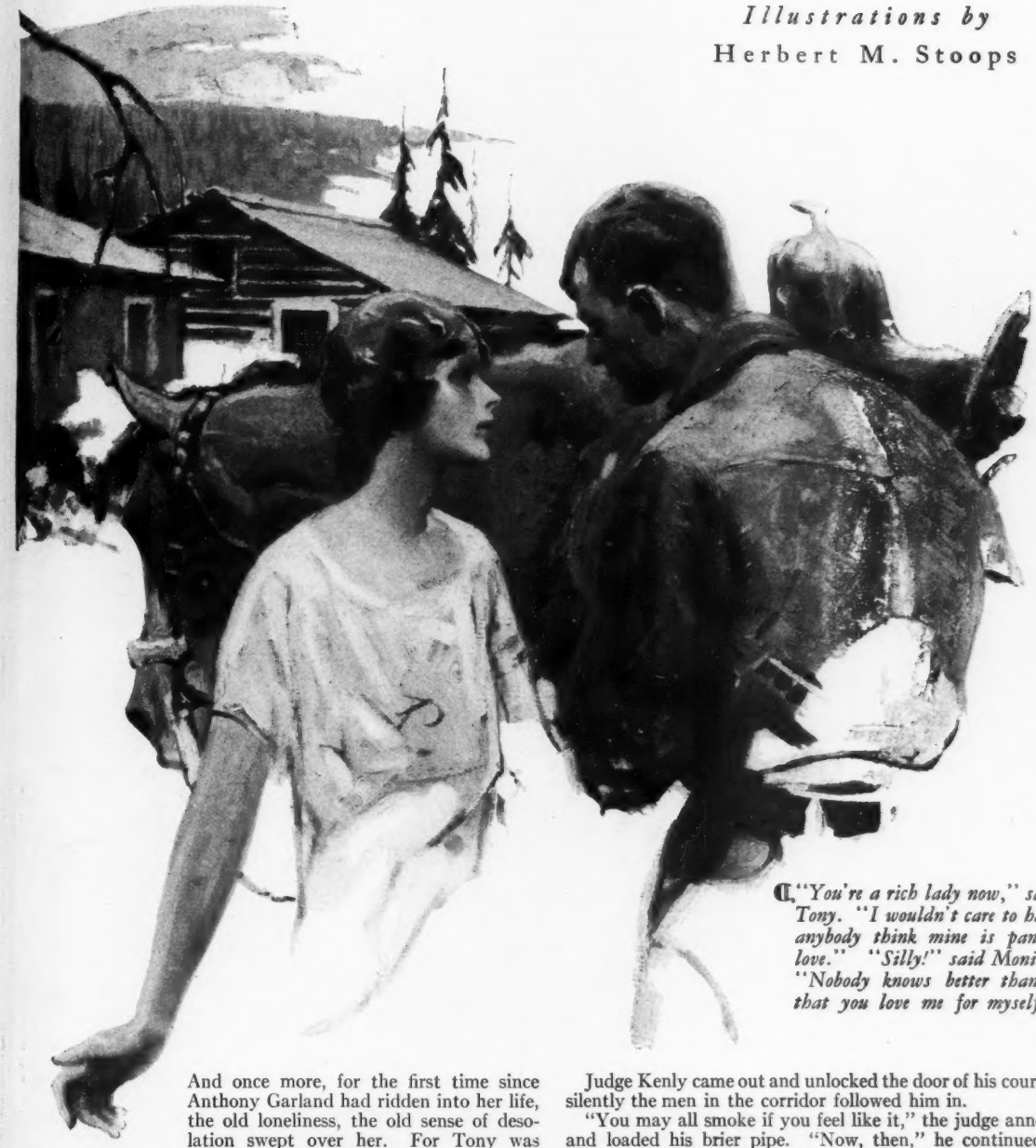
"I wish I hadn't been so mean to the sheriff," Monica repented.

"Oh, Bentley's a most understanding and forgiving old hunks!" He looked at his watch. "Monica, darling, I'd like to stay to dinner but I haven't time. I've got to ride fifty miles in the next ten hours and be on the job at the court-house at nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

He parted from her tenderly and she heard him ride singing straight down the side of Bogus, through the charred timber.

By PETER B KYNE

Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops



¶ *"You're a rich lady now," said Tony. "I wouldn't care to have anybody think mine is pantry love." "Silly!" said Monica. "Nobody knows better than I that you love me for myself."*

And once more, for the first time since Anthony Garland had ridden into her life, the old loneliness, the old sense of desolation swept over her. For Tony was leaving the San Dimas and until he should return the San Dimas would be unbearable. If he won, he would return. If he did not—well, Monica knew he had a decent, manly pride that would forbid his return until he could come to fetch her out to a better life than she had ever known.

"I'll pray for him," she decided, and with a full heart she did so. And immediately felt better.

About ten o'clock that night Garland rode his weary horse into Montague, stabled him in Bentley's barn without bothering to ask the sheriff's permission, and repaired to the hotel. The clerk on duty rummaged in the ice-box of the deserted kitchen and got him a snack; immediately after eating he retired. The sheriff called at the hotel shortly after breakfast and together they strolled over to the court-room of the county judge. Jim Kerby, the district attorney, was with Judge Kenly in his chambers and a dozen men were standing around in the corridor, smoking and gossiping.

It was a most informal procedure.

Judge Kenly came out and unlocked the door of his court-room; silently the men in the corridor followed him in.

"You may all smoke if you feel like it," the judge announced, and loaded his brier pipe. "Now, then," he continued, "you ten men are the survivors of the jury which some two years ago convicted Robert Lee Mason of first-degree murder on what, at the time, appeared to you good and sufficient evidence. I am informed by Sheriff Bentley and Mr. Anthony Garland that recently certain evidence has come to their attention which was not possible of presentation at Mason's trial.

"You gentlemen will recall that Mason pleaded justifiable homicide, claiming the deceased, Grant Bardwell, had already emptied a six-shooter at him without effect, had reloaded and was about to open fire again when Mason shot and killed him. Inasmuch as the deceased was never known to possess a gun, and since, moreover, no pistol or empty cartridge shells were found at the scene of the homicide, Mason was unable to offer any corroborative evidence.

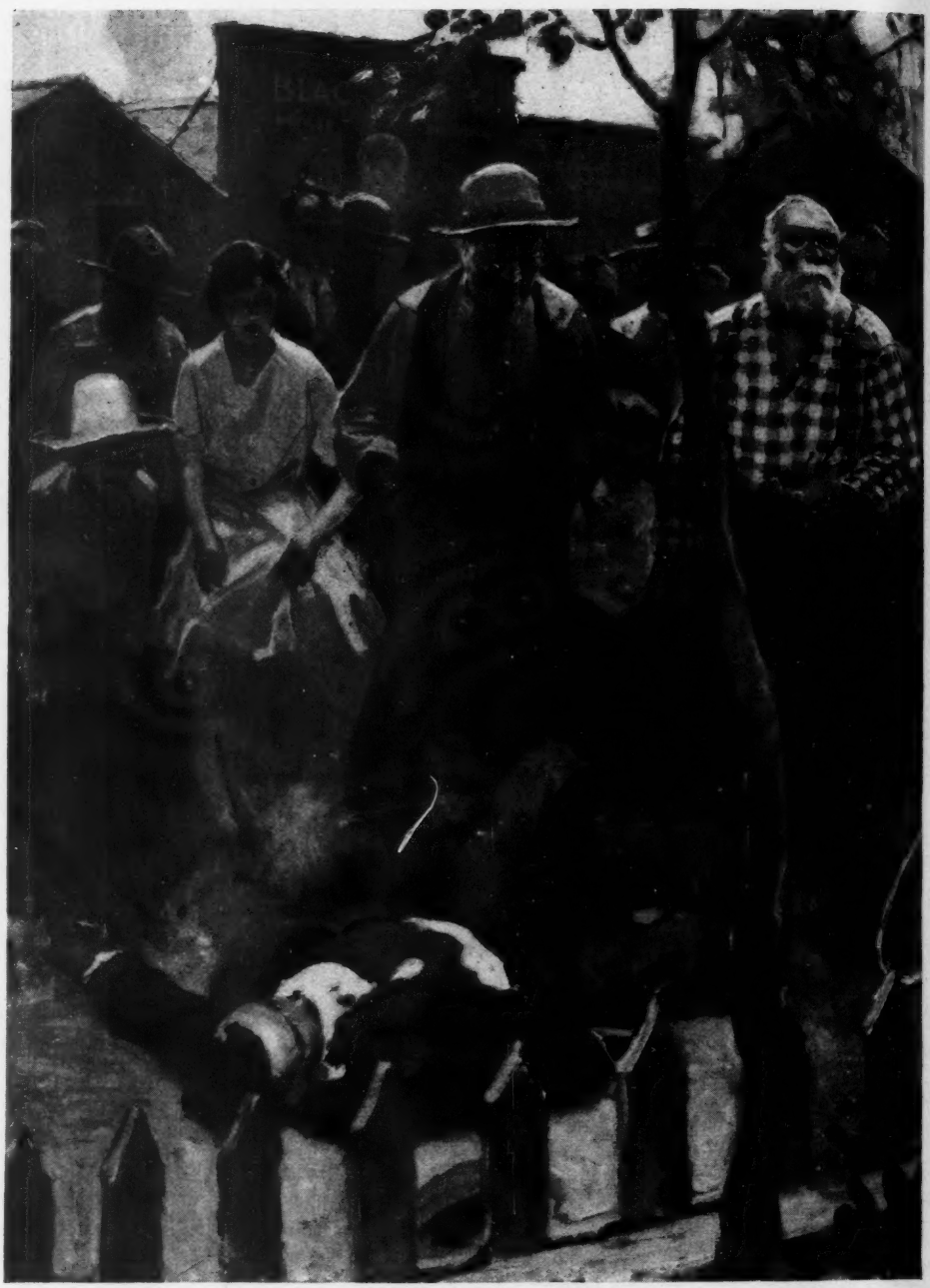
"I have been informed that recently a loaded pistol and six empty cartridge shells of the same caliber as the pistol have been discovered not far from the scene of the crime and that other evidence—hearsay evidence, I regret to say, but nevertheless, in the interests of justice, not altogether unworthy of

credence—has come to light. We are all here informally this morning to listen to that evidence and to judge for ourselves whether or not a miscarriage of justice occurred at Mason's trial. The witnesses will be sworn and interrogated by the district attorney, Mr. Garland, myself and any of you former members of the Mason jury who care to ask questions.

"Personally, I have learned in detail the nature of this evidence and have no hesitancy in stating that I regard it as sufficient to open the gates of San Quentin for this unfortunate man. Mr. Clerk, swear the first witness."

Sheriff Bentley stepped up on the witness-stand and was duly sworn. Garland immediately took him through a direct examination that covered the conversation which the sheriff, Garland and Bob Mason had had with Uncle Charlie Canfield just prior to the latter's death.

With no attempt at legal finesse he developed the fact that, acting upon this hearsay evidence that the dead man had been armed and that the pistol and the empty cartridges had been removed from the scene of the killing by Bob Mason's wife, Bentley had commenced an extensive search for the weapon and had finally found it in the hollow oak-tree about a hundred yards from the spot where the killing had occurred.



Bob Mason removed the envelop for

At this juncture Bentley produced the pistol and swore that it was the same weapon he had found in the tree—likewise six empty cartridge shells. The pistol and the cartridges were then passed to the judge, the district attorney and the former jurymen, who examined them carefully.

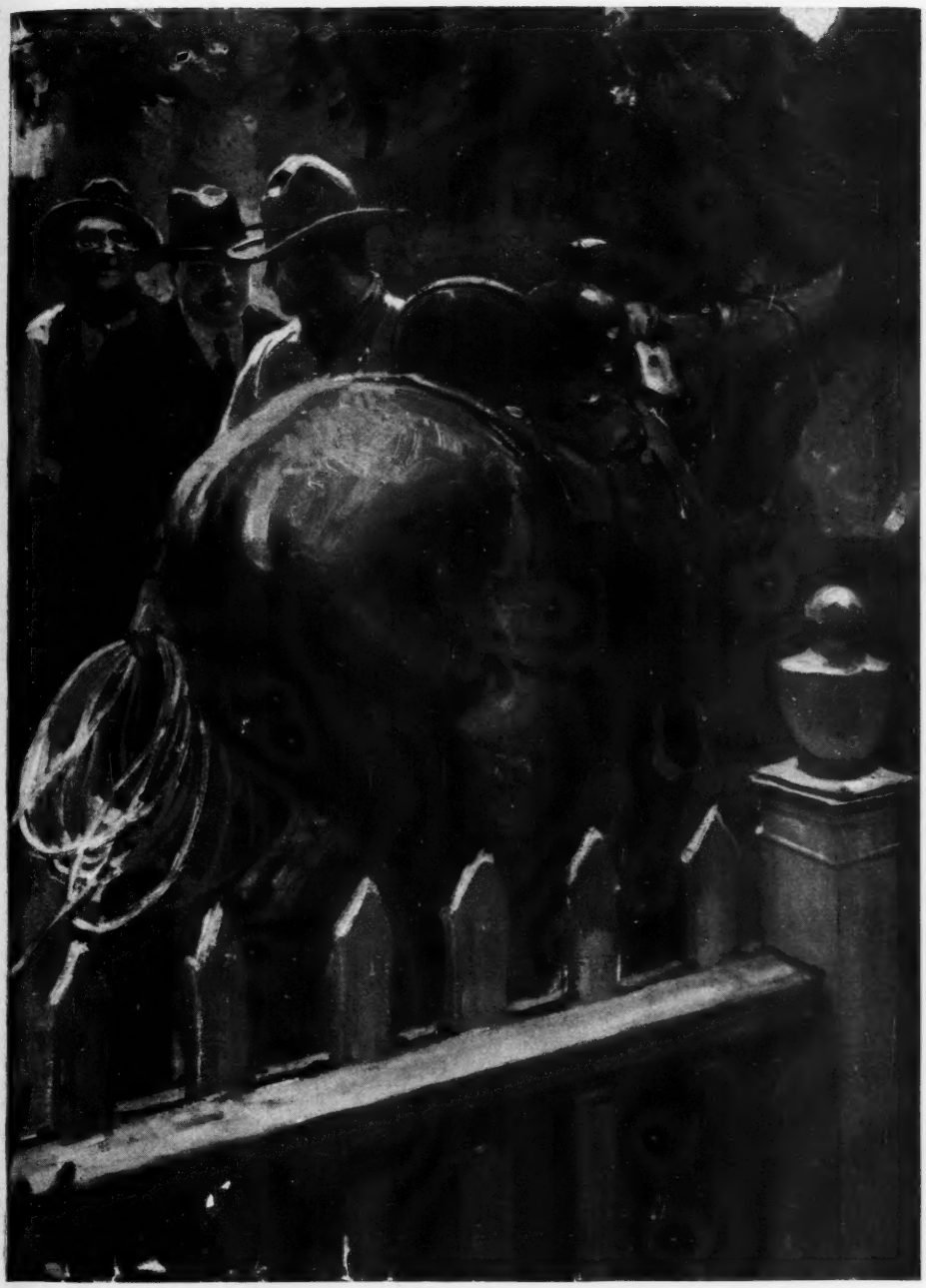
Led by Garland's questions, Bentley testified in detail regarding his efforts to trace the ownership of the pistol. He produced carbon copies of his telegrams to the manufacturers and their replies and step by step traced the pistol to its final ownership, to wit, Henry Jethroe, president of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company.

Following some perfunctory questioning by the district attorney, the judge and one of the former jurymen, Bentley stepped down from the stand and Deputy Sheriff Nott took the witness chair. He testified to having been present when the oak-tree was cut down and the evidence discovered in its hollow trunk. He testified that when the gun was found it was fully loaded.

When Deputy Nott's testimony had been concluded, Garland placed in evidence a sworn affidavit from one Edward Binney, who stated that he was a salesman in the Golden Gate Hardware Company of San Francisco; that he had sold, on a certain date a year prior to the killing, a forty-five caliber pistol, of the make, model and number of a certain pistol exhibited to him by Bentley; that the purchaser was Mr. Henry Jethroe, president of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company; that he knew Mr. Jethroe well, having sold him sporting goods for years; and that he remembered the sale of the pistol to him perfectly.

Next Garland submitted in evidence the register of firearms sold by the Golden Gate Hardware Company—the register required by law to be kept. It had been signed by Henry Jethroe.

The submission of this evidence practically concluded the informal investigation. "At Mason's trial," Garland continued, addressing the court, "it appears from the record that he disclaimed owning a pistol, that he swore he had not loaned a pistol to the deceased nor had he ever kept a pistol in his desk or in his quarters at the mine. The affidavit of the hardware salesman, Edward Binney, and the record of the sale kept by the hardware company, together with Jethroe's signature in the record, would lend some doubt to the testimony given by him in Mason's trial. Personally, I think he is guilty of perjury and I shall make it my business to——"



Monica from Jethroe's pocket, and left him lying a bruised, unconscious mass.

"Do not bother, Mr. Garland," Jim Kerby spoke up. "I am the district attorney and it shall be my pleasure and duty to seek an indictment against Mr. Jethroe at the next meeting of the Siskiyou County Grand Jury."

Judge Kenly knocked the dottle from his pipe. "Well, Jim," he queried, "what do you think?"

"I think Jethroe's a liar and a perjurer; that he did own this gun; that he kept it in his desk or in the quarters he was wont to occupy when waiting at Dogwood Flats; that the dead man, Bardwell, knew the gun was there; that he helped himself to it on that last trip he made up to see Mason's wife; that the woman, in a sudden fury of resentment against her husband for killing this man she loved, hid the pistol and the empty cartridges in the dead oak.

"I believe Ashforth Dale saw her, that he told Uncle Charley Canfield what he had seen, that Uncle Charley repeated the tale in good faith and with a firm belief—knowing he was about to die—that it was his duty to repeat it. I believe now that Bob Mason killed Grant Bardwell in self-defense, after giving the fellow every chance in the world, and that Mason is not guilty of the murder with which he has been charged and for which he is now serving a life sentence in San Quentin."

"You have expressed my sentiments exactly, Jim," the judge declared. "Of the twelve men who composed the jury that convicted Mason, two are dead; the other ten are present. Gentlemen, what is your idea of this situation? If you think Mason has been unjustly convicted, raise your right hands."

Ten right hands were upraised promptly.

"In this state," the judge continued, "when a man has been regularly tried and convicted; when he has appealed from the conviction and his appeal has been denied by the Supreme Court; after judgment has been entered and the man confined in the state penitentiary and after he has served part of his sentence there, there does not appear to be any method by which the case can be reopened and a new trial secured. If there is, I don't know anything about it.

"The procedure which the circumstances indicate should be taken in this case is, however, much more simple and effective.

"It is proposed that the trial judge, the district attorney and the ten survivors of the jury that convicted Mason shall make affidavit to the effect that they have listened to the sworn testimony in the matter of the newly discovered evidence in the case of the people of the State of California versus Robert Lee Mason; that they are fully and firmly convinced that because this evidence was not available at Mason's trial, a reasonable doubt as to his guilt or innocence was not raised in their minds; that they are now fully convinced that had said newly discovered evidence been available, they would have given the accused the benefit of the doubt and voted not guilty; that they are now fully convinced of the non-guilt of Mason and petition the Parole Board to investigate the case thoroughly and recommend to the governor of the state that Mason be given an unconditional pardon, which will remove from him all stigma of guilt and automatically restore his citizenship rights.

"I need not point out to you that this joint drive is bound to result in prompt and decisive action."

Garland looked up at Judge Kenly, and grinned. "If your Honor please," he said, "I have the affidavits prepared and here in court with me! I had not the slightest doubt that your Honor, the district attorney and the gentlemen of the jury would take this just attitude and be prepared to sign the affidavits and swear to them before your court clerk immediately."

"You're a fast worker, Mr. Garland," the judge replied smilingly. "Now who has a fountain (*Continued on page 100*)



Illustrations by
The Author

Words and

By *Wallace Smith*

¶ *All the world's a stage to the Shakespearian heavy—even in the privacy of his boarding-house.*

HE HAD been a blond. But now his coloring matched the brunette complexion of his mood. It gave him the look of a wistfully despondent satan.

His blue eyes—he hadn't been able to change *their* color—gazed in sorrowful abstraction at the empty oblong bird-cage in his hands. His stiff black mustache twisted as he spoke.

"Abba-dabba—gezeldo!" said the dark man.

There was no proper spirit, though, in his utterance. It had the melancholy of an exhausted ritual.

His slim white fingers moved languidly. A shadow fluttered between his hands. He turned their palms outward. The bird-cage had disappeared!

The sad, dark gentleman displayed no lively emotion at this singular phenomenon. If anything, his mood lowered. His black imperial loomed like a brooding exclamation-mark.

"Old stuff!" he commented. "It's as old a trick as Columbus's gag with the egg."

"But no, good friend," protested the other man in the room. He had been leaning against the doorway, playing a Romany tune on a muted violin and thoughtfully watching. "But no," he went on, "it is an excellent illusion. You deceived me utterly and I have seen it done a hundred times. I know exactly what happens; how the elastic jerks the collapsed cage under your vest. But, even so, I could not follow the dance of your so-gifted hands. That is art, my friend."

"Oh, it's still a fair baffle, at that," said the moody one. "But a canary-bird ain't a lion. It ain't so much as a healthy ostrich. Good Lord, when you come right down to it, most of the time it ain't even a canary—but a sparrow dyed with peroxid or something."

The Romany fiddler knew the despair, sounding like an overtone in the words of his friend. It was this knowledge that had brought him, lounging and seeming casual, to the magician's room in Mrs. Fisher's theatrical boarding-house—strictly for the profession.

That was the way of the Count, which was the name they gave the Gipsy violinist at Mrs. Fisher's. It has been a long time now since the Count lived at Mrs. Fisher's. But they still remember there that gracious, sympathetic way of his. Out of his own great sorrow, there had grown a vast understanding. He sensed the sorrow of others and, quietly, he offered the comfort of his understanding and the support of his gentle, worldly knowledge.

Mascagni, Monarch of Magic, had been despondent for weeks. Ostensibly, this might have been caused by the success that had come to his greatest rival in Magic. Hubert the Great had introduced a spectacular novelty to vaudeville. Scorning such trifles as bowls of goldfish and pots of paper flowers—and peroxided canaries—Hubert the Great had waved his magic wand over a whole cage of lions—and had caused them to disappear as handily as if he were merely palming the deuce of spades.

It was a sensation—and, it might be reckoned, a blow at the legerdemain pride of Mascagni, Monarch of Magic. Yet, despite his cage of lions, Hubert the Great was rated by his fellows as an inferior magic, by which abbreviated noun the magician as well as his act is known among the players of vaudeville.

There was something else to Mascagni's lowering melancholy. As the magic ruefully opened his property vest and brought out the collapsed bird-cage, the Count tried tactfully to avoid the subject of lions.

"You never use a living bird for your rehearsals?" he queried.

"No; they can't stand more than four or five collapses," replied Mascagni. "It crushes 'em, and they die. I wouldn't use 'em, even on the stage. A stuffed bird would make no difference to the trick. But the audience wants live canaries. The public——"

Mascagni's voice had grown suddenly bitter again. The Count hastily interposed.

"It is most kind of you," he said, "to consider the suffering of a tiny bird."

"Oh, yes," replied Mascagni. "And, also, canary-birds—even dyed ones—cost more than you might figure they would."

He was jointing the cage together again. In the movement of his expressive tapering fingers there was a pensive distaste.

"It is that you have lost interest, is it not, good friend?" asked the Count. "That you have no faith, may I say, in your own illusions?"

"Aw, what's the use?" answered Mascagni. "What can you do with a public that ain't got artistic taste? The public wants lions. It won't understand that making a canary disappear by sleight o' hand is better magic than vanishing a whole zoo of seedy lions with enough tackle and assistants to run a battleship."

"Alas, it is true," agreed the Count. "The public forever wants a gilt frame around its pictures. But it is also true that the artist must not lose faith in his art. To lose his interest—ah, that is sad and so-fatal. Whether he is a painter or a magician or a great writer, he must keep doing his little tricks and believing in them. That is the way of the true artist."

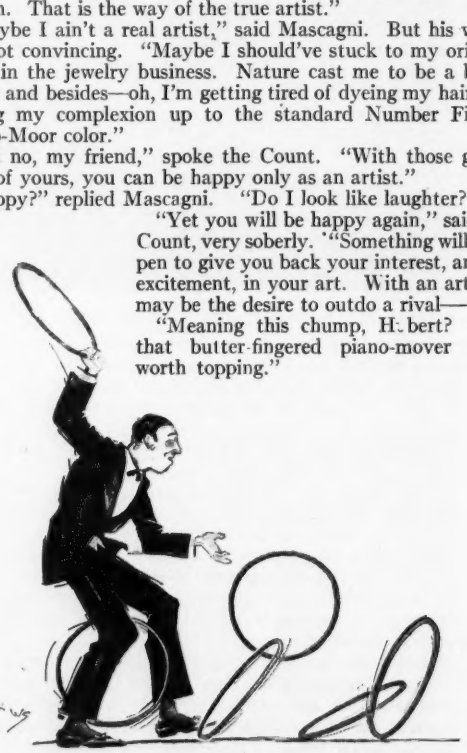
"Maybe I ain't a real artist," said Mascagni. But his words were not convincing. "Maybe I should've stuck to my original racket in the jewelry business. Nature cast me to be a blond jeweler and besides—oh, I'm getting tired of dyeing my hair and keeping my complexion up to the standard Number Fifteen Othello-Moor color."

"But no, my friend," spoke the Count. "With those gifted hands of yours, you can be happy only as an artist."

"Happy?" replied Mascagni. "Do I look like laughter?"

"Yet you will be happy again," said the Count, very soberly. "Something will happen to give you back your interest, and an excitement, in your art. With an artist it may be the desire to outdo a rival——"

"Meaning this chump, Hubert? Say, that butter-fingered piano-mover ain't worth topping."



¶ *Hoop-la! A refined*

A New Story from Mrs. Fisher's Boarding House

Music



The magnificent ringmaster.

"Or there may be one other thing—a beautiful thing," continued the Count. "Sometimes it takes a woman."

Mascagni's mild blue eyes watched suspiciously under mascaroed, magic eyebrows.

"A woman," the Count went on, "for whom the artist will wish to perform his greatest work. Most of the world's great masterpieces—if we but knew the real story behind them—have come to us because an artist wished to win the smile of some woman."

"Listen, Count," broke in Mascagni. "You ain't trying to kid me about nothing, are you? About Abbie, now?"

"But no, *amigo mio*——"

From below, as if responding to a cue for music, came an elaborate trill of chords on a piano. And then, *con expressione*, a vibrant soprano lifted. It was the voice of the younger of the Savannah Sisters, singers of ballads old and new. Abigail Savannah, singing one of the newer ballads:

> "You vow that you'll love me forever;
> Forever, you swear, and a day.
> But, dear, how can I truly know
> That, 'midst sunshine or wintry snow,
> You mean all those fond love words you say?"

The Count watched the magician. Mascagni stood motionless; as rapt as the dummy in his original version of the much-disputed levitation act. This music, it was plain, made subtle magic for the somber magician.

Mascagni sighed. His black mustachios suddenly bristled. "I'll do it!" he cried. "If the flop-eared public thinks this Hubert's a magic because he vanishes a couple second-hand, moth-eaten lions—I'll palm an elephant for 'em! I'll do it, by golly, if it breaks my back."

The Count smiled with his understanding, Gipsy eyes. The blue eyes of the magic smiled back, a little abashed. As if, mildly, they would apologize for the swarthy tone of Mascagni's vehemence.

"Besides," added Mascagni, "elephants ain't as perishable as canaries."

But the Count already was strolling down the hall. He was playing again on the muted violin. A bit of a Romany tune that was like a lover's speech in the gray of dawn.

AMONG Mrs. Fisher's lodgers, the love of Mascagni, Monarch of Magic, was no secret alone for the delicate discernment of the Count. Inspired by the effrontery of Hubert the Great, Mascagni might more easily have palmed the threatened elephant than he could vanish, to use the trade term, the symptoms of his affection. Of course, he had their sympathy. He was a trouper among troupers. And the half-world of the stage loves a lover no less than the other world on the scenic side of the fire-proof curtain.



vaudeville specialty.

Ordinarily, Mrs. Fisher's folk would not have worried over the outcome, even though Mascagni had a rival in love as he had in magic. This rival was Martin Scoville, vaguely known to them as a member of the Board of Trade; a wealthy man with a familiar fondness for the theater and its people. And, it had been apparent, an especial fondness for Abigail Savannah. But Martin Scoville was, after all, of the dark side of the theater. He belonged "out front." Distinctly, he was *not* of the profession. In their loyalty they would not have been able to understand a decent alternative between Mascagni, of the spot-light's elect, and Scoville, an outsider. It is that way with such as dwell at Mrs. Fisher's.

Ordinarily, then, Mrs. Fisher's folk would not have worried over the love of Mascagni. But they did worry. That also is the way in the twilight, delightful land back of the curtain. Troupers share their worries as they share their happiness.

It was the mellow sentimentality of Abigail Savannah herself that bothered Mrs. Fisher's lodgers. Abigail's philosophy was that of the lush songs she sang. She moved through life, off the stage as well as on, to the accompaniment of a ballady tune; to the vamping obbligato of a ballady theme.

The younger Savannah approached the real romance of her life with the assurance that it would decide itself as happily as a happy love-song.

And, alarmingly, she displayed a calm impartiality toward Mascagni and Martin Scoville.

"The woman's heart of me will speak the answer," she told Mrs. Fisher, whose worry had led to indiscreet interrogation. "Somewheres, deep in my innermost being, a chord will respond and I will know."

The declaration was whispered among the lodgers.

"I've always claimed," declared the Gilda girl, "where Abbie takes these ballads of hers too serious. She's as romantic as a colored gelatin slide. And if there's one time in a dame's life when she shouldn't let sentiment influence her, it's when she's picking out a partner for the matrimonial two-act."

She was an impudent piece, that Gilda girl. She sang and danced at the Mock Turtle cabaret and was inclined to be flippant with respected traditions.

"But, my friends," the Count said, "surely in such an affair of the heart, we may trust a little in a woman's instinct—even in the sentiment of a ballad."

"In these pop ballads," Gilda said, "you'll find many's the rhyme for *love* and *moon* and *kisses*—but just try to find one for *husband* or *groceries*. Figure it out for yourself."

"Then you ain't afraid," questioned Kitty LaVelle, wife of M. Jacques LaVelle, vaudeville's premier knife- and ax-thrower; and target for his skill, "you ain't afraid she'll marry outside the perfession?"

"Good heavens, is that what's worrying you?" exclaimed the Gilda girl, in malicious innocence. "What *I'm* afraid of is that Abbie won't have sense enough to grab the customer with the important bank-roll. There's a lot of difference between a two-a-day magic pretending to pick dollars out of the air and a heavy business bloke who can pick 'em out of the bank."

There was a shocked silence at this. The Gilda girl, whatever her shortcomings, was enough of a trouper to know when it was time to exit. She was sauntering toward the purple plush

portières of Mrs. Fisher's parlor before Mlle. Blanchette, the strongjaw act, could speak.

"There's things in this world," said Mlle. Blanchette coldly, "which mere money cannot buy."

"Of course, dearie," purred the Gilda girl, "but what would one do with Pike's Peak if one *could* buy it?"

She exited on that line, leaving them with a dented platitude and a more nearly unanimous worry. Bert Coons, of Coons and Cooney—smart sidewalk chatter and extemporaneous rhymesters—tried a touch of comic relief.

"Maybe in the pinch," offered the irrepressible gagster, "Abbie will remember the old ballad about 'Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage' and she'll do a walkout, regardless, on this Scoville john with the heavy bucks."

"You can't ever tell about Abbie," responded Kitty LaVelle. "If she recalls *that* tear-yanking words and music she may think of Mascagni's canary-bird trick and be all washed up with the magic."

"Whichever one she tags, I only hope she does it soon," said Julius Tark, who was the hefty understander of the Four Tumbling Tarks. "She's making a wreck out of poor Mascagni. They tell me he's been talking of working a elephant into his routine, just to show her what a knock-out magic he is."

"It puts me in mind of this pun," insisted Bert Coons, "about the fellow which promises his mother where he'll do some big, clean thing and so he gets him a job in the circus, washing elephants."

"Ain't it rich," mused Dan Sawtelle, king of all sword-swallowers, "what this love business can do to a man? If Abbie don't make up her mind, Mascagni will be trying a baffle with one of these dinoser'ouses."

It was Jenny Fairbank who had the last word in that discussion about Mascagni and Abbie and Martin Scoville.

"Take it from me," she advised them, "that Abbie's already decided between the magic and the money."

"But she makes this daffy crack herself, Jen," argued Julius Tark, "about the woman's heart of her and how it will speak."

"Well, no woman's heart stutters," replied Jenny Fairbank, "especially in a spot like that. Abbie's just try'ng to be romantical. She *knows*. A woman always does."

"Then she's carrying on," accused Dan Sawtelle, "just like the vampire in that new ballad of hers. In that song called 'Some Day You'll Want to Remember and I'll Be the One to Forget.'"

"Why don't she come out, cold turkey, with the answer?" demanded Julius Tark.

"Why don't Mascagni," countered Jenny Fairbank, "explain to the audience how he makes the seven of diamonds rise out of the deck?"

It was their habit to listen when Jenny Fairbank spoke of the ways of men and women. She was a woman, it may be remembered, who had chosen to marry in the profession. Rather emphatically. Three times she had made the choice and thrice, in all, she had spoken the eternal vows.

After Jenny Fairbank had pronounced her judgment Mrs. Fisher's lodgers were a little resentful of Abbie's romantic dalliance. It was as if she juggled lightly with their hearts, as well as with the hearts of Mascagni, Monarch of Magic, and Martin Scoville, the man of wealth.

WHEN the Savannah Sisters were booked to open the season at the Majestic Theater, Mrs. Fisher's lodgers felt that the crisis of the three-cornered romance was not far away. Abbie Savannah, for all her emotional enjoyment, could not hope to sustain the drama. A good trouper must know when, in the parlance, to pyramid to a climax—and off.

Mrs. Fisher's lodgers listened for some cue in the songs that the Savannah Sisters rehearsed in their room. Abbie Savannah could not have been more mysterious if she had been as deliberately evasive in her selections as they suspected. Chief among the ballads old were "When Chloe Sings" and "Because." There was no information there. Topping the ballads new was "Tears Water my Garden of Love"—it became the ballad hit of that new season—which the lodgers looked upon as more than ballady affectation on the part of the younger Savannah.

"If that dizzy babe ever sheds a tear," said Dan Sawtelle bitterly, "it is because she sticks the eyelash pencil in her eye."

Libby Savannah, the older of the singing sisters, shared the perturbation of the others. You could tell that they were real sisters, and not professional relatives. Only an older sister, and a doting one, could so completely have spoiled Abbie.

Abbie was the one who selected the Spanish shawl to drape over the edge of the nicked and veteran pianos they encountered on the circuit. It was Libby who saw to it that Abbie never risked going on the stage with a run in her stocking; who tidily kept their costumes in repair. Abbie took the choice songs. Libby played the accompaniments and subdued her contralto to minor harmonizing. The only time Libby, alone, was allowed to plant a vocal, as the expression has it, was when Abbie was making a costume change. That was unavoidable. The wait, as they say theatrically, had to be plugged.

The day before the Majestic opening, Libby timidly spoke to her sister about the state of her sister's heart.

"Is my love like a idle fancy," asked Abbie, with dignity, "to be gave on a moment's notice and regretted in after years?"

Her voice was recitative. Libby could almost hear the accompaniment.

"No, Abbie, of course," she said quickly. "Only it seems a shame to keep Mascagni—to keep either of them waiting so long."

"And what of the woman's heart of me?" demanded Abbie. "Is love to be put on and took off as easy as a raiment?"

"I just thought," said the apologetic sister, "where maybe you kind o' guessed already which one you like most, but are—well, kind o' holding back——"

"And you, my own sister," cried Abbie, "stand there and claim where I'm a woman to toy with men's hearts like a soiled glove!"

LIBBY'S air of apology became profuse.

"You hold mere money higher than your sister's soul!" Abbie's soprano rose shrilly. "You are selfish and worried because if I wed out o' the perfession you think I'll abandon my career and leave you flat."

"Oh, Abbie!"

And there was such hurt in Libby's voice and in her doting eyes that Abbie, as glibly as an organist manipulates his stops, pushed in one emotion and jerked out another.

"I didn't mean it, Libby!" she said. "It's just my temper'ment, honey. Don't cry, dearie. No matter what happens—won't make no difference to us——"

"You said—I—I—c-called you a bad woman," sniffled Libby, timorously pressing the advantage.

"Don't you get steamed up any more about that, darling," soothed Abbie. "Listen, Libby. Tomorrow night I'll know which one it is. There'll be telegrams and flowers and everything for our opening. All our friends will catch the show. And each of these two from amongst who I must select my mate will send some token. The love-light will shine true. The woman's heart of me will know—and answer."

It was on the day before the Majestic opening that Mascagni broke off his negotiations for the loan of one of the Great Dolling Brothers circus elephants. It was an impulsive resolution, born out of black despair—and out of the pride of his slim, magical fingers.

It was, after all, a real pride. Mascagni was a magician among magicians. Other magics, in off-stage hours, mellowed perhaps by magic brew, made genuflection to the legerdemain of Mascagni. He could do more baffling tricks with an ordinary lead-pencil or a borrowed watch, before your very eyes, than other magics could achieve with a whole arsenal of properties, light effects and trap-doors.

Mascagni had won a long, discouraging struggle for this recognition since he had first left the jewelry store to do his early tricks before a neighborhood business men's smoker. His name, of course, had been anything but Mascagni. Nature had conspired against him in the matter of complexion. A blond magic! It was unthinkable. Before he achieved any notice from the booking-agents, he had been forced to dye his hair, darken his skin and grow the villainous mustachios and the imperial.

He had even overcome the handicap of his mild blue eyes. And so, in his pride, it was hard—and, finally, impossible—to bear the smiles of other magics when they gossiped that Mascagni felt the need of an elephant to support his clever, fluent fingers.

"It's no use," Mascagni told the Count. "I'm a real magician. I don't need seven trunks full of props and twenty assistants to baffle the audience. If the pig-eyed public don't want to be baffled *my* way—if they want elephants and hippopotamuses——"

The Count broke in calmly. "But—permit me, friend of my heart—how about *her?*"

"It was for her I thought I could do it," replied Mascagni. "The Lord knows, I'd do 'most anything to please Abbie; to win her smile, like you said. But I can't do *that*. It's got to be my own tricks, my own little tricks that I do with my own hands, or no tricks at all."

"Bravo, my friend!" Mascagni's mild blue eyes questioned the



Fifteen fine garden vegetables, invigorating beef broth, substantial cereals, tempting herbs and seasoning! All in this one hearty, delicious, wholesome soup!

12 cents a can

SOUP

for your children's health



IT IS A wise mother who realizes the wholesomeness of good, hot soup for the growing children. Soup acts as a tonic to the appetite. Its delicious flavor arouses the sense of taste, makes it vigorous and keen for food. Soup causes the digestive fluids to flow more freely, with the result that more food is desired and eaten, and it is assimilated into the body tissue more promptly.

Correct eating! How important it is to the growing child! Soup is a valuable aid in keeping your child's appetite healthy and normal and in supplying exactly what the child's body requires for proper growth and development.



FOR example, in the cooking of vegetables for the home table, a large quantity of the valuable mineral salts are absorbed in the cooking water which is usually thrown away. These mineral salts are needed for the general bodily health and to supply the bony framework, the teeth and the hair with proper nourishment. Most soups contain vegetables and in the making of soup, the water in which the vegetables are cooked, is retained. This means that none of the mineral salts are wasted. They are saved in all their abundance and richness to do the priceless work nature intended them to do. So you see that the eating of soup by your children is one of the ways of insuring the proper all-round nutrition they need.



TOMATOES abound in the vitamines which all authorities regard as vitally necessary for growing children. These mysterious vitamines invigorate and promote healthy growth and prevent the occurrence of some diseases. See that your children often eat soup made with tomatoes.

The vegetable soups, and the cream soups especially, are splendid for children. Tomato, Pea, Celery, Asparagus and Bean Soups, prepared with milk, all offer dishes extra nourishing and tempting to the child—for luncheon, or dinner or supper. Visit your grocer and acquaint yourself with the endless variety of soups, already cooked for your table, so convenient and easy for you to serve, yet so welcome to every member of your family.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

applause. "It is because I hear the artist speaking again," explained the Count. "The artist oh-so-sure of his art."

"But I ain't so sure," said Mascagni. "I ain't sure whatsoever—about her."

"Allow me, then," begged the Count, "to give you this much assurance. If a little trick, done with your hands—and your heart—will not work the charm, then it would not help if you made a whole herd of elephants disappear."

There were telegrams and flowers on the night that the Savannah Sisters appeared on the Majestic's opening bill. Greetings from friendly acts all over the circuit. Lavish optimism and extravagant praise.

In one corner of their dressing-room stood an overwhelming pyramid of flowers. It was an intricately wired composition on which an enraptured florist had expended himself. In it were rank orchids, buxom roses, calla-lilies, forget-me-nots, pansies—everything but geraniums. Into it were woven most of the symbols in the Florist's Handy Book of Designs. A suggestion of the horseshoe, a touch of the triumphal arch, just a hint of the wedding bell, the circle of friendship. Obviously, he had been instructed that money was no object. It was an opportunity.

Across the banked blossoms one symbol struggled for domination. It was a heart, made of red rosebuds. A heart, pierced by a silver arrow. On it was inscribed, in pure white petals, the initial "A," for Abbie, of course; and in pale blue, the initial "M."

Both sisters stood silent before the tower of flowers. It was a little stunning, even in the exaggerated atmosphere of good will and overflowing prayers. Neither of them spoke as they turned to the dressing-table. Libby was as anxious for portents as if one might stab her in the back. Abbie might have been listening for the voice of her heart.

As the orchestra played the program overture a messenger arrived. He delivered a neatly wrapped packet to Abbie. She opened it slowly, smiled over what it contained and arose with a full consciousness of the moment's drama.

"It is my love," she said, "and it is Mascagni."

Libby dropped the miniature skillet in which she was stewing a black cosmetic.

"This is the token for which I waited for," Abbie declaimed. "Just this simple little gift—a tiny silver locket set with a green brilliant. Not for its intrinsical value but the sentiment. That is Mascagni's true nobility of character. He understands my soul—and the chord deep inside my very being responds."

She turned on the tall explosion of flowers as if she withdrew from a malevolent seduction.

"So!" she sneered. "You would trap my soul, eh, with your promises of wealth and riches? You would blind me with costly flowers to show how you could give me luxury and good times regardless of expense? Ha ha!"

It was a very precise ha-ha.

"No, Martin Scoville, it cannot be. Life with you would be a mansion of aching hearts. I will not be only a rich man's darling, surrounded by servants and all the refinements mere gold could buy."

She advanced. Swiftly she tore the symbolic heart from its frame and trampled it.

"No, our hearts can never be one," she told the gaudy floral shrine. "For I have gave my heart to Mascagni."

Libby watched, and thrilled to the intimate drama before her. After all, it was good to have the romance settled. Mascagni *was* a good, steady man—and he was in the profession.

Libby glanced at the note that had accompanied the locket. It said, simply:

"From me to you . . . M"

Libby permitted herself a timid frown of puzzlement.

"But how can you tell," she asked, "who sent the flowers and who sent the locket? Both their initials are 'M.' "

Abbie's smile was almost grateful. Libby's question could not have been timed better with a rehearsal.

"I can trust the woman's heart of me," breathed Abbie. "It would not play me false!"

Martin Scoville was in his room at the Standard Club, leisurely preparing for the jaunt across town to the Majestic. He smiled as he freshened his tie before the mirror.

"She is the only concert soprano I ever heard," said Mr. Scoville, strangely sentimental, to his dinner-jacketed reflection, "who didn't start her program with the Jewel Song from 'Faust' or close it with 'Carry me back to Old Virginny.' For that, at least, she deserves my tribute."

There was a knock at the door. Into the room came an attendant, in the smartly subdued uniform of the Standard Club. He staggered under the burden of the floral monument that had been sent to Abigail Savannah. It still flaunted all its symbolism except the initialed, amputated heart.

Mr. Scoville was startled. The attendant had some difficulty disguising his grin.

"There's a note came with it, sir," he announced.

When the attendant had gone Mr. Scoville stared again, incredulously, at the violence that a florist had done. He shuddered. Then he opened the note.

When he had read it he went to the massive buffet in the shadowy corner of his room. He poured a drink from a crystal decanter and downed it abruptly.

"Whew! That was a narrow escape!" said Mr. Scoville. "I must be more careful hereafter. My sense of humor will get me in trouble yet."

It was queer speech for a jilted man. And he was decidedly that. For the note in his hand—he was reading it again—said:

> Dear Sir: All is over between us. I can never be your bride. It is like that old song which says take back your gold, for gold can never buy me. Once I may of thought that such might be but tonight when I gazed on your lavish but vulgar gift and the simple love-token sent to me by another I knew deep down in the woman's heart of me that I could not be a bird in a gilded cage. So good-by forever. With best wishes, yours sincerely, Abigail Savannah of the Savannah Sisters, Singers of Ballads Old and New.

Mr. Scoville pondered over it. "A lavish but vulgar gift," he mused. "That's a nice way, I must say, to talk about an emerald set in platinum. If she felt that way I wonder why she didn't send it back to me." He smiled leniently. "Well, it's worth it," he said. "She's welcome. I'll just charge two thousand to experience. But why——"

He glanced fearfully over his shoulder. The floral monster seemed to hunch toward him like an accusing nightmare.

"But why," concluded Mr. Scoville, "did she send me flowers? And such flowers!"

Mr. Scoville shuddered again.

After the performance at the Majestic, Mascagni and Abigail Savannah sat alone in the yellowish twilight of Mrs. Fisher's pendant-glass, parlor chandelier. The magician had desired a more open celebration of their betrothal. A visit to some midnight restaurant, by preference. Mascagni needed the corroboration of others sharing the mystery. The swift, subtle turn of events was baffling to the magic. He feared an elaborate illusion.

Abigail had insisted on Mrs. Fisher's parlor. It was much more romantic. Just as if she was in her home and he was a young gentleman caller.

"Like the first verse of 'Why Am I Melancholy 'midst Broadway's Glitter and Folly?' " she explained, "where the butterfly longs for her simple home life in South Dakota."

"Yes," said Mascagni.

So they sat in the parlor of Mrs. Fisher's lodgings and talked of such things as newly betrothed young people may find interesting; young people about to marry in the profession. Of their hopes that Mascagni could book his magic act over the same circuit the Savannahs were to play; of saving to buy a little home—Abbie called it a love-nest built for two—where they could raise chickens between seasons.

Through it all, Mascagni remained dazed. It was a long time before he found words to express his curiosity; before he could ask the fond, fateful questions in his mind. It is a fatal instinct, that masculine curiosity with women. As fatal, and quite as incredibly strong, as the masculine instinct for confession.

"How did I make up my mind, you stupid sweetheart?" Abbie responded to his halting question. "It was the woman's heart of me decided."

"I know," said Mascagni. "But how?"

"I think I always knew, dear heart," answered Abbie. "But I wanted to be sure. Tonight I knew. When you sent me—this."

She made an approved dramatic pause between the last two words. And from her breast she drew the locket.

"Me?" stuttered Mascagni. "That?"

Abbie laughed fondly. "You're a big time magic, precious," she said, "but you can't baffle *me*. No use pretending——".

Now, a magic must learn to hide his emotions. It is one of his chiefest tricks. It is necessary discipline confronted eternally, as the magic is, with a world that knows he is pledged to deceive it; a world eternally alert to catch him in his deceit.

Mascagni's face became an inscrutable, suavely smiling, brunette mask. Only in his mild blue eyes—that were never a magic's eyes—had there come a fright and a slow misery. Blue eyes of a troubled boy. Abigail Savannah, had she not been so immersed in the words and music of her romance, might have translated their look. But she was reciting, with relish, the drama of her decision.

Mascagni had been a jeweler. He had appraised, in a glance, the value of the square-cut emerald set in platinum. Just then he did not puzzle over how she had managed to see in it only a stagy brilliant.

He asked for it, with his fluent hands. Still voluble, she took it from the chain at her throat and gave it to him.

"It meant everything to me," she said rapturously.

It meant everything to him, too; to both of them. Still there was no betrayal in the precise, dark mask of the magician. Only in his eyes was there the awed realization that in his pale, gifted hands he held the charm of their happiness; his happiness and hers.

His fingers made little graceful dramas of gesture. He smiled to note they were so steady and cool.

"And suppose," he asked, and wished that his voice was as steady as his fingers, "and suppose that *he* had sent this locket and I had sent the flowers?"

That fatal curiosity of men! But——

"Don't be an old silly," smiled Abbie, "and give me back my locket."

His voice was steadier now. "Look!" he exclaimed, with the intonation of a magic on the stage. "Watch me closely!"

The emerald gleamed in the yellow light of the parlor chandelier; gleamed like the eyes of a venomous serpent.

"Abba-dabba—gezeldo!" cried Mascagni.

His slim, lovely fingers moved. A shadow fluttered between his white hands. He turned their palms toward her. The locket had disappeared!

Abigail Savannah reached for the magical hands. They evaded her and his arms went around her. Abigail laughed, gently and deep in her throat. Then her laugh hushed suddenly.

There was a warm glow in the heart of Mascagni, Monarch of Magic. He had done his little trick—such a simple little trick—and it had been enough. The artist had found faith again in his art.



She bought Fels-Naptha for its *extra* help!

The extra help of safe, dirt-loosening naptha and golden soap, working together.

This is why she kept on buying it: She was a young bride. When she started housekeeping she used Fels-Naptha Soap, as had been her mother's habit.

After awhile, however, she was tempted to try chips, powders and other cleaners. She wondered whether any other soap really could do more for her than Fels-Naptha.

When she had tried them all and found that none did as much so easily, she came back to Fels-Naptha, and came back to stay!

She knows that Fels-Naptha gives her *extra* help! She knows that it makes clothes clean more easily and more quickly! Because Fels-Naptha is more than soap. A great deal more than just naptha soap. It is exceptionally good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha combined. This gives you ***extra* washing help you'd hardly expect of any other soap, no matter what its form, or color, or price!**

Thousands upon thousands of housewives have been getting Fels-Naptha's *extra* help for years in all their household cleaning. They know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

Why not go by their experience, and get this *extra* help, too?

—•—

Many women get the extra help of Fels-Naptha in the washing machine. They dissolve it first, or chip it directly into the machine.

They get more than just soap suds. They get suds enriched with dirt-loosening naptha—and that means *extra* help! Chipping Fels-Naptha only takes about 50 seconds. No bother. No fuss. No waste. Try Fels-Naptha in your washing machine. You'll be surprised and delighted with the results.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © Fels & Co.

Love Laughs at Quarrels *by Royal Brown* (*Continued from page 103*)

for gas and oil were rum-runners he had a shrewd suspicion. But that, in the beginning he had considered none of his business. More recently he had begun to wonder about that.

The offering for rent that spring of Sea Dunes, now occupied by Kynnastone, was at least a straw in the wind.

"Sea Dunes," the newspaper advertisements had announced, "is the magnificent summer estate of J. Thornton Squires of New York. and comprises almost a hundred acres, reached by a private road. In places the standing timber runs to the water's edge . . ."

No one need advertise that fact or the estate itself to certain runners of rum. They appreciated the possibilities of the place and made free use of it. And the advertisement was at least naive when it added explanatorily: "The only reason the estate is available for rent this summer is because the owner is abroad."

The truth, as all Plymsol knew, was that the owner had gone abroad because it had become impossible for him to staff the estate since the rum-running commenced, though he had procured two detectives from New York to police his grounds. One of these had been shot at and departed. The other had not waited to be shot at. Neither had various members of the purely domestic staff.

Inevitably, Kynnastone had been made aware of Sea Dunes' reputation, soon after his arrival to take possession.

"Rum-runners?" he had repeated jovially. "Rather a bit of all right—what? I fancy it should prove jolly interesting. Rather like living in a haunted house, only a bit livelier, if you get what I mean."

Which was, after all, the understandable attitude of a man who had lived widely and adventurously.

From the chief of police he had, with no difficulty, secured permission to go armed. He expressed himself as frightfully keen to get one of the rum-runners, and to that end he cooperated with various officers imbued with the same ambition, to whom he always gave a most cordial reception and with whom he had several times lain in ambush.

To his fervently expressed disgust, nothing had ever happened.

For the rest, he was counted a good mixer, a charming host, a good all-round sportsman and a most desirable addition to Plymsol's summer colony. All of which came to Digger's ears, naturally, but with no added comment, either way, from him. At times he could be as mum as any clam he ever dug.

This late June morning, however, a question had formed in his mind. And while he was considering it a state patrolman appeared, parked his motor-cycle outside and strolled into Digger's office. All just after Charity and Kynnastone had driven off. The newcomer was Chuck Delancey, formerly of the A. E. F., cool, quick-witted and as Digger would have phrased it, a regular fellow.

"What's on your mind now?" demanded Digger.

"Mostly an overwhelming desire for sleep," retorted Chuck. "I did a special tuck all last night over at Sea Dunes and I'm almost dead."

"Any results?" asked Digger.

Chuck slumped into a chair. "Not a whisper," he admitted. "I can't understand it."

He reached for one of Digger's cigarets—against the rules but merited consolation, he felt—and lighted it.

"The gang that is running stuff ashore at Sea Dunes this year," he said, disposing of the match, "is made up of a lot of outsiders. Part of a big system, I should say. Anyway, they have nothing to do with the gang that was using Sea Dunes last year—they've crowded that bunch out and it's plenty good and sore." He paused to emit a cloud of smoke. "I got a tip last night that I'd gambled on was straight," he went on. "I put it up to the Sarge and he sent Sully and me over to Sea Dunes."

"Where you told Kynnastone what was in the air?" suggested Digger.

Chuck glanced at him, surprised. "Of course," he admitted. "He's been working with us, you know, and he's keen to be in on a capture."

"And Kynnastone went along with you?"

"Say," demanded Chuck, puzzled, "what are you driving at anyway? Trying to suggest that he tipped 'em off? If so, you're crazy. In the first place, why should he?—and in the second, he wasn't with us. He was disappointed as the devil, but he had guests coming for bridge."

"Keep your shirt on," advised Digger. "I'm just getting the lay of the land. What happened next?"

"Well," said Chuck, "Sully and I went down to the point. We'd been there, lying low, about two hours when we heard a boat offshore. Running without lights, of course, but coming nearer every second. Exhaust closed and just purring along, but I'll gamble there were two motors going. And then——" He paused, his brows drawn in. "This sounds funny," he conceded, "but all of a sudden a cat meowed not ten feet away from us. Some meow—Sully and I both jumped. And while we were wondering where that cat could have come from, the rum-runner turned and beat it back to sea!"

Digger grinned. "Did you capture the cat?"

"No," returned Chuck shortly. "But what gets me is why the rum-runners beat it. They were coming in as sure as shooting up to the second that cat meowed. Why should that scare them off?"

"You might ask Kynnastone—it's his cat, isn't it?" Digger suggested.

"You mean that villainous old tom he calls his mascot?" demanded Chuck.

"So that's what he calls it!"

"I kidded him about it and he said he had picked it up one night in an alley in New York and that it was his luck," explained Chuck. He paused, frowned, then added derisively: "You seem to have Kynnastone on the brain. What are you trying to put across now—that he tipped off the cat to follow us down the point and warn the rum-runners off?"

Digger hesitated. Then, abruptly, he crossed to his safe and produced a file of papers which he handed to Chuck.

"This is all under your hat," he said, "but—look them over."

Chuck complied, puzzled at the beginning. Then: "Where did you pick this stuff up?" he demanded quickly.

"Pick it up nothing—it cost me all of two hundred bucks to get it complete."

"But what started you on—or have you a habit of collecting dossiers?"

"I had a hunch I'd seen this man who calls himself Kynnastone before," explained Digger. "Anyway, I knew the A. E. F. chucked out a man who looked enough like him, with the exception of the mustache, to be his twin."

"It might be just a chance resemblance," protested Chuck.

"Yeah!" commented Digger. "Read on and you'll discover that I even managed to get his finger-prints when I was asked if I could do that little thing."

Chuck read on, then looked up at Digger again. "Lend this stuff to me," he suggested.

Digger shook his head. "It's just for your private information—as it was for mine."

"But what good is it to you?"

Now that was a question Digger had never asked himself. So he was forced to seek an answer that would explain his interest in Kynnastone to himself.

"Why—I sell cars, as you know," he began.

"I'll say you do," agreed Chuck, with a grin.

"And you may have heard that I'm interested in real estate hereabouts. I'm no rabid prohibitionist, but rum-running is hurting business, Chuck—here, anyway. It's reached that point. Plymsol's getting a bad reputation. Real estate values are beginning to slump. And—well, I had a hunch I might be interested in Kynnastone's past, see?"

Evidently Chuck did. "I'm going to take these papers with me," he announced, stuffing them inside his tunic "I want to run over them. I'll return them tomorrow, sure."

"He served his time and he's not wanted now," Digger reminded him.

"I getcha," retorted Chuck. "And I think I get Kynnastone—now."

Whereupon he arose and went on his way. That was the last time Digger ever saw him alive.

At a little after nine that night Digger was being driven back to the garage by a prospect to whom he had just succeeded in selling a turned-in coupé. The prospect, one of two sisters who ran a tea-house in Plymsol, was driving. The night itself was clear and lovely—a night of peace and brooding beauty, that was suddenly and raucously disturbed as they came abreast the twin stone pillars bearing the legend "Sea Dunes."

"Me-aow!" screeched a cat.

The girl at the wheel jumped. "My heavens—did I run over a cat?" she demanded.

Digger smiled and shook his head. "Kynnastone's cat, I should say," he commented. "It seems to have powerful lungs."

They had not gone more than a few hundred yards when the silence was again shattered.

"Somebody's burst a tire?" suggested Digger's companion.

"Sounded like it," he agreed.

The girl dropped him at the garage. He found one of his mechanics working overtime on a car and stopped to inspect the job. Then, as he was about to get into his own car and go along home, the phone in his office rang.

Five minutes later he was back at the entrance to Sea Dunes. Even in that brief space of time half of the Cape seemed to have gathered there.

From a group a girl detached herself to rush toward Digger.

"It must have been what we heard—when we thought it was a tire," she babbled and there broke off to shudder.

Digger made no reply. His young face had become a grim mask. The body of Chuck still lay in the road at the entrance, riddled with bullets from a sawed-off shotgun.

There was a stir; members of the state patrol were arriving on motor-cycles. A second later Kynnastone himself appeared, bareheaded and his face evidencing deep concern as he approached the sergeant in charge. Digger, hands in his pockets, stood just to one side, deliberately eavesdropping.

"This is simply ghastly," Kynnastone was saying. "He had dropped in for a fag and a bit of chit-chat, as he often did, but left early, saying he was sleepy. We said good night, after which I talked over the phone for possibly ten minutes——"

"A perfect alibi," thought Digger grimly. "But a shade too quick in suggesting it."

The whir of a high-powered car diverted his thought. From her roadster Charity stepped forth and joined Kynnastone.

"Why, it must have happened while we were talking over the phone!" Digger heard her say to him. "I suppose it must have been the rum-runners."

They had covered Chuck's body with a sheet. Now, placed on a stretcher, it was carried to the department flivver. The crowd was pushing back; Charity stepped on Digger's foot.

"Sorry!" she murmured, in her pretty voice, with a swift smile that died as their eyes met.

Even so, their glances seemed locked for an instant. And her eyes widened involuntarily before they darkened with bitter animosity. Then she turned her shoulder to him deliberately.

Digger moved towards his car. He drove home directly and discovered, as he had known

AT THE RITZ-CARLTON AND THE AMBASSADOR IN ATLANTIC CITY

164 Women Guests tell why they prefer this soap for their skin

"Does wonderful things" they say, "for the complexion"

DANCING every night, beginning at midnight and ending with breakfast at dawn; teas, receptions, private theatricals, the opera, the theatre, the dressmaker, the caterer, engagements packed one into another like a conjurer's puzzle . . .

Until the society woman, abandoning her calendar, takes a run to Atlantic City for a few days' perfect relaxation in that golden air.

From New York, Philadelphia, Washington — even from as far as Pittsburgh and Chicago they come — lovely creatures in Paris frocks, thronging the brilliant promenades of the Ritz and Ambassador hotels.

HOW do these women, who can afford the most costly personal luxuries, take care of their skin?

What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to trust their complexion to?

One hundred and ninety-four women stopping at the Ritz and the Ambassador at the time of our inquiry, gave us their answer to these questions.

One hundred and sixty-four — over three-fourths — said, "I use Woodbury's Facial Soap for my skin."

"My skin was so irritated by ordinary soap."

"Other soaps which I had given a fair trial had failed — Woodbury's has greatly helped me."

"Because once I find something good, I want to hold on to it. It is the most refreshing soap in the world."

"All my friends who have good complexions use it."

"Because of the amount of soap necessary for use, living in Pittsburgh, I find Woodbury's leaves the skin as smooth as possible."

These are a few of the reasons they gave.



"Slim, exotic, brilliant as jewels against the luxurious setting of the Ritz and the Ambassador hotels"

A SKIN specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

Every Woodbury user recognizes something individual and unique in the feeling of Woodbury's on her skin: mild, soothing, and at the same time tonic and gently stimulating.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, etc. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in correcting these common skin troubles make it ideal for regular use.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will notice an improvement in your complexion — will see it grow smoother, clearer, finer.

Get your Woodbury's today — begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs!

A Large-Size Trial Set
Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1609 Spring Grove Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1609 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Copyright 1926 by The Andrew Jergens Co.

he would, that his mother was waiting up for him. No news of the murder had yet reached her and he said nothing about it—even when she reproached him for working so late and so hard.

"When you bought yourself the boat I thought you'd get off more," she added.

"I'm planning a little trip right now," he told her on the spur of the moment. "I meant to tell you at supper, for I plan to get off before breakfast."

In his own room, later, he did no more than open his bed and lie in it for a second. After that, moving softly, he crossed to the window, thrust up the screen and slid down the water-pipe as he had when he was a boy.

Twenty minutes later the night service man at the garage stared at him incredulously.

He passed into his office and sat at his desk for a few minutes. Then he drew a typewriter toward him, thrust in a sheet of paper and typed rapidly. When he finished he read through what he had written.

"Sounds melodramatic," he decided, "but if worse comes to worst somebody will find it and it will cause Kynnastone a bit of trouble."

He crossed to his safe, placed it within and at the same time drew forth a service automatic which he placed in his pocket.

This finished his preparations for what he had—nebulously as yet—in mind. Yet he paused at the door, then turned back on sudden impulse. From the top drawer of his desk he drew out a file of unpaid bills. He ran through this until he came to one for $483. This extended back over three years and was made out to Charity's father. Ever so deliberately he tore it up and threw the scraps into a waste-basket.

It was after eleven when he left Plymsol. He snapped off the lights of his car as soon as he got out on the state road. A few miles farther on he turned from that into an old country road. He ran along this for less than a mile, then stopped his engine and waited, through all of half an hour.

"Nobody on my trail yet, anyway," he decided then.

He drove on to a shooting camp he owned on the shore of one of the Cape's numerous ponds. Without making a light or removing his clothes he stretched himself out on a bunk and lay there until dawn.

Then he rose and scraped together the semblance of a breakfast. He ate this absently with his thoughts still in the same dark groove they had followed since his eyes had rested on Chuck's body prostrate in the drive.

From the way it lay it had been evident to him at once that it had been searched. If the papers he had permitted Chuck to borrow had still been within his tunic, which he did not doubt, they were now in Kynnastone's possession, and Kynnastone must know their contents and, inasmuch as they were addressed to him, where Chuck had secured them.

This was one reason why he had believed it wise to remove himself from Plymsol while he considered his next move.

What that might be baffled him. He did not believe that Chuck had, in going to Sea Dunes, any idea of revealing his hand. But something must have signaled danger to some sixth sense within Kynnastone.

Anyway, Chuck, leaving the house, had been ruthlessly shot down. *Why* and *how?*

Kynnastone plainly suspected that Chuck had something on him. But all Chuck had, actually, was the fact that Kynnastone had been arrested for passing bad checks and had served two years. Was it possible that there was worse yet in his record, something that he suspected Chuck might have learned and which Kynnastone was ready to commit murder to prevent becoming known?

To Digger that seemed probable.

But how prove it—or anything? Chuck, leaving the house, had a minute later been shot down a few hundred yards away. Kynnastone had not left the house himself. He had a perfect alibi.

Nevertheless Digger, absolutely convinced that Kynnastone had marked Chuck for death, was grimly determined to see that he paid the penalty. He perfected the only plan he could devise toward that end.

At a little after nine that night he was within Sea Dunes, his car parked in front of the house. This was an old colonial mansion, remodeled and modernized. A brass ship riding light hung above the exquisitely paneled front door; in its glow a knocker, also of brass, shone brightly.

Digger did not use the knocker. He found the door was unlocked and stepped inside, entering a broad, deep hall, lustrous with old mahogany and white paneling. From the left—the library—came Kynnastone's voice.

"You are early," it announced. "You must have made a quick trip."

It broke off as Kynnastone appeared, beautifully groomed and smiling cordially. But as his startled eyes encompassed Digger, the smile vanished.

"Yesterday morning," said Digger directly, "I loaned some papers to the state patrolman who was murdered at the entrance to your drive last night. They concerned your past——"

"My past?" interpolated Kynnastone satirically—but plainly on guard.

"They were taken from Delancey's pocket after he was murdered," Digger went on, ignoring the interruption. "It is my belief that they are now in your possession."

Kynnastone's eyes became shadowed, sinister. "Are you accusing me of murder?"

"Construe it as you choose," retorted Digger curtly. He paused, then added deliberately: "There was one paper which I had removed from the file and which Chuck never saw. I have it with me now—just what is it worth to you?"

Kynnastone took a cigaret from a gold case and lighted it, and then his eyes met Digger's. His lips were smiling as if he were amused, yet Digger knew he was thinking swiftly.

"Not a red cent," he announced with flat finality.

"Think it over," suggested Digger coolly. "Either you'll come across—or I go straight to the state police."

"I've heard that the movies affect people this way," interrupted Kynnastone as coolly, "but you are the first case I have met with. I'll call your bluff."

"I'm calling yours," corrected Digger as, without turning, he placed his right hand behind him, on the knob of the front door.

It twisted in his hand and the door was thrust open. He swung about ready for anything and saw—Charity!

"You!" she breathed, taken by surprise.

"Still dunning people," insinuated Kynnastone's voice quickly.

Neither heard him, and for a moment neither moved. The sight of Charity here filled Digger with a cold fury that was almost primitive, but that he had neither the time nor the inclination to analyze. For even more important came the fear that she, blundering—young, lovely, arrogant—into the net he had so deliberately cast, might wholly wreck it.

"Would you mind stepping aside and letting Miss Thayer come in?" suggested Kynnastone.

To Charity that seemed perfectly reasonable. Digger's feelings were different. He had felt very certain that after what he had suggested to Kynnastone, he would not be permitted to get to the state police if Kynnastone could prevent him—and Kynnastone must have believed he could prevent him. In, obviously, much the same way as Chuck had been forever silenced. To Digger it was plain that the entrance to Sea Dunes must be guarded nightly by members of Kynnastone's gang.

In Chuck's case they had acted swiftly and certainly, at Kynnastone's orders. But how had these orders been transmitted?

Charity's inopportune intrusion must prevent Kynnastone from giving his signal. It had worked out as Digger planned up to that point, certainly. But now——

Now the only thing he could do was to return to his car, wondering how in his own phrase he would help Kynnastone hang himself. He paused, struck by a sudden solution, and then turned back to the house.

This time he used the brass knocker. Kynnastone himself answered, his face drawn and strained.

"You?" he snapped. "What do you want?"

"My radiator's leaking," said Digger meekly. "Could I borrow a pitcher of water?"

Kynnastone's face cleared. "You certainly have your nerve with you," he announced, but his voice was like a jovial clap on the back. "Wait a minute—I'll get it for you myself."

He left the front door open and, as Digger waited, Kynnastone's cat appeared, a villainous-looking beast. It stopped, one paw uplifted, to eye Digger consideringly. Then suddenly it pricked up its ears.

From the back of the house came a meow, clear and distinct.

"That darned cat of yours has the worst yowl I ever heard," announced Charity's fresh young voice. "Where is he now?"

"Underfoot out here—as usual," answered Kynnastone.

Neither Digger nor the cat gave him the lie. The cat sniffed the night and departed just as Kynnastone returned bearing a pitcher.

"Leave it out there when you're through with it," he said curtly.

Digger went through the motions of filling the radiator, his mind working in lightning-like flashes as the water trickled down the sides. A cat's meow had warned rum-runners to sheer offshore one night, another had come to Digger's ears just before Chuck was shot down. But now he knew that it had not been the cat which had meowed in either case.

It had been Kynnastone!

To Digger, at any other moment, the clue would have seemed preposterous. Yet a cat's meow, emitted by a cat, expresses many emotions. Transmitted by its master it might serve as a simple code, covering, according to intonation and prolongation, a prearranged gamut ranging from "Sheer off" to "Get that man." Yet granted it was a signal, how could it be transmitted?

"Locked wireless!" flashed into his mind, and he knew he had it.

Locked wireless, he remembered, cannot be received by any set—or sets—save that for which it is intended. A radio transmitter furnished with power from an electric light socket. An aerial swung as a web, concealed—on a bet—under the tapestry on the dining-room wall. A hidden microphone.

The receiving sets—there must be at least two, one down at the point and another at the entrance—could be concealed in a tree crotch, a hollow trunk or within the masonry of the gate-post, with loud speaker and looped aerials.

Digger dropped the pitcher and seated himself at the wheel. This had a locking device into which he set the key. Then he started the car.

The drive was a third of a mile long, with the last hundred yards or so a straightaway. As he reached this point, with the entrance pillars ahead, he straightened the front wheels and swiftly locked the steering-wheel.

Then he swung out of the car, confident that the headlight glare would prevent anyone in front seeing that move.

The car held its course until it was within a few yards of the pillars. There from either side dark figures sprang from the shrubbery to the running-board. A second later the car collided, gently, with one of the pillars.

Digger waited to see no more. The next second he was moving rapidly back toward the house, his heavy automatic in his hand.

Kynnastone and Charity were in the library, she seated on a divan, he standing, a picture of leisurely grace, smiling down at her. Digger had forgotten her momentarily; the sound of her voice checked him in the hall outside.

"Oh, I think," she was saying, "that the rum-runners had something to do with the murder. But don't you think what the movies



The Princesse MARIE *de* BOURBON *of Spain*

says: "they protect and keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful"

PRINCESSE of an ancient, illustrious house; young, appealingly lovely. No wonder Marie de Bourbon's views on how to care for beauty impress all who've ever seen her . . .

Spirited youth; hair burnished to copper-gold; the upward curve of a rose-flushed cheek to meet a snow-white brow . . . these would make Marie de Bourbon irresistible even if she *weren't* a princess, and cousin to the reigning King of Spain.

But she's all these things and wise, besides. For hear what she says:—

"Beauty in women takes such thrillingly different forms. But no matter what their tint, their texture, the exquisite skins of beautiful women everywhere must be watchfully cared for, or, like fragile flowers, they wither, they fade."

This little princess, who left Spain to come and see America, learned of Two wonderful Creams which preserve and protect the skin perfectly. And this is the message she takes back to her countrywomen of Spain:—

"Happily no woman's skin need fade if she faithfully uses every day Pond's wonderful Two Creams. They keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful."

PRINCESSE MARIE de BOURBON

cousin to the reigning King of Spain, belongs to the illustrious family which, for centuries, furnished the rulers of France and Spain

To Keep the Complexion Youthful

Every day, whenever your skin needs cleansing, and at night before retiring, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, pat-patting it lavishly over face, throat, neck, hands. Let it stay a few moments. Its fine oils sink in and soften all accumulations of dust, face powder, perspiration. A soft cloth or tissue removes the cream—and the pore-deep dirt. Repeat this treatment. Finish with a dash of cold water or a quick rub with ice.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, after the bedtime cleansing pat on more Pond's Cold Cream and leave it overnight.

After every such cleansing except the bedtime one, smooth over your skin, refreshed and supple, a delicate touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin looks like new now—evener, smoother. And see how smoothly your powder lies and clings—no patches, no little clods—just a smooth even surface, like the petals of a rose. And how white this cream keeps your hands!

Pond's Vanishing Cream gives your skin perfect protection, too, from wind and dust and all unfriendly elements. Try these Two Creams—see how beautifully fresh and unlined, for years on end, they'll keep *your* delicate skin.

Other beautiful and distinguished women who have praised Pond's Creams:

H. M. Marie, Queen of Roumania
The Princesse Matchabelli
The Duchesse de Richelieu
The Lady Diana Manners
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth
Mrs. William E. Borah
Miss Marjorie Oelrichs
Miss Elinor Patterson
Miss Barbara Strebeigh



The Two Creams *which care for the skins of lovely women everywhere. Pond's Cold Cream for a gentle cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream for a soft protection, a delicate finish and a dainty powder base. Every skin needs them.*

Free Offer *Mail this coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams*

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. J
141 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

Pipe smoker's mother happy at son's tobacco choice

There is plenty of evidence to prove that the ladies are not averse to pipe smokers. Provided, of course, that the man in the case chooses the right tobacco.

The following letter from Mrs. Higgins of St. Louis reflects the pride and satisfaction of a mother who feels that her son has made a wise decision.

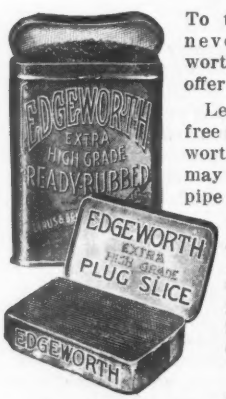
Read her letter—then show it to your wife:

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Can a mere woman praise Edgeworth? When my sixteen-year-old son started to smoke, it was a pipe. I guess he tried all the brands of tobacco on the market, trying to find a mild, cool smoke. He gave up smoking in disgust, saying he guessed he never would be a man if it depended on smoking a pipe. At last an old timer told him to try a pipeful of his Edgeworth. Now my son is never in too big a hurry to walk several blocks out of his way to get it.

I sometimes wish every day was Sunday so he could be home smoking, for the aroma of Edgeworth is delicious.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. A. Higgins.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 4-U S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy inbetween sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 256 meters.*]

call a master mind must have been behind it all?"

Digger held his breath involuntarily, until Kynnastone's voice reassured him.

"Why bother your charming head about that?" he suggested lightly.

"But you forget the reward the summer folks have offered—I could use that ever so nicely!" she protested. She paused and then added: "It would be somebody who would act in a way to divert suspicion, of course. I wonder—if it could be that Digger Durant!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Kynnastone. "That *is* a thought. It hadn't occurred to me before, but he did act queerly tonight. Said he wanted me to settle my account because he needed the money. I wouldn't be surprised if he was being blackmailed by members of his own gang and thinking of skipping."

"Wrong again," announced Digger, stepping across the threshold.

Kynnastone was taken by surprise, yet he acted with astonishing resource. Swiftly catching Charity up and holding her before him as a screen, he rushed at Digger, certain that the latter would not use his weapon.

And Digger had no chance to. One second Charity was between him and Kynnastone, the next, with Charity violently thrust aside, Kynnastone had closed in on him.

"No, you don't," gritted Digger between his teeth, as Kynnastone strove for the most murderous of holds. "I know that one—and the answer to it."

Eluding Kynnastone's reaching arms, he caught him around the waist, lifted him from the floor and hurled him toward the great fireplace.

"Oh!" gasped Charity, as the force of the impact echoed around them.

Digger gave Kynnastone a swift glance, saw that he was out, and knew he would be for some time. Then he turned to Charity.

"You shouldn't be here," he assured her. "The others will be here." He paused and listened. "Get behind the divan—quick!" he commanded. "And stay there!"

"What is going to happen?" she demanded, breathlessly but without moving.

He took her by her shoulders and pushed her toward the divan. "Please do as I say!" he begged. "It's a matter of life and death."

She gave him a swift, wide-eyed glance, then—miraculously enough—obeyed.

Digger instantly obscured himself behind some window draperies. A second later two men burst into the room.

"He got away, boss!" one of them blurted as he came into the room.

"Not quite," said Digger, emerging. "Would you mind putting up your hands?"

They stared at him, goggle-eyed with incredulity.

"And you had better," suggested Charity, popping up from behind the divan, "make it quick!"

They stared at her and then their hands did go up, quickly. For she too held a revolver.

"Walk backwards until your shoulders touch the wall." commanded Digger. As they obeyed, as if in a trance, he added to Charity, "Please phone headquarters and ask them to rush the patrol over."

At which Charity promptly clambered over the divan.

"They'll be over on the hotfoot," she reported, returning. Insouciantly she seated herself on the divan and added, "They aren't pretty, are they?"

They weren't. They glared at her like trapped, still vicious animals.

"And who would have thought," she went on reflectively, "that Norman George Oswald Kynnastone would have such associates?"

"It's quite plain *you* never did," Digger could not help suggesting.

She gave him a swift, mocking glance. "Is it?" she asked.

Before he could digest that, the detail from headquarters arrived and took charge of the situation and the three prisoners. To them Digger made a brief statement, after which the locked wireless set was located as he had surmised, behind the tapestry on the dining-room wall.

"Clever," commented the sergeant, with a glance toward Charity.

"Oh, I'm in on the reward—half of it anyway," she announced, answering the question in his eyes. She let her eyes meet Digger's. "You said that your car was wrecked—can I give you a lift?"

"Why—won't it be a lot of trouble?" he replied, taken by surprise.

"A pleasure," she mocked.

And so, shoulder to shoulder in the close intimacy of her roadster, they trailed the patrol and its prisoners down the drive.

"What were you doing at Sea Dunes?" demanded Digger abruptly, and added: "And why were you so quick to help me instead of Kynnastone after"—he was just recalling that fact—"you had told him you suspected me?"

"What a lot of questions all at once!" she commented. "You mean, I suppose, what was I doing there unchaperoned at night?"

Digger nodded.

"Because Kynnastone interested me hugely," she retorted. "I had suspected for some time that he was working with the rum-runners."

"What!" gasped Digger incredulously.

"It seemed rather obvious to me. Anyway, his tales didn't always hang together."

"And you went there tonight—knowing that he was in with the rum-runners?"

"It seemed fairly safe—he wouldn't risk two murders in quick succession, would he?"

"You—you don't mean that you suspected he had something to do with the murder of Chuck Delancey!" protested Digger dazedly.

"Somehow I did—just that," she answered coolly. "Don't ask me why—credit it to a woman's intuition."

"But you told him you suspected me," persisted Digger, still in a haze.

"That was just bait—I wanted to see how quickly he would snatch the suggestion up. You'll remember he didn't lose a second."

"Why—you darn little fool!" exploded Digger. "Supposing he had become suspicious—haven't you any sense at all?"

"Haven't you heard that no pretty girl has any sense?—and I suppose my worst enemy would call me pretty. Even you do, don't you? And you have no idea how few thrills a poor little rich girl gets out of life," she went on, a shade hastily. "Although I'm really a poor little poor girl, I fear, after all."

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

She turned toward him, smiling, but her lovely eyes inscrutable. "As if you didn't know! You do, don't you, that dad is simply hanging on by his teeth, practically penniless?"

"Why—I suspected as much," he confessed.

"Curiously enough, I didn't—not until I went to him about your bill. I knew bills had become chronic with us, but I didn't know they were—getting incurable. And naturally I wanted to settle yours at once."

"I'm sorry," murmured Digger miserably. "I was a boor, I suspect."

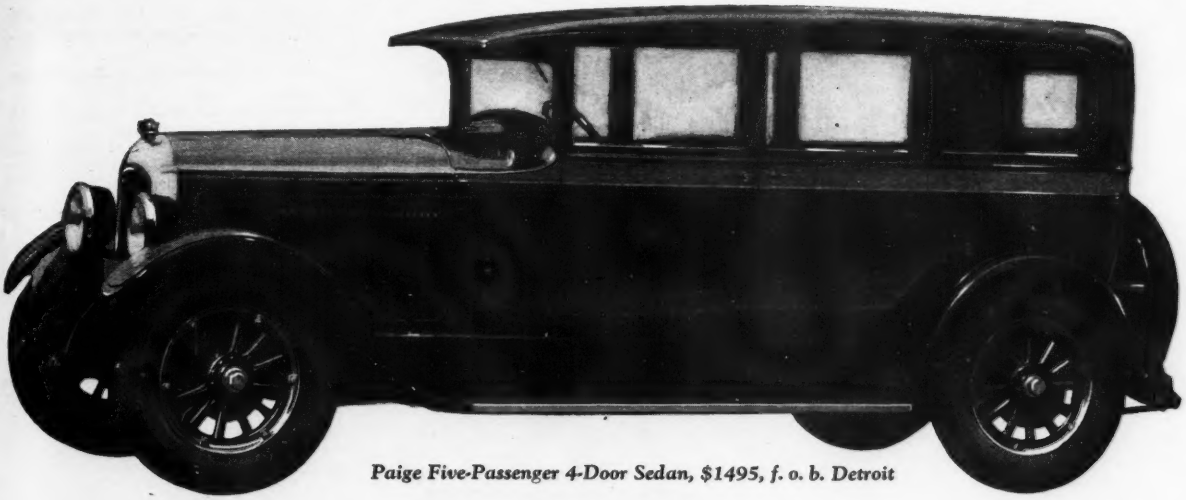
"You were," she assured him. "I wondered about that. But anyway, I was determined to settle *your* bill if I had to sell the car—that was before the summer folks offered a reward for the arrest of the murderers. Twenty-five hundred for that and a thousand more for breaking up the rum-running gang."

"It's yours, of course," said Digger quickly.

"Is it?" she mocked. And added: "Anyway I went to your garage and asked what our bill amounted to. They told me they could not find it—but *I* did. I caught a glimpse of dad's name on a scrap of paper in the waste-basket and shamelessly searched out the pieces. Why did you tear it up?"

"Why—it was an impulse," was the best he could manage.

"Such impulses must cost you a lot of money!" she commented. Abruptly she changed the subject. "What started you on Kynnastone's trail?" she demanded. "You spoke tonight about some papers you had loaned to Delancey."



Paige Five-Passenger 4-Door Sedan, $1495, f. o. b. Detroit

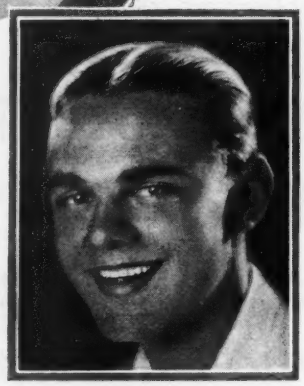
Whether the thought *uppermost* in their minds is beauty of *line*, beauty of *design*, beauty of *performance*, or beauty of *workmanship* – the words that come to their lips when *discriminating* buyers express their opinion of the Paige Motor Car have formed the most enduring slogan in the motor car industry -and only the *truth* endures

Paige *is*

The Most Beautiful Car in America

FREE
10-Day Tube
Mail the Coupon





It's Film

That makes your teeth look "off color" and invites decay and gum troubles

(Run your tongue across your teeth and you'll feel it!)

Accept, please, this remarkable dental test which firms delicate gums and gives "off-color" teeth dazzling whiteness by removing the dingy film that clouds them

IN a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth this new way. Dazzling whiteness will supplant that "off-color" look of your teeth. Your gums will become firm and take on the healthy coral tint you envy.

FILM . . . the trouble maker

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat.

That film is an enemy to your teeth —and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy, "off-color" look. It is the basis of tartar. Germs by millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. Regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull—your gums toneless.

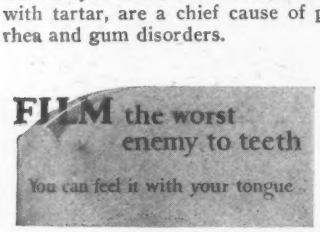
New methods remove it. Your Gums become Firm

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it. Gums become firm and of healthy coral color.

What you see when that film is removed—the dazzling whiteness of your teeth—will delight and amaze you.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method. A few days' use will prove its power beyond doubt.

Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.



FREE Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.
Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept 702, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name .....

Address .....

Only one tube to a family 2163

Canadian Office and Laboratories: Toronto, Canada
London Office: London, S. E. 1
The Pepsodent Co., Ltd. Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

"I recognized him, as I have explained."

"But you must have spent a lot of money—why did you?"

"Because,' he blurted out, "I hated to see you with him.'

"There must be something in the ancient proverbs, after all," she commented. "You know the old French one, about there being a woman at the bottom of everything. Isn't it thrilling to find that the woman is—me!"

He believed that she was mocking him. Deliberately, cruelly, unendurably.

"I am glad," he said with bitterness, "that the discovery gives you joy."

"But it isn't much of a discovery," she protested. "You see, I've suspected for some time that you were in love with me."

"I'm not!" he denied swiftly—and as swiftly knew that he had lied.

"It was so obvious always," she went on, "that it was almost laughable. At least, the way you always acted seemed laughable until tonight when—when it suddenly occurred to me that the reason I acted the same way toward you must be because—because it was mutual."

The words, ending in a little breathless rush, literally stunned him. Yet even so he made an impulsive gesture toward her.

"Wait a minute," she begged. "Until—I stop the car."

And the car was stopped.

The age of gas is the age of miracles. Yet even with Charity fast in his arms, a willing captive, Digger could not quite credit this.

"But—but how *can* you be in love with me?" he demanded.

"Search me," she answered softly. "But—I guess it must be like—the locked wireless you spoke of tonight to the sergeant. It seems to be you—or nobody—anyway."

The dim enchantment of the night merged with them as he caught her to him.

Truth at Any Cost

(*Continued from page 87*)

said, with a smiling glance around. Her eyes studied the Ruskin Hall fellow for a moment, took him all in with one quick look, from clumping boots to brick-red hair. Almost imperceptibly she raised her eyebrows.

Wingfield introduced them. "Lettice, this is Mr. Anderson of Ruskin Hall. A great friend of mine. My sister, old man."

Anderson had already risen. His pale face flushed painfully, and he looked utterly frightened of the elegant young woman.

"How do you do?" said Lettice, holding out her little gloved hand very graciously.

Anderson hesitated for a moment before taking her hand in his big bony paw. "Nicely, thank you, miss," he said in a sheepish way.

I felt sorry for him, especially as Lettice did not disguise her amusement and kept breaking out into ripples of laughter all through tea without really sufficient reason. He guessed that she was laughing at him, and once saw Wingfield give her a little kick under the tea-table, as though to call her to order. Several times she turned to Anderson and asked insincere questions to draw him out. Anderson stammered out brief answers, helped out by Wingfield.

Presently Anderson rose abruptly, upsetting his cup so that some of his tea splashed onto the girl's frock.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure!" he said, blushing like a schoolboy. "I'm a clumsy fellow, as you can well see. If you like to use this handkerchief——"

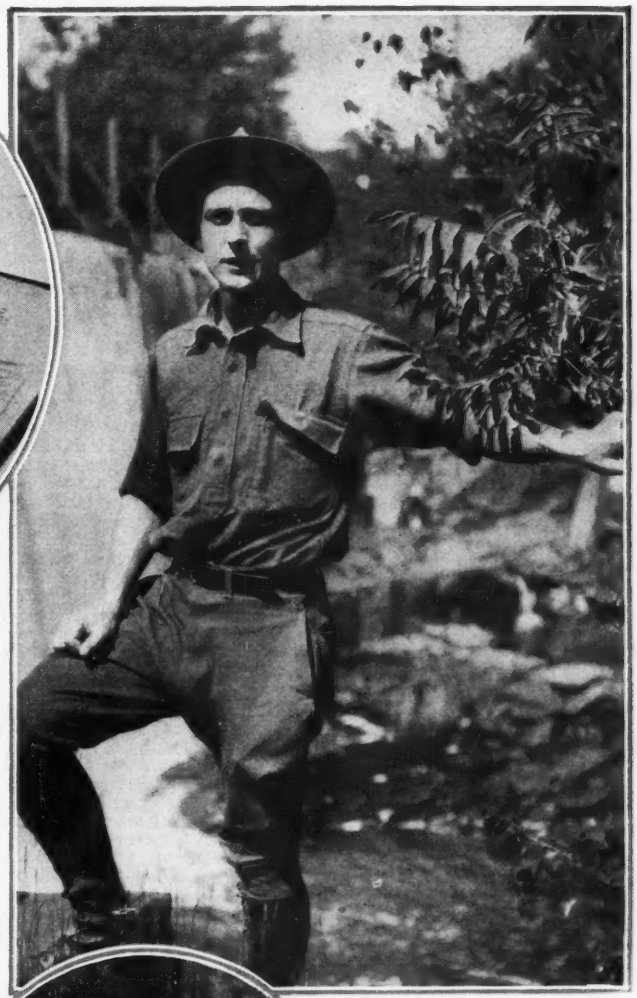
He pulled a grubby rag out of his pocket and stooped to wipe the tea off the girl's frock.

For a moment she looked aghast at that well-used handkerchief, but then, perhaps because of Anderson's humility and a touch of pity for him, she laughed and answered graciously:

"It will dry in a second. I shan't need your handkerchief, thanks very much."



"I HAD SUFFERED for years with stomach trouble. No matter what I ate or drank, nothing seemed to agree with me. I was advised to take Fleischmann's Yeast. Today I feel like a different man." OWEN S. YOUNG, Germantown, Pa.



In Your Neighborhood, too

People tell of constipation banished — stomach and skin disorders corrected — new joy in achievement — through this simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. K-44, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I SUFFERED from terrible skin eruptions. I was giving up all hope when some one told me about eating Fleischmann's Yeast for the complexion. I tried it. Soon I noticed an improvement. In less than two months there was nothing left of the skin trouble that had tortured me for six years."
W. L. DUNBAR, New York City.

"I WAS VERY RUN DOWN last fall. I was tired and pale. I agreed to try Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. After a few weeks I no longer felt tired and my color was coming back. I no longer had to use rouge. I am now enjoying life."
MRS. E. MURPHY, New Haven, Conn.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.



AQUA-VELVA
fills every after-shaving need

WE make talc, but we don't recommend it for after shaving. Powders absorb moisture—that's what they're made for. But Aqua Velva, Williams new preparation, conserves the skin's needed natural moisture. It gives these 5 after-shaving comforts:

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards against sun, wind and cold.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. (Powders absorb this—leave the skin dry). Aqua Velva keeps it as soft and smooth as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Send the coupon or a postcard for a generous test bottle FREE. The large five ounce bottle at your dealers is 50c (60c in Canada). By mail postpaid in case your dealer is out of it.

For use after shaving



Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream
The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 99, Glastonbury, Conn.
(Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal)
Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Cosmo—9-26

"I'll say good-by," said Anderson. "I've three hours' reading to do. So if you'll excuse me, Wingfield——"

He strode out of the room with his face still flushed, but as I had work to do as well I followed him a few minutes later, caught him up in High Street.

"What do you think of Wingfield's sister?" I asked, by way of conversation.

For a moment he was silent. Then he burst out with an anger that surprised me. "Hellishly beautiful. She'd make a fool of any fellow. Women like that make me see red."

"Tell me why!" I asked. "I think she's perfectly charming."

"She's a living proof of life's injustice," said Anderson. "When I think of my mother with her poor worn face, and the girls I know in the North, old before their time, with rough hands, poor lasses, and the stunted bodies of slum life, I hate the sight of a woman like that."

"I can't see why," I said. "I don't follow your argument."

He shrugged his shoulders and gave a sullen laugh. "Did you see the whiteness of her little hands, and the rose bloom on her cheeks, and the fine patrician beauty of her face?"

"What's wrong with all that?" I asked. "Don't you like beauty?"

He turned on me with a kind of rage in his eyes, and said: "It's taken six centuries of social privilege, luxury at the cost of laboring slum folk, and the cruelty of hell in factories and workshops to create Miss Lettice and her lovely sisters. She laughed at me. I amused her vastly as a coarse, rough fellow. One of these days I'll help to give a chance of beauty to some of the girls in my own class who are working their fingers to the bone to keep her pretty!"

I did not argue with him. I was struck dumb by the passion and violence of his outbreak.

It was a year later before I saw him again, and then I was amazed to meet him at Wingfield's home in Sussex, during the long vacation from Oxford. It appeared that Wingfield had persuaded him to come down to help with the proof-sheets of some book of essays, but really, of course, to give him a holiday in the English countryside before he went back to his slum life in Durham. Also I am persuaded that Wingfield, who was a conservative and aristocrat to his finger-tips, found some kind of secret pleasure, some strange intellectual thrill, in this comradeship with a man whose philosophy of life was utterly opposed to his own, and whose social upbringing was such a contrast to his experience of life. It amused him, as he said, to study Anderson as a type, and to argue with him for the sake of getting to grips with a passionate and primitive mind.

"I had to camouflage the size and character of my father's house," said Wingfield when he met me at the station. "He was rather shocked when he saw that we lived in something larger than a farmhouse—and he's scared stiff of the butler and the men servants! Fortunately Lettice is vastly amused with him. I will say she plays up to a situation like that with commendable grace and a sense of humor."

Remembering Anderson's outburst on the subject of Lettice Wingfield, I was rather struck by that remark, and surprised my friend by laughing rather heartily.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

As a matter of fact there was something more than a joke in Lettice Wingfield's satirical interest in her brother's peculiar friend. For him there was a touch of tragedy in it, as I observed during the week-end I stayed at Southlands. The girl's beauty bewitched him. I saw how his eyes followed her with a kind of sullen wonder and resentment that such a lovely thing should be.

I saw them together first in the rose garden below the terrace, as they had come back from a game of tennis—at least Lettice had tried to teach the Ruskin Hall young man how to hold a racket and get a ball over the net—and smiled at the contrast of those two figures. Lettice was in the lightest of tennis clothes, her brown arms bare to the shoulder, her frock short to the knee, a blue ribbon tied round her head with its boyish hair. Modern to the last breath, she yet had something elf-like about her—the look of a wood-nymph strayed from one of the glades in her father's park.

By her side was Sandy Anderson in a gray flannel shirt and gray trousers held up by black braces, and a pair of tennis shoes he had borrowed from Wingfield. With his broad shoulders and the red hair visible on his arms with their tucked-up sleeves, and his square, serious face under a carroty crop, he might have been one of the gardeners in that English park, walking round to get his lady's instructions about "bedding-out." His eyes had a troubled look, as though he felt how utterly out of place he was.

I overheard some words they spoke as they came under the rose-grown pergola below the terrace where Lettice sat in a cane chair looking up at her strange companion. Wingfield winked at me, as much as to say, "That sister of mine plays the game jolly well!"

"You must tell me about those trade-unions of yours," she said. "I've always been brought up to believe that they are organized tyrannies which may lead to revolution and anarchy in England. Correct me if I'm wrong!"

"That's all a lie!" said Anderson. "Caste prejudice and political hatred. I owe everything to my union. I'm loyal to it, body and soul. If it weren't for the trade-unions, the working folk in this country would still be toiling for fourteen hours a day in foul factories—on wages that kept them brutalized."

He stared across the vista of flower-gardens and smooth-mown lawns to the park beyond, where a herd of deer nibbled the short grass.

"It's impossible for you to understand," he said, with a kind of patient exasperation.

"Am I too stupid?" she asked teasingly.

He answered gravely and simply. "Not stupid. Only ignorant."

I heard the girl give a little cry of indignation, not without amusement. Never before in her life, I am sure, had any man spoken to her like this rough fellow.

"The realities of life don't come into a place like this," he said, as though explaining his meaning. "You're sheltered from them. You'd turn sick if I took you into the slums of our northern cities where the factory folk live their ugly lives."

"Take me!" she answered, as though giving him a challenge. "I'd like to see your own home. I don't think I'd be sick in it."

"When I think of my poor home," he said, after a pause, "I'm ashamed to be here as your brother's guest—in this great house. It makes me feel a traitor to my own class. I'll be glad to go back, remembering Oxford, and this place, where lucky folk live, not caring a curse for the poor masses of ill-paid labor."

"Now you're unjust again!" said Lettice Wingfield. "Some of us care very much. The Conservatives—my crowd whom you hate so much—have done a lot of social legislation."

Anderson laughed bitterly. "Yes, they're getting afraid of us. They give us a few sops now and then. The trade-unions have shown their strength. One of these days labor will rule England."

Lettice Wingfield was utterly scornful of that idea. "Poor old England! If that happened, it would lose a lot of its charm!"

"That's true," he replied gravely. "Charm costs too much in human suffering. Under labor rule there'd be no room for places like this, or people like you, with their lovely sheltered lives and cultured insincerities."

"Aren't you getting rather rude?" she asked, with a hint of anger in her voice.

There was a silence, as though he were thinking out this question.

"I'd be sorry if you thought so," he answered. "I was only telling you the straight truth. Isn't truth best?"

"I find you very amusing!" she cried, and she gave her little musical laugh. I think it hurt him, for he answered sulkily:

"Yes, I dare say I seem a funny kind of chap! 'A freak,' as your brother's friends



SPEED



Chrysler "70"—at Its New Lower Prices —Unchanged in Performance and Quality

From every viewpoint the famous Chrysler "70", in no way changed except at sensationally lower prices, continues more than ever to be the car of the hour—the car you want and need.

With savings of $50 to $200, the Chrysler "70", at its new lower prices, is making even greater automobile history. It is establishing higher sales records than at any time since it was introduced two and a half years ago.

During this period Chrysler "70" unapproached roadability and unfailing sturdiness have won the enthusiasm of more than a hundred thousand owners who have driven their cars thousands upon thousands of miles.

Fleet and agile, even to 70 miles and more an hour, with all the engineering and manufacturing fineness that such speed implies;

Light and graceful in charming contrast to the unwieldy and the cumbersome;

Long-lived, economical and compact with entirely new comfort development;

Unchanged in every detail except in its new lower prices, Chrysler "70" continues, despite the flattery of imitation and emulation, to be the one really modern expression of motor car satisfaction.

NEW CHRYSLER "70" PRICES

Model	Old Prices	New Prices	Savings
Coach	$1445	$1395	$ 50
Roadster	1625	1525	100
Royal Coupe	1795	1695	100
Brougham	1865	1745	120
Sedan	1695	1545	150
Royal Sedan	1995	1795	200
Crown Sedan	2095	1895	200

All prices f. o. b. Detroit
Subject to current Federal excise tax

Ask about Chrysler's attractive time-payment plan. More than 4700 Chrysler dealers assure superior Chrysler service everywhere.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER 70



Champion X exclusively for Fords—packed in the Red Box

60c Each

SERVICE

The service rendered by Ford cars and trucks and Fordson Tractors is well matched by the service of dependable Champion Spark Plugs, which have been standard Ford equipment for 15 years. Dependable Champions render better service for a longer time but to insure continued maximum power and speed in Ford engines be sure that you install a full set of Champions at least once a year.

All Champion Spark Plugs are of two-piece, gas-tight construction, with sillimanite insulators and special analysis electrodes.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

would say. You like to ask me teasing questions, as if you were poking a bear in its cage, or making friends with a fierce dog."

Wingfield and I had listened to this conversation as we sat on the edge of the terrace wall. Now he beckoned to me, and we moved away and went indoors.

"Hardly fair to listen!" he said. "But Lettice is having a great innings with my barbarian. It ought to broaden her mind a bit. He got in one or two good jabs."

That evening there was a fairly big dinner-party, and I heard afterwards from Wingfield that it had needed a lot of persuasion to get Anderson down to table.

"I'll probably insult some of your father's guests," he remarked gloomily. "And I'll use the wrong knives and forks and make your men servants—those flunkeys!—laugh behind their hands. I was a fool to come, anyway."

But I found him next to me at dinner, in a black jacket, with a ready-made tie and some signs of a struggle to make his hair lie down. I noticed that he watched very carefully to see how the other people behaved with the forks and things, and he made only one slip from the perfect book of good behavior by helping himself to some salt with a knife which had already been used. The guests were mostly the usual people one finds in houses of this class—two or three army men, including a middle-aged general with a bronzed face and puffed eyes and white mustache, the neighboring vicar, a retired judge, some elderly maiden ladies with decided opinions and resonant voices, some girl friends of Lettice Wingfield's, mainly interested in hunting and racing, a young naval officer just home from the China station, and one or two old cronies of Wingfield's father.

The conversation was not intellectual. For some time the subject of hunting and steeple-chasing absorbed the interest at my end of the table, where Anderson sat as silent as though a foreign language were being talked around him. It was only towards the end of dinner that more serious topics were introduced. It was the young naval officer who was the cause of the trouble.

During a pause in the general chit-chat he looked across at young Wingfield and asked a question.

"What's the state of things in England? I feel like Rip Van Winkle after three years' absence. Seems to me the country is plunging down the slippery slope."

"In what way?" asked Wingfield. "It's been going to the dogs ever since the Saxon chronicles. Anything fresh?"

"All this labor unrest," said the naval officer. "Now they say there's going to be another coal strike. If I had my way, I'd hang some of those labor agitators."

"The whole lot!" said one of the elderly maiden ladies, with the severity of Queen Elizabeth signing a death-warrant of traitors. "If we had a government with the courage of a louse they'd destroy the trade-unions and exile every agitator in this unfortunate country."

"I agree," said the retired judge. "We must take a strong hand or perish."

"As for those coal-miners," said the general, twisting his little white mustache, "I consider they're blackmailing the nation. They're a lot of lazy scamps—and cowards, too, judging from what happened in the war when they took refuge in their mines and earned preposterous wages while poor old Tommy was fighting and dying for something like a shilling a day."

I saw Anderson jerk his head up as though an invisible lash had struck him across the face. For a moment he stared round the table with a cold rage. Then his steely eyes met those of Lettice Wingfield. She was smiling at him, a little maliciously, I thought, and she spoke across the table in her musical voice.

"What do you think, Mr. Anderson? I'm sure all of us would like to hear your views on the subject—as an expert."

For a moment Anderson looked as though he hated this girl too, but then the hard look died out of his eyes, as though his rage were disarmed by her beauty.

"During the war," he said, "we worked till the sweat ran down our bodies so that England might win. Most of the younger men were fetched back from the trenches because our labor was wanted, and there were some of us who didn't care to go. We had lived under the open sky and seen the sun rise over the enemy's lines. We didn't like war—who does who isn't a liar?—but we weren't keen to get down to the darkness again, and the same stinks and the aching toil of the old life. As for cowardice, I've seen as much courage in a coal-mine as in the trenches. It's just about the same.

"I was back a week when six of us were trapped by fire-damp. No chance of escape, it seemed, when the shaft was blown in. The rescue parties fought to get at us. Eleven men—volunteers—were stifled by the fumes. And we six sat singing hymns and holding hands because we hadn't a light, and two boys among us were frightened of this death in the dark. It's not a safe job, mining. It's not a coward's job."

His eyes wandered from Lettice Wingfield's face and he looked round the company at that table, where they stared at him as though amazed by finding a strange animal in their midst—or some dangerous rebel who might suddenly produce a bomb.

"You people," he said, "living in houses like this, are the real cowards. You're afraid of the working classes whose labor builds up your wealth. You're scared because now and then they ask for a bit more on their wages, or refuse to be beaten back to beast-like conditions. Well, you're right to feel nervous about it. One of these days they'll make you pay for your contempt, your selfishness, and all the lies you talk about them. I'm a guest in this house, and on my best manners, so I won't insult you, as I'd like to do. But I won't sit and listen to you. I'm going back to my own folk, as one of them."

His face was dead-white and his eyes were like burning coals as he strode out of the room.

There was a dead silence among us, broken first by Lettice Wingfield's light laughter.

"A splendid savage!" she said. "How frightfully amusing!"

The young naval officer was astounded, and spoke to Wingfield. "Who on earth is that? A labor agitator? What's the idea?"

"Did you ever hear such language!" asked one of the elderly ladies. "Outrageous, my dear! I feel hot all over."

Wingfield looked worried and rose from his chair. "I think we rather asked for it, didn't we?" he said.

"I can't think why you invited him down," said Wingfield's father. "The fellow doesn't know how to behave. Some of the things he said were inexcusable."

"I liked them," said Lettice. "He thrilled me to my marrow-bones. I see red revolution advancing by leaps and bounds. I see myself going to the scaffold, smiling disdainfully at the angry mob. My little white throat is bared for the dreadful knife——" She stood up with a pose of disdainful martyrdom, like Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine.

"Oh, my dear!" cried one of the elderly ladies with a little scream. "You're curdling my blood with such dreadful visions. And they might happen at any moment, I'm certain. That young man is typical of his class. How he came into this house I can't imagine!"

"He's a friend of mine," said Wingfield, rather curtly. "I asked him here."

He left the table and went out of the room, and he told me afterwards that he went up to Anderson's bedroom and found him packing his bag. He was sulky, but also rather ashamed of having made such a scene down-stairs.

"I oughtn't to have come! This isn't my world. I'm a slum dweller, and your people are not my people. I'll walk down to the station and take a train to town."

Nothing would induce him to stay another



"I never get tired at the wheel of my Buick" *Mrs. L. M. R.**

This strong endorsement of Buick's driving and riding excellence came from a woman who had just driven her Buick 676 miles in eighteen and one-half hours.

Most of the travel of most Buick owners is by Buick.

They do not know the meaning of steering-wheel fatigue, for Buick has a 5-bearing-surface steering gear, engineered for low-pressure tires.

Another Buick cross-country advantage is Balanced Wheels, front and rear. These keep the car from tossing and pitching on choppy roads.

And undoubtedly the greatest advantage of all is the *new* Valve-in-Head Engine in the 1927 Buick. It is *vibrationless beyond belief*, at every speed.

You never yet have driven anything so smooth at every point in its entire range of power, as this new Buick, with this new engine. It simply refuses to generate the noise and drumming so hard on the ears and nerves, and so common to so many good cars.

For comfortable, luxurious travel, for the best in modern motoring—own a Buick!

* * *

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY
Division of General Motors Corporation
FLINT, MICHIGAN

the Greatest BUICK *ever built*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

**The letter containing this expression from a Buick owner is in the records of the Buick Motor Company.*



You Can Have Beauty of Figure Without "Reducing"

WOMEN are awakening to the dangers of too-severe diet and exercise. In their efforts to attain the "boyish" figure, many have injured health. Leading physicians are uniting in a scientific investigation of this menace.

With these revelations has come a change in Fashion's dictates. The normal figure is returning to favor. All that is needed is gentle support which preserves individuality of figure while moulding the body in lines of grace and beauty. And women everywhere are finding in the P. N. Practical Front exactly this support.

The secret is in the Comfortable Elastic Feature*, found in no other corset. It gives you the wonderful advantage of a fresh fitting daily, adapting itself anew each time it is put on. Thus it brings welcome comfort with enhanced beauty.

There is a P. N. Practical Front exactly suited to your figure. The illustrated booklet, "Youth and You," will show you. Write for it, free.

I. Newman & Sons, Inc.
Dept. HC, 224 Fourth Avenue, New York

"The Custom-Corseted Look"

*Patented.

P.N. Practical Front Comfolette

night in a house where he felt like a fish out of water. Not even Lettice Wingfield could persuade him to postpone his departure.

"We didn't really want to hurt your feelings," she said. "And you must admit that you weren't very careful of ours!"

"I've made a fool of myself," he answered, "and you've had your laugh at me. You and your brother only asked me here because you find me amusing—patricians gibing at a captured Goth."

"Most unfair!" said Wingfield, but by his sudden flush of color I think there was a grain of truth in Anderson's remark.

Anderson turned on him. "Even at Oxford I understood that, though it pleased my vanity to come to your rooms. I've had enough of your patronizing friendship. I'm going back to honesty and good comradeship, in my own class."

Wingfield became quite pale. When he spoke his voice hardened.

"We'll send you back in a car. And I'm sorry you think so little of my friendly interest in you. If I may say so, I think you're suffering from an inferiority complex. I should cut it out, if I were you. It's rather cramping to your good qualities. I say nothing of your good manners."

"Hush!" said Lettice Wingfield, putting her hand on her brother's arm. "*Noblesse oblige*, old boy!"

Anderson started off in Wingfield's car, with a man to drive him. But he didn't get very far. He got as far as the lodge gates on the south side of the park, and perhaps a few yards beyond. There was a nasty turn here between some high rhododendrons, and it happened that one of Lettice Wingfield's friends—a sporting young lady—was swinging into it in a powerful car without sounding a warning horn. One of those careless young women who make the English countryside extremely perilous! Alexander Anderson happened to be on the side she struck at a speed of thirty miles. They carried him back to the house unconscious, and the doctor who was sent for found that his shoulder-blade was broken.

That accident may have altered something in English history. Certainly it modified the character of a man who became one of the leaders of organized labor. During those six weeks when he lay mostly out of doors in an invalid chair on the Wingfields' lawns, some of his harsh fanaticism passed from him, some of his narrow class hatred of people with inherited wealth and old traditions. It was their kindness that broke down the narrow frontiers of his mind. That girl Lettice who had been mocking, satirical, contemptuous in her smiling way, devoted herself to this broken man who lay out in the garden there, very bad after his nasty smash. In spite of all his protests she waited on him like a maid servant. Afterwards she read to him, seated beside him smoking cigarets through a long amber tube. It was in her code of "*noblesse oblige*."

"You shouldn't bother with me" he said a hundred times, rather fretfully. "You make me ashamed to see you waiting on me like this. It's unnatural."

"Don't talk so much!" she commanded, raising her finger. "The doctor said you ought to keep perfectly quiet. Now, shut your eyes while I read to you again."

"I'm keeping my eyes open," he said stubbornly. "I utterly refuse to shut them."

Other people were kind. Even the old general came to inquire after him and brought him some peaches and a book to read—which he didn't read—on strategy and tactics. The young naval officer came now and then and "yarned" with a genial frankness which disarmed Anderson's hostility.

What touched Anderson most was the way in which they treated his mother. Wingfield had wired for her, and met her at the station with his car, and behaved to her as though she had been some duchess, though she was a poor, plain woman with a work-lined face and thin hands roughened by a life of toil. She came across the lawn in her shabby dress, with a black hat perched uncertainly on her thin gray hair, looking frightened of this grand house.

Lettice held her by the hand and led her across the lawn.

"Oh, my poor boy!" cried Anderson's mother, with a little break in her voice, seeing him lying there so helpless.

"I'm all right, mother," he said, trying to raise himself in the long cane chair.

Tears came into his eyes, though he smiled at her. Perhaps for the first time he saw how wan and worn she was, how poorly dressed, how unbeautiful beside Lettice Wingfield.

"Why did you leave Durham for this great grand world?" she asked him in a frightened whisper when they left the mother and son together.

"They're kind to me," he told her. "I've never known such kindness except from you, mother."

Wingfield came to lead her in to luncheon, and afterwards they sent her back with a lap full of roses, while a footman carried her old umbrella and spread a rug over her knees in the big limousine.

That evening, lying on a sofa in the library to which Wingfield and one of the men had carried him, Anderson lay with his eyes closed for some time. Presently he spoke to Wingfield.

"I've done with class hatred. We must find some other way out. You people are too decent."

"Glad you think so," said Wingfield, startled by this compliment.

Anderson remained silent for a while, puffing at an old pipe. Presently he spoke again.

"I'm learning tolerance. Class warfare is no good at all."

"Fine!" said Wingfield. "Let's have good will on both sides."

Anderson smiled. "I'll feel lost without fanaticism. Passion is a grand tonic." He spoke regretfully of some fire that had died out in him.

At the end of that six weeks, when he came to say good-by, the old sullen and suspicious look had left his face. There was a softer light in his eyes. Something had changed in the spirit of the man.

Lettice and he walked into the rose garden while Wingfield was getting out the car, and presently—as afterwards she told me—he turned and spoke emotionally.

"It's been a dream," he said, "this garden—and you. I'll never forget it—all your kindness to a working man, and the talks we've had, and your beauty."

"I've learned a lot from you," she said sincerely. "I'm not so hoity-toity. I can see your side of things."

He seemed pleased by that, and was silent for a while, staring down at the velvet grass.

"I'm going to be a trade-union leader," he said. "You remember that wire I told you about? They're rather pleased, it seems, with the work I did at Oxford. So I'll never go down the mine again, except to see old pals. Well, I can't say I don't rejoice. But there's one thing I want to say, if you'd have the patience to hear it."

"I want to hear," she said.

"I want to say this. I'll be on the other side in politics to you and your family. And I'm going to fight for my side, hot and strong."

"Of course!" said Lettice, entirely unabashed by this dark threat. "I believe in playing up for one's own side. That's cricket!"

But he surprised her when he spoke his next words. "But I'm going to make a promise to you, because of what you've done for me. It's a promise to myself really. A resolution for the future when I may have a bit of power. It's just this—politics is a dirty game, they say, but it's going to be a fair game, as far as I'm concerned, and I'm going to play for England as well as my own class."

"Good for you!" cried Lettice.

"For peace and good will," he said gravely, "and down with class hatred and civil war!"

"More power to you!" answered Lettice, amused and yet touched by this simplicity.



Perfection Finds Its Own

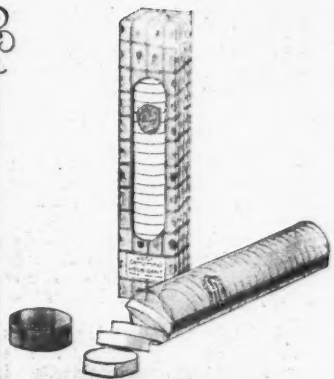
FORTUNE smiles on her, who, with imaginative insight, takes her individual fragrance from the treasure-house of Houbigant. For has she not proclaimed a taste for charm that is smart as well as pleasing Has she not assumed an aura of chic and gracious loveliness? . . . In choosing a perfume by Houbigant, she acquires her favourite odeur not only in its essence but also in soft, clinging powders, rouge in Parisian tones, and requisites of the bath and the dressing table . . . And what inspiration they bring! For in the exquisite depths of Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, Subtilité, Mon Boudoir, and Le Temps des Lilas is recorded all the ageless allure of fragrance.

"Things Perfumes Whisper" is a booklet to help you decide which Houbigant odeur best expresses your individuality. We would like to send it to you, with sachets of five different kinds. May we have your address?
HOUBIGANT, Inc., 539 West 45th Street, New York

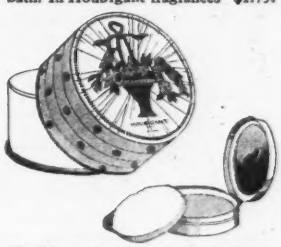
HOUBIGANT

PARIS

NEW YORK - CHICAGO - CLEVELAND - MONTREAL



Effervescent Bath Tablets are the latest creations of Houbigant. A single tablet —there are twenty-five in each flacon —gives exhilarating perfume to the bath. In Houbigant fragrances—$1.75.



Houbigant Face Powder is obtainable in five odeurs, and in five natural tones —$1.50 . . . Compact Powder is of the same excellent quality; Compact Powder or Compact Rouge—$1.50.



The same painstaking care that is lavished on the creation of rare Houbigant perfumes, is also given to Houbigant Talc. In many odeurs—$1.00 . . . . Quelques Fleurs Skin Lotion—Daily use of this lotion keeps the skin fair and smooth—satiny in texture—$1.00.



Houbigant Dusting Powder is a masterpiece of the perfumer's skill. Used after the bath, its fragrance clings lightly to give one a sense of immaculate charm. In a large French box with flat puff—$1.50 and $2.75.



Houbigant Perfumes in purse size flacons —enabling one to try many odeurs inexpensively. Quelques Fleurs; Le Parfum Ideal, and Le Temps des Lilas at $1. Subtilité and Mon Boudoir—$1.25. La Rose France and Quelques Violettes, lovely flower perfumes—$1 00.

Prices quoted apply to U. S. A. only

He spoke as though certain that one day power would be his, for good or evil.

"And if you want to know why I say these things," he added, looking at her with a kind of doglike devotion, "it's because you've taught me charity and taken the hate out of my soul."

"I'm glad," said Lettice, and her fair skin was touched for a moment by a wave of color. She felt ashamed of having laughed at him so much. As he stood before her there she was aware of a nobility in him which rebuked her littleness.

She held out her hand to him, and he took it and held it tight, and then, in a shy, awkward way, raised it to his lips before he said the word "Good-by," huskily. She had tamed her savage.

Wingfield told me something of all that. Afterwards, it was only now and then that I was reminded of Sandy Anderson. Once I saw in the newspapers that he was among the leaders of a group of trade-unionists who threatened the government with a general strike over some dispute in the mining industry. That was when I was abroad, so that I could not follow the details, but breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the head-lines announcing that the strike had been called off at the last minute of the eleventh hour. The name of Alexander Anderson met my eye, and I wondered if it was Wingfield's socialist. If so, he had progressed rather far in a short time.

The Times spoke of him with respect and admiration.

> It is owing to Mr. Anderson's masterly analysis of the situation before a special and unofficial committee of the House of Commons, hurriedly convened last evening, that an agreement has been reached with the mine owners in time to avert a national calamity. Mr. Anderson is one of the younger men of the Labor Party, but if he maintains his sense of fair play and devotion to truth, he will certainly go far as a leader of the people.

That was before the general election which gave the Labor Party a brief tenure of power with the support of the Liberals. Well, I am outside politics, but I was interested and amused to see this new experiment in the governance of England. Again one name arrested my attention in the list of ministers and under-secretaries. A certain Mr. Anderson was under-secretary for one of the departments —which I have now forgotten.

"That must be Wingfield's man," I thought, and I remembered with a smile that day in Oxford when he spilled his tea over the beautiful Lettice Wingfield's silk frock, and offered her a dirty handkerchief to repair the damage.

It was six months ago that I saw Wingfield's barbarian again, after all that time, and it was when I happened to meet Wingfield himself outside the House of Commons.

"How's the Talking Shop?" I asked. "Still prattling while the world rolls down the path of doom?"

"Something like that," he admitted, laughing. "Only it's going to be rather interesting this afternoon. A debate on steel houses."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Do you call that interesting?"

"Enormously," he said, "if you know what it means to England, and to millions of wretched people living in foul conditions."

"I don't," I admitted. "Tell me."

"It's a dirty business—on both sides," said Wingfield. "It makes my blood boil when I think that hundreds of thousands of children are condemned to death and disease because those trade-unions won't allow steel houses to be built in this country, in case it might affect the wage of bricklayers—it wouldn't!—and because a lot of filthy contractors on the Conservative side are afraid of losing their profits in the building rings."

He spoke with a violence that startled me, and I accused him of losing his sense of humor.

He answered rather bitterly. "One can't be humorous when millions of people in England and Scotland are housed in hovels that are hardly fit for pigs. It cries out to heaven. It justifies revolution—which God forbid."

"Amen!" I said, lifting my hat.

"There's only one man in this country," he said, "who knows all the facts and has the pluck to tell the truth to his own crowd. I rather fancy he's going to do it. This afternoon. If he does, it will smash his career. He's up against his own crowd, and the whole strength of the trade-union movement."

"Who's that?" I asked, rather interested.

Wingfield smiled. "Do you remember a red-haired fellow whom I used to patronize at Oxford?"

I nodded. "Yes, Sandy Anderson. I've often thought of him. Rather a lad in the Labor Party, isn't he?"

"The best debater on their side," said Wingfield. "Marked out for office next time they come into power. But not if he gives it to them today. I wonder!"

"He won't," I remarked, with deliberate cynicism. "The hope of office has sent many souls to perdition."

"I'm afraid you're right. But I've hopes in Anderson. He once made a promise to my sister Lettice."

"Yes," I said, "I remember. To play for England as well as for his class. Rather sloppy, I thought. Too good to believe."

"You confounded cynic!" said Wingfield.

"I remember another thing," I remarked, "Lettice told me afterwards. He said, 'I'm a trade-union man, body and soul.' The two things are inconsistent. Class selfishness and national welfare."

"Well, we'll see," said Wingfield. "And there, as a matter of fact, is Lettice herself. I thought she'd come!"

Five years had passed since that afternoon at Southlands when I had seen her with Sandy Anderson in the rose garden. She was a little different, I thought, more of a woman, more elegant in style, and just as beautiful.

"So you've come to hear our Ruskin Hall young man," I said jestingly. "Your brother tells me it's his test of truth today. What's the betting?"

She answered seriously, though her eyes smiled. "If he fails, I'll lose faith in human nature."

"Mine's gone!" I said, to tease her.

Wingfield went to his place on the Conservative side of the House, and Lettice went to the ladies' gallery, so that we were separated. But in the strangers' gallery I listened to the debate which afterwards rang through England.

They are wofully dull as a rule, those speeches in the House of Commons. But that day when Wingfield gave me a seat in the gallery, there was passion coming red-hot from a man's heart, scorching even the cynicism of professional politicians, and seeming to stir a flame of anger—even of hatred—among some groups of them. It was when Sandy Anderson spoke for three-quarters of an hour and was cheered by the Conservatives—a little block of them led by Wingfield.

He seemed to hate those cheers of his political opponents. Several times his face flushed painfully and once he made a gesture of disdain, as though he cared nothing for their approval or disapproval.

I see him there now, as I write, in remembrance, turning to face his own crowd, who were glaring at him somberly, held by his eloquence, by the truth he told them, and not liking it. He had changed since I had last seen him, like the others. His hair was the same brick-red hue, but not so wild. He wore a black morning coat, tight across his broad shoulders. His face had the same strength and ugliness, but his eyes were more deeply sunken.

It was his own crowd on the Labor benches who interrupted him with jeers and groans. One of his colleagues leaned forward, as he paused for a moment, and said very clearly, "Traitor! Judas!"

I need not report Anderson's speech. It made a sensation at the time. It was a terrible revelation of housing conditions in the great cities of England and Scotland, revolting and even sickening in the details, which he did not spare the House.

But his worst revelation was the foul dishonesty and corruption of people behind the scenes who had deliberately thwarted any possible plan of remedy, so that cheap houses might be built for these millions of working folk—that alternative plan of steel houses, easily made, quickly put up, good to live in, though they were jeered at as "sardine tins" and "rat-traps."

Then, with cold, harsh scorn, he rebuked the narrow selfishness of the trade-unions—those unions which in the past had done so much to raise the standard of life among the working classes, but now forgot their mission, ignored the mass of the people, betrayed their own folk and families by ranging all their power in Parliament and outside against this new method of house construction by non-union men who were now unemployed.

"Tonight," said Anderson with a passionate thrill in his voice, "there are millions of working women in this country praying God that there may be some way of escape from the filthy discomforts of their miserable homes. Their curse and their despair will fall heavily upon the heads of men who throw out this bill for the construction of steel houses, and not least upon the members of the Labor Party and the leaders of the trade-unions who have been its greatest enemies. For the first time in my life, as a politician, I have had to vote today against my own party, and to turn against men who have been my friends and my colleagues. But if I failed to tell the truth as I have now told it, if I turned a deaf ear to the cry of the women and the wailing of children, if, for party purposes, I became a coward and a liar in hiding the monstrous dishonesty of this opposition, it would be better that a millstone were hung around my neck and that I should be cast into the depths of the sea."

After this speech, wildly cheered from some of the Conservative benches—I saw Wingfield's face on fire with enthusiasm—the Chamber almost emptied. The young orator with the red hair was left alone, as he sat down abruptly with his arms folded and his head sunk on his chest.

I joined Mervyn Wingfield and his sister on the terrace of the House for tea. Lettice Wingfield was silent for a while, but I noticed that her eyes were shining.

When I spoke of Anderson's speech and said how plucky it was, how admirable, she laughed at me for the cynical words I had said beforehand.

"It's a rebuke to you! Hasn't it restored your faith in human nature? Oh, I think it was splendid! An act of chivalry."

As she spoke, Anderson strode past without seeing us, to a group of working women who were awaiting him.

Wingfield called to him and sprang up from his chair and grabbed Anderson's arm.

"Magnificent!" he said. "We're proud of you. It's the only thing to save the country."

Anderson turned round with a rather cold smile.

"They'll kill the bill. And meanwhile I've killed my career. I'll soon be looking for another job."

Then he saw Lettice Wingfield, and a shy look came into his eyes. For a moment he hesitated, and then went over to take her outstretched hand.

"You've kept your promise," she said. "You've played the game for England's sake—against your own crowd. I know how hard it was."

"Hard as truth!" he said, and walked away from us to those working women who were waiting for him, to kiss his hands.

They broke him at the next election. But he didn't seem to care when he came out of a little church in Knightsbridge with Lettice Wingfield and dodged a party of photographers.

Wolf's Clothing *by Arthur Somers Roche* (*Continued from page 91*)

was reckless to a degree, a desperate, workless girl."

"Like I really am—or was, until yesterday," interposed Minnie.

Rose cast a kindly glance at the girl, then went on: "The naïveté of criminals is the strangest thing about them. Crooked themselves, they assume that all the world is the same, that honesty is merely a matter of lack of temptation. If one intimates that one is open to chicanery, the criminal believes one implicitly."

Inwardly I writhed at her words; they were, as a generality, true, and I was of that class to which she referred. She didn't mean to hurt my feelings, but—then it occurred to me that for some strange reason she did not think of me as a thief. Why was beyond my comprehension, but the sun seemed brighter in the cheerful living-room.

"I told Candish," she went on, "that my name was Rose Bellair. I said that I came from a little country town in Maine. I knew of a town near where we have a summer camp, where there is neither telephone nor telegraph, and felt pretty certain that Candish would not investigate too far. I counted on that confidence in the other person's dishonesty which crooks have.

"Well, I let him know that I was unscrupulous, dishonest. I was vouched for by an ex-convict. Candish believed that I had brains. He took me into no confidence, but I was getting nearer to him all the time, I was certain. Of course I left the Sentinel, lest my activities be traced. I took great chances of being recognized, in restaurants, by people who might know me well, but the excitement was worth the risk. For a week I was with Candish and a woman called Kitty—Kitty Addison, they called her. I heard, again and again, hints concerning the big job, as they termed it solemnly, which was soon to be pulled off. They made me live at the Winser where Robbley, my waiter, worked. Candish promised me a small fortune if I played straight, and death if I didn't.

"There was excitement in my apartment yesterday afternoon. Last night I was to have been taken to his headquarters, as proof that I was finally accepted into the gang. But yesterday afternoon a man named Berry Baline"—she smiled at me—"gummed the game, as Kitty expressed it. The word went out to 'get' Baline. I heard them talk of a necklace acquired in Europe. But I was more interested in the name of Berry Baline than in anything else. I owed Berry Baline my life.

"So, when I saw that Berry Baline had stepped into the tiger's very jaws, was dining in the very hotel where, up-stairs, Candish and others of the gang lurked, I sent Mr. Baline a message. But Baline had been seen by others of the gang. If Baline hadn't stepped into my apartment——"

"And if you hadn't been brave enough not to scream at sight of me," I began.

"Women don't scream—any more than men do, nowadays," she laughed. "Well, you were hidden in my room, and I went out with Candish and Vanelli, Kitty and Josephs. We were, I gathered, in the neighborhood of Candish's secret hiding-place, to whose mysteries I was to be made initiate last night, when Candish began to cross-question Kitty.

"He began by muttering aloud that he couldn't yet understand why Baline, dining in the restaurant, should have been alarmed so suddenly. He asked Kitty if anyone had signaled Baline. Kitty remembered that I had scribbled something on a menu, and that Robbley had come to our table. Kitty thought that Robbley had picked up the menu."

She put her hands over her face for a moment, and when she removed them, tears shone in her eyes.

"Had I guessed, had I even dreamed—but I didn't. I went meekly back to the hotel, protesting my innocence so strongly that even Kitty, who disliked me, believed me, I thought. But Candish sent for Robbley, and Robbley instantly thought, for some queer reason, that I'd double-crossed him. Fright robbed him of common sense. He left the room, and Josephs went after him. I don't know what happened, but Candish said to you that Robbley was dead."

I nodded. Also, I shuddered as I thought of how close this girl, this calm-faced girl, had been to similar death.

"If Robbley has a family, I must make it up to them. But for me he'd never have been in danger."

"Did he tell who you were?" I asked.

She shook her head. "He was only distrustful of me for a moment. Then—my eyes must have told him that he was mistaken—he stiffened, became courageous, lied, said that he'd been misunderstood. He said that he hadn't meant that I wasn't on the level with the gang—and Candish pretended to believe him. But—Robbley died."

"And you?" I asked.

"You know all about me," she said. "You telephoned, then you came to the hotel. You saw me. They removed the gag and the rope that bound me as we left the hotel, but threatened instant death if I cried out and—I felt, somehow, that you'd rescue me, return the necklace. I meant, if you did, to buy another for the rightful owner."

"For yourself," I laughed.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Please go on," I said.

"Well, perhaps it wasn't very brave, but—I didn't call for help as we left the hotel. And then, bundled into a taxi, it was too late, as it was still too late in Mondaine Place."

"And you didn't tell them who you were?" I asked.

She shook her head and continued her tale. "Candish had something tremendous on his mind, apparently. I heard him tell Josephs that he needn't worry. He could get the necklace back instantly, but had no time to waste on it today. That was this morning."

"But what was more important than the necklace?" Aloud I asked the question which I had already put to Minnie, and to myself, silently, a score of times.

"Heavens knows," she replied. "But I saw enough of Candish to realize that he's most extraordinary. He has a colossal vanity—which is why his word is good. He takes pride in the probity of his word. Now, men of colossal vanity rarely dream small. He has something so terrific—what a story for the Sentinel!" She ended with a sigh of regret. "Now tell me your story."

The dregs were cold in the cups before I'd finished, but my heart was warm as, having uttered the final word of my long tale, she reached over and took my hand in hers.

"I owe you a lot, Berry Baline," she said. "And to Minnie—I'm going to call you Minnie, if you don't mind—my debt is hardly less. To think that the necklace was mine, and that dad has it now—dear dad!"

She leaped impulsively to her feet, crossed the room and called up her father's house.

"Not in?" we heard her disappointed voice. "But he will be any minute? Tell him I phoned, and that I'm on my way to him now." She hung up and rejoined us at the table. "What about the woman up-stairs?" she asked.

"That's up to you," I said.

"She's old," said Minnie.

"That's what I think," said Rose.

"Turn her loose," I said.

"And you?" she asked.

"I?" I looked at her. "Oh, I think Minnie and I'll board a train and go somewhere."

An aimless, asinine remark. Rose took it up. "You mean that——" She looked from one to the other of us inquiringly.

My crystal dream was dust upon the ground. I was not for her; she was not for me. And Minnie, my brave Minnie, who had risked injury and more at my side, had told me that she was mine for my asking.

"Minnie and I," I said to Rose, "haven't known each other long, but we've learned a lot about each other. We're going the same road—together."

Minnie's face went dead-white; I heard her breath inhale sibilantly. Rose smiled kindly.

"The best of luck to you both. But—you're not to go anywhere. My father will give you——"

"Nothing, if you don't mind," I said. "The road up will not be any easier if someone pushes me. I want to *climb* back. Eh, Minnie?"

"What you say is a hundred aces with me, Berry Baline," said Minnie, almost fiercely.

And so, after ushering Mother Lace out of the house, I bade my dream girl good-by. I would give Minnie a moment of happiness, letting her think that her sudden love for me was returned, and then—at the gun of Candish, perhaps, I'd meet my fate.

We left the maisonette, passed through the apartment building and into Eighth Street. Minnie had my hand gripped firmly in hers.

"Where do we go now?" she asked.

"We ought to celebrate our engagement," I replied. "How about a big party?"

"It goes with me," she said.

On the corner of Eighth Street and Fifth Avenue I halted. "No sense in going back to the Welland just yet," I said.

Minnie gripped my hand and squeezed it. "Well, what's first, then?"

"Clothes," I said to her. "I'm not going into the best restaurant in town dressed like a Third Avenue blood."

"And I don't look like the young Duchess of Dough, either," said Minnie. "But—Berry, your dough and my dough ain't the same thing. You understand that, don't you?"

"I understand that what a husband has belongs to his wife, too," I told her.

"But we ain't married, kid."

"Aren't we going to be?" I demanded.

She stared at me; her gay blue eyes were misty for a moment. "Kid, there never was a guy like you and never will be one. Sure, we're going to be married, whenever you say the word. And I guess you can blow me to a set of rags if you feel that way."

"And that's the way I feel," I said. I stripped bills from my thinning bank-roll. "Here's enough, I hope."

She stared at the thousand dollars I pressed into her palm.

"I never knew there was so much dough in the world," she ejaculated.

"Do you know where to go?" I asked.

She grinned at me. "Say, is there a girl in America that don't know the names of the swell dumps? We may never see them, even, and know there ain't a Chinaman's chance of our ever buying anything there, but—we know 'em, boy. Where do we meet?"

"At Mr. and Mrs. Murphy's apartment in the Welland," I suggested.

"Fair enough, kid. Give me two hours." Her voice was tremulous with excitement, with anticipatory joy.

As she sprang into a taxi I managed a smile on my own part. To have made her happy . . . What did it matter that I was miserable?

I walked east toward a clothing store on lower Broadway. I bought a couple of street suits, and dinner clothes, and when, burdened with many bundles, I stepped into a taxicab, I felt that I would not disgrace Minnie by my appearance.

In the Welland apartment I unpacked my bundles, hung them on hangers in a closet, and then tore off the garments of the bell-captain of the Winser. I had been busy about my affairs less than an hour. Minnie would take much more time than this to make her purchases.

The bath called shriekingly to me. Now that excitement, the thought that the very



What Are YOUR Mistakes in English?

They may offend others as much as these offend you

IF some one you met for the first time made the mistakes in English shown above, what would you think of him? Would he inspire your respect? Would you be inclined to make a friend of him? Would you care to introduce him to others as a close friend of yours?

These errors are easy for you to see. Perhaps, however, you make other mistakes which offend other persons as much as these would offend you. How do you know that you do not mispronounce certain words; are you always sure that the things you say and write are grammatically perfect? To *you* they may seem correct; but others may know they are wrong.

Unfortunately, people will not correct you when you make mistakes; all they do is to make a mental reservation about you. "He is ignorant and uncultured," they think. So you really have no way of telling when your English offends others.

FREE *Book on English and 15-Minute Test*

Sherwin Cody, perhaps the foremost teacher of English in the country, has prepared a simple 15-minute English test which you can take in your own home. This test, with the answers which will also be sent, tells you at once just where you stand. You can discover at a glance whether you make even slight errors. Give yourself this test. If you are efficient in English, it will give you greater confidence; if you are deficient, you surely want to know it, so that you can correct your mistakes.

Mr. Cody's remarkable new invention, the 100% Self-Correcting Method, has already improved the English of more than 41,000 people. No useless rules, no tedious copying, no hard study. Only 15 minutes a day required. You learn by creating the HABIT of using correct English. Nothing like Mr. Cody's method has ever been used before!

You do not want others to judge you unfairly. Write today for this test—it is free. We will also gladly mail you our new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." Merely mail the coupon or a postal card.

Sherwin Cody School of English
149 Searle Building Rochester, N. Y.

Sherwin Cody School of English
149 Searle Building, Rochester, N.Y.

Please send me your Free Book "How to Speak and Write Masterly English," and also Mr. Cody's 15-minute test in English.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

next moment might see me engaged in a life or death struggle, had passed by, I became conscious of the bruises that I had endured at the fists of Spaghet'. I turned on the hot water, let it run until the tub was filled and the room white with steam, then lowered myself gingerly into the almost scalding water.

I lay there, eyes closed, as near to complete mental blankness as I have been in many years. When I climbed out of the tub it was time, I guessed, to begin dressing; I must have that little matter attended to before Minnie arrived. So, sitting down on the edge of the bed, arrayed in underclothes, I began pulling on my socks.

That was the last thing I remembered for long hours. Curled up, I fell asleep on the bed. I awoke in a darkened room, and instant caution possessed me. I tossed back the coverlets—I had no recollection of pulling them over me—and descended from the bed. A voice from the next room greeted me.

"Awake, Berry?"

"Why, Minnie," I apologized, "I didn't guess—I just sat down——"

"O. k. with me, kid. The dress needed a little stuff done to it, and I've been Busy Betty with her needle-oh." She hummed an impromptu song, in a fresh young soprano voice. "Hustle up and get into your rags, boy," she went on. "I'm getting hungry. Us for the big eats, Berry. Unless you're too tired, old kid."

"Postpone our celebrations? Not for millions, Minnie," I assured her. "Besides, I'm fresh as a daisy."

I found the switch and turned on the electric lights. Rapidly I dressed, and then stepped through the heavy velvet portières that divided the bedroom from the living-room. And I stepped back with a gasp of surprise.

Facing me was one of the loveliest women I have ever seen. Gone was the impish gamin, the pert-faced salesgirl. Here, curtsying deeply, was a girl whose red hair had become golden brown, whose blue eyes had lost their mockery but were even more charming because of the shyness that dwelt in their depths, whose sweet mouth and firm little chin were delectable, and whose neck and shoulders were dazzlingly white and exquisitely formed.

Slim, straight, yet round enough, she might have passed for a débutante whose life had been passed in the midst of wealth and culture. What matter the tricks of speech or of gesture? These Minnie could learn in a month. Already she had the pure courage of the thoroughbred and the character of the noblest. I say that Minnie had always been a lady, and that now she merely looked her rightful part. But I was dazed, and showed it, I imagine. For her blush grew deeper.

"You won't mind being seen with me now, Berry?" she asked, with a new timidity.

"Mind? I'll be the envy of every man, as you'll be the despair of every woman," I assured her.

"Fine feathers may not make fine birds, but they kid a lot of folks just the same, don't they, Berry?" she chuckled. "Well, tell me. I'm aching to hear a lot of apple sauce. How do I look?"

"Like everything lovely that ever was, Minnie," I told her; and I meant it.

She blushed a little deeper and smiled at me.

"Well, the apple sauce tastes sweeter than I thought it would," she chuckled. "But you can't live on apple sauce. Where do we eat?"

"Paul's," I suggested.

I swept from a table the black soft hat I'd purchased, threw over my arm the lightest obtainable dark overcoat, and offered her my arm. We walked together to the door; then, as I reached for the knob, she half turned until we faced each other.

"Berry, you won't be sorry you asked me to marry you?" she whispered.

As gallantly as I knew how, I lied. "Sorry? Why, Minnie, if you knew what I thought of you——"

"I know, boy," she said. "I know just what you think. You're sorry for me. But don't ever be sorry for me, Berry. I'm treading air, I am, and—no one ever got bunions that way, eh? But say, Berry, you're forgetting something."

I glanced behind me, and she laughed.

"It's not something you can find, Berry. It's a thing that you give and take, that you place on a spot but can't pick up. Berry, you ain't as dumb as all that, are you? Berry, we're engaged to be married."

She had turned still further toward me, and our bodies touched. Her sweet, provocative mouth, its lips faintly parted, was an inch from mine as she stood on tiptoe.

There was only one thing for me to do. I leaned forward and kissed her, and instantly hated myself for my disloyalty to Rose. For the lips of Minnie Humphrey were like the strongest wine; in the nectar they distilled one might forget a thousand heartaches, might forget, indeed, everything in the world save those lovely lips.

Minnie's tremulous laugh brought me to my senses.

"Can't go on a party without the proper start, a coupla engaged folks, can we?" she said. "But that's that—let's go."

Yet as we descended in the elevator, and as we rode up-town in a taxi, I could not keep my thoughts from dwelling on the memory of that mad moment when Rose seemed to disappear, and there was nothing on earth save the lips of Minnie Humphrey.

As we passed by an arc-light, I stole a glance at her. She lay back in the seat, a heavy silken scarf about her shoulders; the faintest smile was visible upon the lips that I had just kissed. I would have given much to have known exactly what thoughts were going on behind that low, broad forehead. Almost before I realized it, we were at Paul's.

We parted just inside the entrance of the famous Park Avenue restaurant. As though used to such places as this, Minnie unerringly chose the right direction to the ladies' cloak-room.

I left my coat and hat with an attendant and waited for her in the lounge. She joined me in a moment, and we started toward the main dining-room. A waiter interposed.

"Up-stairs, m'sieu," he directed.

I naturally assumed that the lower room was crowded, and it was not until we had been ushered to a table for two, beside the cleared dancing floor, that I suspected we were intruding upon a private party. This because a grenadier-like woman had snatched my hand as we entered, had murmured something about being charmed.

"I thought you'd blurt out something and spoil the show, Berry," whispered Minnie.

"What show?" I asked uneasily.

"I knew you didn't get the waiter downstairs. He asked if we were of Mrs. Alstyne's party, and I nodded. I had to take a slant at it, boy."

I glanced about the room. All the tables were like ours, small and set for two persons only. Gay laughter, teasing, greetings were being exhanged among the tables.

I half rose from my chair.

"Berry Baline, if you drag me out of here, I'll never forgive you," whispered Minnie.

"But it's a private party," I explained. "And we don't belong——"

She cut me short. "What difference does that make? Why, I got a chance to look over the swell ones for the first time in my life, and if you think I'm going to miss it . . . Why, Berry, this is the *jewel ball*."

"And what's that?" I asked.

"Dumb-bell! But you been in Europe and haven't read the papers. Though it was in them this morning, and even in the hospital, wondering, worried, I read about it. Mrs. Pangore's jewel ball. All the debs and subdebs and second assistant debs, with their young men, invited to a dance, and are supposed to wear their mothers' jewels. You ain't blind, are you?"

I wasn't, but my mind had been too occupied

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa



is tempting to the delicate and fickle appetite of the convalescent, because it is so delicious and attractive, so appetising and sustaining.

It is just as good for those who are well

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780 Dorchester, Mass.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.



"Sensitive skin and stubborn beard"

So it HAS to be

MENNEN

Here's the first Contest Prize Winning Letter

Mr. H. R. Bowen, 6720 Leland Way, Hollywood, California, wins the traveling bag for the first Mennen bag contest. Here's his letter:

Dear Jim Henry: I found Mennen Shaving Cream as I found my favorite tobacco—by Elimination.

Do you remember how you searched and searched for THE tobacco for your favorite pipe? How you eliminated and eliminated until you found the brand which soothed and pleased the tongue?

Having a combination of a sensitive skin and a stubborn beard I had to seek a Super-Cream. A Cream which would soften my beard and yet not irritate my skin. I tried and eliminated various creams until I found Mennen. The One Cream to satisfy all requirements. After five years of companionship, we are pals.

"Mennen-ly" yours,
(Signed) H. R. Bowen

You fellows who smoke pipes know what it is to hit upon just the *right* tobacco. And the first time you lather up and shave with Mennen Shaving Cream, you'll get as great a kick as from your first pipeful of some rich, mellow, old blend of tobacco.

The secret's in *Dermutation*—the unique Mennen process of beard softening. It gives a quicker, better shave and leaves your face cleaner, smoother and better conditioned than anything you ever tried. The 100% *right* feeling that Mr. Bowen was hunting for and found.

The best things in life come by elimination. Try every other way to shave—then you'll come to Mennen for keeps. The big tube costs only 50c.

Then get set on Mennen Skin Balm for after shaving. It's tingly, cool, refreshing—and tones up the skin. Comes in 50c tube. Better than liquids. And Mennen Talcum for Men for the final well-groomed touch. Matches your skin—doesn't show. Antiseptic. Protecting against the weather. 25c for a large tin.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
Newark, New Jersey

The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

with other matters to note the women present. A few weeks ago, before life became complicated for Berry Baline, he would have been able to estimate the worth of the jewels present at a glance. Even now, I could give a rough guess at the value on the shoulders and arms and throats about me.

These slim young girls, most of them still in their teens, were wearing jewels that only dowagers should don, jewels that hardened them, aged them.

"It's for charity. Only the swaggerest swells invited, and it costs them a hundred plunks apiece," whispered Minnie. "They've come down from Southampton, Newport—everywhere, for this night in New York."

"But there were no tickets," I objected.

"Fish! Of course not. Who'd dream that anyone would dare crash the gate? And that old dame, Mrs. Pangore, that spoke to us—she don't know half the people by sight that she asked. I've often read that about society folks."

I was aghast. If exposure came—and it might at any moment—such exposure might lead to arrest. And surely Mrs. Pangore would not give such a party as this without having present a score of detectives! Not to have them would be tantamount to an invitation to crookdom to come and help itself.

But the rich are arrogant. The consciousness of wealth and power gives them a false feeling of immunity from certain troubles and dangers. They flaunt their jewels brazenly before the eager eyes of the predatory criminals. I ought to know, who had profited by this false consciousness innumerably in the past. And here, tonight, upon the bodies of young girls were hung millions of dollars' worth of jewels.

I took Minnie's arm. "If any suspicion is aroused and I'm arrested——"

"Gee, Berry, I'm dumb," she reproached herself. "Of course; let's blow."

"We'll dance across the floor," I said. "Then apologize to the hostess——"

The music was playing, and we slipped out upon the dancing place. Unwillingly, I wondered if Rose could dance as well as Minnie. Gladly would I have prolonged our brief glide across the floor, and I registered a vow that the rest of this evening would be spent dancing.

But, like many sudden vows, this one was destined to be broken. For, as we slipped out from the dancers, I saw a face I recognized. Its owner had just approached the hostess. I glanced beyond the fat countenance of Josephs, and beheld Candish.

And then I knew what had been so important that the Chief could waste no time today in collecting a million-dollar necklace!

I gripped Minnie by the waist and swung her around a pillar. Ahead of us was a short flight of stairs that ran to a small balcony. Once up there, I might, from a place of vantage, defend myself and Minnie . . .

I turned, fascinated, at the top of the stairs, and dropped behind the tapestry that, hanging over the railing, shielded Minnie and myself from observation. Excitement had favored us; no one, I hoped and felt, had noticed us. The orchestra notes died away in a discord.

The advent of Josephs and Candish had preceded by only a second the arrival of a dozen of the gang. What had happened downstairs I could not guess at once, but as the orchestra ceased playing, Mrs. Pangore's voice was raised.

"There's been a robbery down-stairs," she announced. "Don't be alarmed. These gentlemen"—she indicated Candish and Josephs and their followers—"are detectives. They have just captured the criminals downstairs, and came up here to assure us that there was no danger."

I wanted to scream to her, but my tongue was frozen in my throat. Not from fear—although I recognized my danger—but in sheer fascination at the effrontery of the Chief.

Before the bewildered guests realized the import of the tale told by Mrs. Pangore, they were aware of another tale. For Candish's men had gained every place of vantage in the room, and suddenly a shot was fired by the Chief himself.

"Men to the right-hand of the room, ladies to the left-hand," he announced.

There was instant protest from half a dozen youths. Candish, who had fired his first shot to still the hubbub aroused by Mrs. Pangore's announcement, promptly shot the nearest youth. The act was as brutal as any I ever saw or heard of. Cold-blooded, deliberate and crafty murder. Crafty, because it was intended to put the fear of death into the heart of every man present, and it succeeded in so doing.

Two men ranged themselves beside the Chief, guns in their hands. Other men, from four sides of the room, menaced the young guests with their weapons.

They separated, the boys from the girls. And like eagles swooping upon their prey, the gangsters swept down upon the women. I saw tiaras pulled from bobbed heads, grimy hands fingering delicate throats around which were clasped dog-collars, earrings torn loose.

And then, as the dozen men backed away from the hysterical girls—two of them had fainted or been knocked down, I could not tell which—a cry of joyous relief went up from every pillaged throat. For at the entrance to the dining-room stood a uniformed lieutenant of police. Behind him were a score of stalwart coppers, who carried night-sticks and revolvers. At a word from the commander, a volley of shots was fired.

Candish, craven, trembling, stepped forward. In his hands were necklaces, dog-collars, rings, bracelets. He thrust them upon the lieutenant.

"Don't fire," he pleaded. "We surrender."

As swiftly as the thieves had made the women disgorge, so swiftly did the thieves surrender their loot. Never had I seen a carefully planned attack go so completely to pieces. The police stuffed the jewels in their pockets with one hand while with the other they collared criminals.

"Sorry," boomed the voice of the tall policemen, "but I can't return your jewels now, ladies. They must be held as evidence. All will be returned tomorrow or next day at Police Headquarters, but not now."

Then I understood. The egress of a dozen bandits would be impeded, would be resisted perhaps. But a score of policemen, taking prisoners to the lock-up, would not be retarded by anyone. And if the policemen were masqueraders, were not officers of the law, but bandits in disguise . . .

And here was Candish, to my hand at last! He was apparently unarmed, had surrendered his revolver to the tall lieutenant, but I knew he had another gun. I darted down the steps.

"Candish!" I called. "Candish!"

I heard Minnie scream. "Berry, there's Spaghet'; the cops are phony. Come back!"

But Candish stood before me, freed from the lieutenant's grasp.

"It's you, Baline," he called to me.

"None other, Chief," I laughed, exultant. "I'm coming smoking. Shoot your way out if you can."

Insane? Ah, but you must understand that I was Berry Baline, thief, who had no longer wanted to be a thief, and who had rehabilitated himself by the restoration of the Parsons necklace; but who, rehabilitated in his own mind, was merely a reformed thief in the eyes of others, in the eyes of the girl he loved. And Candish had been brutal to the girl I loved.

He drew his gun; his followers were too amazed to intervene at first. I fired twice, saw the smoke of his gun, saw him stagger, and then went into the darkness.

Playing for a high stake—the life of Minnie Humphrey—Berry Baline turns crook once more and at the end of the play finds Love—in Arthur Somers Roche's *final instalment* Next Month



Steady—Safe—Care-free on Firestone Tires

The progressive woman of today considers an automobile essential to her fullest usefulness. But for her family's sake, she demands the factor of safety which Firestone engineers have provided in unusual measure.

Take, for example, the sudden turn with its unseen railroad crossing. When the car is equipped with Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons she drives in comfort and security—relaxed and care-free. Thousands of women have learned to trust the scientifically designed Firestone non-skid tread. Gripping the road firmly sudden starts and stops are made without slip or slide.

You who drive should inquire into the many reasons why Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons give longer, more dependable mileage. Ask the nearest Firestone Dealer about Gum-Dipping and other exclusive Firestone processes. "For Safety's Sake" call today.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

The Mark of Quality

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Harvey S. Firestone

The Cowboy & the Lady & Her Pa

(*Continued from page 61*)

looked off and away into the studded void beyond her.

Mr. Gatling drew the flaps together in an abstracted way and *mmphed* several times.

"Pretty dog-gone spry-looking young geezer at that," he remarked absently.

"Who?"

"Him."

"You actually mean that cowboy?"

"None other than which."

"Oh, Hector! That—that vulgarian, that country bumpkin, that clodhopper!"

"Now hold on there, Romola. Let's try to be just even if we are prejudiced. All the clods that kid ever hopped you could put 'em in your eye without interfering with your eyesight. He's no farm-hand; he's a cow-hand or was before he got this job of steering tourists around through these mountains—and that's a very different thing, I take it. And what he knows he knows blame' well. I wish I could mingle in with a horse the way he does. When he gets in a saddle he's riveted there but I only come loose and work out of the socket. And I'd give about five years off my life to be able to handle a trout-rod like he can. I claim that in his departments he's a fairly high-grade proposition. He's aware of it, too, but I don't so much blame him for that, either. If you don't think well of yourself, who else is going to?"

"Why, Hector Gatling, I believe you're really—but no, you couldn't be! Look at the difference in their stations! Look at their different environments! Look at their different view-points!"

"I'm looking—just as hard as you are. You don't get what I'm driving at. I wouldn't fancy having this boy for a son-in-law any more than you would—although at that I'm not saying I couldn't maybe make some use of him in another capacity. Still, you needn't mind worrying so much about their respective stations in life. I didn't have any station in life to start from myself—it was a whistling-post. And yet I've managed to stagger along fairly well. I'd a heap rather see Shirley tied up to pretty near any decent, ambitious, self-respecting young cuss that came along than to have her fall for one of those plush-headed lounge-lizards that keep hanging round her back home. I know the breed. In my day they used to be guitar-pickers—and some of 'em played a snappy game of Kelly pool. Now they're Charleston dancers and the only place most of 'em carry any weight is on the hip.

"But that's not the point. The point is that if Shirley fell for this party she'd probably be a mighty regretful young female when the bloom began to rub off the peach. They haven't been raised to talk the same language—that's the trouble. I don't want her to make a mistake that'll gum up her life before it's fairly started. I don't want her to have a husband that she's liable later on to be ashamed to show him off before the majority of her friends, or anyhow one that she'd maybe have to go around making excuses for the way he handled his knife and fork in company; or something. Right now, the fix she's in, she's probably saying to herself that she could be perfectly satisfied to settle down in a cabin somewhere out here and wet-nurse a lot of calves for the next thirty, forty or fifty years. But that's only her heart talking, not her head. After a while she'd get to brooding on Palm Beach and Paris."

"But if she's set her mind—and you know how stubborn she is when she gets her mind set—thank heavens she didn't get that from my side of the family!—I say, if she's set her mind on him, heavens above only knows what's going to happen. She's bewitched, she's hypnotized; it's this free and easy Western life that's fascinated her. I can't believe she's in love with him!"

"Well, I don't know. Maybe she's in love with a half-gallon hat and a pair of cowboy pants with silver dewdabs down the sides. or then again on the other hand maybe it's the real thing with her, or a close imitation of it. That's for us to find out if we can."

"I won't believe it. She's distracted, she's glamoured, she's——"

"All right, then, let's get her unglammed."

"But how?"

"Well, for one thing, by not rushing in and interfering with her little dream. By not letting either one of 'em see how anxious we are over this thing. By remaining as calm, cool and collected as we can."

"And in the meanwhile?"

"Well, in the meanwhile I, for one, am going to tear off a few winks. I hurt all over and there's quite a lot of me measured that way—all over."

"You can go to sleep with that—that dreadful thought hanging over us?"

"I can and I will. Watch me for about another minute and you'll hear me doing it." He settled himself on his air mattress and drew the blankets over him.

Undeniably Mr. Hector Gatling could be one of the most aggravating persons on earth when he set out to be. Any husband can.

Speaking with regard to the ripening effect of summer nights upon the spirits of receptive and impressionable youth, Mr. Gatling had listed the cumulative possibilities of three moonlit ones hand-running. Specifically he had not included in his perilous category those languishing soft gloamings and those explosive sunrises and those long lazy mornings when the sun baked resiny perfumes out of the cedars and the unseen heart-broken little bird that the mountaineers call the lonesome bird sang his shy lament in the thickets; nor had he mentioned slow journeys through deep defiles where ferns grew with a tropical luxuriance; nor yet the fordings of tumbling streams when it might seem expedient on the part of a thoughtful young man to steady a young equestrian of the opposite sex while her horse's hoofs fumbled over the slick, drowned boulders. But vaguely he had lumped all these contingencies in his symposium of contributory dangers.

Three more nights of moon it was with three noble days of pleasant adventuring in between; and on the late afternoon of the third day when camp was being made beside a river which mostly was rapids, Miss Shirley Gatling sought out her father in a secluded spot somewhat apart from the rest. It was in the nature of a rendezvous, she having told him a little earlier that presently she desired to have speech with him. Only, her way of putting it had been different.

"Harken, O most revered Drawing Account," she said, dropping back on a broad place in the trail to be near him. "If you can spare the time from being saddle-sore I want to give you an earful as soon as this procession, as of even date, breaks up. You pick a quiet retreat away from the flock and wait there until I find you, savvy?"

So now he was waiting, and from yonder she came toward him stepping lightly, swinging forward from her hips with a sort of impudent freedom of movement; and to his father's eyes she never had seemed more graceful or more delectable or more independent-looking.

"Dad," she began, without preamble, and meeting him eye to eye, "in me you behold a Sabine woman. I'm bespoken."

"Mmph," he answered, and the answer might be interpreted, by a person who knew him, in any one of half a dozen ways.

"Such is the case," she went on, quite unafraid. "That caveman over there in the blue shirt"—she pointed—"he's the nominee. We're engaged."

"I can't plead surprise, kid," he stated, taking on for the moment her bantering tone. "The report that you two had come to a sort of understanding has been in active circulation on this reservation for the past forty-eight hours or so—maybe longer."

Her eyebrows went up. "I don't get you," she said. "Who circulated it?"

"You did, for one," he told her. "And he did, for another. I may be failing, what with increasing age and all, but I'm not more than half blind yet. Have you been to your mother with this piece of news?"

"I came to you first. I—I"—for the first time she faltered an instant—"I figured you might be able to get the correct slant a little quicker then she would. This is only the curtain-raiser. I'm saving the big scene with the melodramatic touches for her. I have a feeling that she may be just a trifle difficult. So I picked on something easy to begin with."

"I see," he said. "Kind of an undress rehearsal, eh?" He held her off at arm's length from him, studying her face hungrily. "But what's the reason your young man didn't come along with you or ahead of you, in fact? In my time it generally was the young man that brought the message to Garcia."

"He wanted to come—he wasn't scared. I wouldn't let him. I told him I'd been knowing you longer than he had and I could handle the job better by myself. Well, that's your cue. What's it going to be, daddy—the glad hand of approval and the parental bless you my children, bless you, or a little line of that go-forth-ungrateful-hussy-and-never-darken-my-doors-again stuff? Only, we're a trifle shy on doors around here."

He drew her to him and spoke downward at the top of her cropped head, she snuggling her face against his wool-clad breast.

"Baby," he said, "when all's said and done, the whole thing's up to you, way I look at it. I don't suppose there ever was a man who really loved his daughter but what he figured that, taking one thing with another, she was too good for any man on earth. I'm not saying now what sort of a husband I'd try to pick out for you if the choice had been left to me. I'd probably want to keep you an old maid so's I could have you around and then I'd secretly despise myself for doing it, too. What I'm saying is this: If you're certain you know your own mind and if you've decided that this boy is the boy you want, why what more is there for me to do except maybe to ask you just one or two small questions?"

"Shoot!" she bade, without looking up, but her arms hugged him a little tighter. "Probably one of the nicest old meal-tickets in the world," she added, confidentially addressing the top buttonhole of his sweater.

"Has it by any chance entered into your calculations at this early stage of the game, how you are going to live—you two? Or where? Or, if I may be so bold, what on?"

"That's easy," she said, and now she was peering up at him through a tousled short forelock. "You're going to set us up on a place out here somewhere—a ranch. We're going to raise beef. He knows about beef. And I'm going to learn. I aim to be the leading lady beefer of the Imperial Northwest."

"Whose notion was that?" His voice had sharpened the least bit.

"Mine, of course. He doesn't know anything about it. His idea is that we start in on what he can earn. But my idea is that we start in on a few of the simoleons that have already been earned—by you. And that's the idea that's going to prevail."

"Lucky I brought a fountain pen and a check-book along," he said. "Nothing like being prepared for these sudden emergencies. Still, I take it there's no great rush. Now, I tell you what: You run along and locate your mother and get *that* over with. She knows how I stand—we've been discussing this little affair our own selves."

"Oh," she said. "Oh, you have?" She seemed disappointed somehow—disappointed and slightly puzzled.

"Oh yes, several times. And on your way kindly whisper to the young man that I'm

COMMUNITY PLATE



© 1926 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

FLAT SILVER TO MATCH

In this day of ensembles, decorators recommend the use of one motif, one pattern, for all one's silver. So if, today, you buy the tea-service, look also at the matching flat silver... forks, knives and spoons in Community Plate... and plan some day to add it to the decorative scheme, the 'ensemble' of your home. Flat silver in the finest plate for six covers, in Grosvenor design, $37.75

Do you pour pale-gold tea from a SILVER TEAPOT?

DO YOU KNOW how the magic of exquisite service can turn orange pekoe and thin bread and butter into ambrosia and nectar? The pale bright silver will give to your hospitality the final perfection that the tea-hour had when your grandmothers served tea from massive, coroneted, silver services.

Now, COMMUNITY offers to every woman who is at heart aristocrat enough to care for them, slim, patrician tea-and-coffee services of the finest plate for from $45.00 to $60.00. Ask to see them.

THE TEAPOT, CREAMER AND SUGAR BOWL IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ARE IN THE GROSVENOR DESIGN AND ARE $60.00 FOR THE SET OF THREE



THE DELICATE INTRICACY OF THE GROSVENOR DESIGN IS TYPICAL OF THE BROTHERS ADAM

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE CO.
JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS
Established 1832
Philadelphia

ENGAGEMENT and WEDDING RINGS
Of Superlative Quality

Attention is directed to the Polished Girdle Diamond —a patented diamond cutting which experts declare to be most brilliant and perfect, eliminating sharp edge reflections besides preventing the Gem from chipping while mounting.

Correspondence Invited

"WEDDING and OTHER GIFTS"
Mailed upon request

A Booklet illustrating and pricing the newest and most appropriate Gifts.

A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT OF SERVICE

Has been established for the benefit of Sesqui-Centennial Visitors—kindly use this Department for any information desired, either before coming to or while in Philadelphia.



Is your child really being educated?

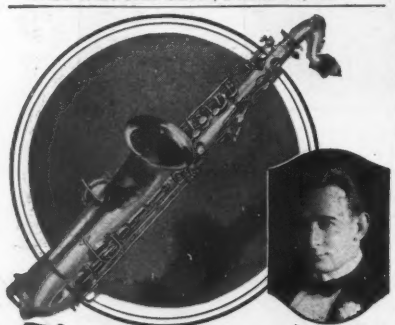
Or is the time he spends in school wasted because his particular needs are overlooked in the general instruction of a large class?

Most schools are not organized to give children the individual attention they require; consequently many receive only a meagre education which handicaps them from the start.

You can be sure your child is getting the best education obtainable whether you live near a school or miles away by teaching him yourself at home.

The Calvert School is famous for its success in giving children better educations at home than they can receive at the average school. Calvert is equipped to send its courses to all parts of the globe. The headquarters in Baltimore, with its thirty years of specialized experience in training children, gives the lesson, supplies all materials and books for carrying out the lessons, corrects the pupil's work, carefully guides and supervises the instruction. Write for free booklet. Address the Registrar.

CALVERT SCHOOL
158 West 40th Street, Baltimore, Md.



You can play this easy fingering Buescher Saxophone. Most wonderful music. 3 lessons given on request with each new Buescher True-Tone. Teach yourself. Many play scales right off—easy tunes first week. You can.

Easy to Play, Easy to Pay 325E

Try any Buescher Instrument for 6 days. Satisfaction or no sale. Easy terms arranged. Send postal for catalog and details of trial and payment plans. Mention instrument preferred. No obligation. Send today.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
1428 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

lurking right here behind these rocks ready to have a few words with him."

"Righto!" She reached up and kissed him and went swinging away, and for just a moment Mr. Gatling's conscience smote him.

"I've got to do it," he said to himself, excusing himself. "I've just got to find out—for her sake and ours—yes, and for his, too. It looks like an impossible bet and I've got to make sure."

With young Tripler he had more than the few words he had specified. They had quite an interview and as they had it the youth's embarrassment, which at the outset of the dialog had made him wriggle and mumble and kick with his toes at inoffensive pebbles, gradually wore off until it vanished altogether and his native assurance reasserted itself. A proposition was advanced. It needed little pressing; promptly he fell in with it. It appealed to him.

"So we're agreed there," concluded his prospective father-in-law, clinching the final rivets. "We'll all go right ahead and finish out this tour—it's only a couple of days more anyhow. Then I'll take Shirley and her mother and run on out to Spokane. We'll hustle one of the other boys back tomorrow to the entrance to tell my chauffeur to load some bags in the car and run around to this side and meet us where we come out. We'll leave you there and you can dust back to the starting point through that short cut over the Garden Wall you were just speaking of. The business that I've got in Spokane will keep me maybe two or three days. That'll give you time to get those new clothes of yours and then we'll all meet over at Many Glacier—I'll wire you in advance—and in a day or two we'll all go on East together so's you can get acquainted with Shirley's friends and so forth. But of course, as I said before, that's our secret—all that part of it is. You've never been East, I believe?"

"Well, I've been as far as Minot, North Dakota."

"You'll probably notice a good deal of territory the other side of there. You'll enjoy it. Sure you can pick up all the wardrobe you need out in this country?" His manner was solicitous.

"Oh yes, sir, there's those two swell fellows named Steinfelt and Immergluck I was telling you about that they've got the leading gents' furnishing goods store down in Cree City."

"Good enough! I'd suggest that when picking out a suit you get something good and brisk as to pattern. Shirley likes live colors." Mr. Gatling next stressed a point which already had been dwelt upon: "You understand of course that she's not to know a single thing about all this—it's strictly between us two?"

"Yes, sir."

"You see, that'll make the surprise all the greater when she sees you all fixed up in a snappy up-to-date rigging like young college fellows your age wear back where she comes from. Seems like to me I was reading in an advertisement only here the other day where they're going in for coats with belts on 'em this season. Oh yes, and full-bottomed pants; I read that, too.

"One thing more occurs to me: Your hair is a little bit long and shaggy, don't you think? That's fine for out here but back East a young fellow that wants to be in style keeps himself trimmed up sort of close. Now I saw a barber working on somebody about as old as you are just the other day. Let me see—where was it? Oh yes, it was the barber at that town of Cree City—I dropped in there for a shave when we motored down last week. He seemed to have pretty good ideas about trimming up a fellow's bean, that barber."

"I know the one you mean—Silk Sullivan. I've patronized him before."

"That's the one. Well, patronize him again before you rejoin us. He knows his business all right, your friend Sullivan does . . . Now, mind you, mum's the word. All this part of it is absolutely between us."

"Oh yes, sir."

"O. k. Shake on it . . . Well, suppose we see how they're coming along with supper."

Mr. Gatling's strategy ticked like a clock. After they got to Spokane he delayed the return by pretending a vexatious prolongation of a purely fictitious deal in ore properties, his privy intent being to give opportunity for Cree City's ready-made clothing princes to work their will. Since a hellish deed must be done he craved that they do it properly. Then on the homeward journey when they had reached the Western Gate, he suddenly remembered he had failed to complete his purchases of an assortment of game heads at Lewis's on Lake McDonald. He professed that he couldn't round out the order by telephone; unless he personally checked his collection some grievous error might be made.

"You go on across on this train, Shirley," he said. "I telegraphed your young man that we'd be there this morning and he'll be on the lookout. Your mother and I'll dust up to the head of the lake on the bus and I'll finish up what I've got to do there and we'll be along on the Limited this evening. After being separated for a whole week you two'll enjoy a day together without any old folks snooping around. Meet us at the hotel tonight."

So Shirley went on ahead. It perhaps was true that Shirley's nerves had suffered after six days spent in the companionship of a devoted mother who trailed along with yearning, grief-stricken eyes fixed on her only child—a mother who at frequent intervals sniffed mournfully. Quite willingly Shirley went.

"I—I feel as though I were giving her up forever," faltered Mrs. Gatling, following with brimming eyes her daughter's departing form.

"Romola," commanded Mr. Gatling, "don't be foolish in the head. You're going to be separated from her exactly nine hours."

"But she tripped away so gaily—so gladly. It was exactly as though she wanted to leave us. And yet, heavens knows I've tried and tried ever since that—that terrible night to show her what she means to me——"

"You've done more than try, Romola—you've succeeded, if that's any consolation to you. You've succeeded darned well." He stared almost regretfully down the line at the rear of an observation-car swiftly diminishing into a small square dot where the rails came together. "Since you mention it, she did look powerfully chipper and cheerful a minute ago, hustling to climb aboard that Pullman—cheerfuller than she's looked since we quit the trail last Wednesday. Lord, how I wish I could guarantee that kid was never going to have a minute's unhappiness the rest of her life!" Something remotely akin to remorse was beginning to gnaw at Mr. Gatling's heart-cockles.

Indeed, something strongly resembling remorse beset him toward the close of this day. At the station when they detrained, no Shirley was on hand to greet them; nor was there sign of Shirley's affianced, either. Up the slope from the tracks at the hotel a clerk wrenched himself from an importuning cluster of newly-arrived tourists for long enough to tell them Miss Gatling had left word she would be awaiting them in their rooms and wished them to come up immediately.

So they went up under escort of two college students serving as bell-hops. A bedroom door opened and out came Shirley—a crumpled, wobegone Shirley with a streaky swollen face.

"It's all right, mater," she said with a flickering trace of her usual jauntiness. "The alliance between the house of Gatling and the house of Tripler is off. So you can liven up. I'll be your substitute for such crying as is done in this family during the next day or two. I've—I've been practising all afternoon."

She eluded the lady's outstretched arms and clung temporarily at her father's breast.

"Dad," she confessed brokenly, "I think I must have been a little bit loony these last two weeks. But, dad, I've taken the cure. It's not nice medicine and it makes you feel miserable



To those we never meet!

There are legions of lovely ladies in this land, hidden in tiny hamlets and great cities . . . . . In fact, for every beauty found by fame, a thousand pass unseen. Is it any wonder that in this vast garden of Feminine Charm, Tre-Jur is acclaimed first aid to good looks?

Tre-Jur Face Powder was created to prove that fine *quality* need not mean high *price*. In a beautiful box of generous size, you will find as exquisite and perfect a powder as money can buy. Yet the price-mark will amaze you—it's 50c . . . . Sample-size box in your own shade sent for 10c stamps or coin. Address The House of Tre-Jur, 19 West 18th St., New York.



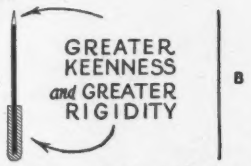
FIFTY CENTS

TRE-JUR
Face Powder

JOLI-MEMOIRE FRAGRANCE

© 1926 H. of T., Inc.

A blade with backbone to conquer whale-bone whiskers!



IT takes substance to give a keen edge—so we make Ever-Ready Blades of rigid, rugged, reinforced steel, tempered to perfection, ground to microscopic fineness.

It takes a blade with backbone to give real shaves—so we put a backbone of solid steel on each Ever-Ready Blade.

Contrast the Ever-Ready (A) to the wafer-like blade (B). Notice the heavy steel body of the Ever-Ready. Notice the perfect bevel edge which can be compared only to the edge of an old-fashioned straight razor. No wonder Ever-Ready outlasts, outshaves, out-economizes everything that ever tackled a beard!

About Ever-Ready Razors

Ever-Ready is the perfectly balanced razor. It gives faster shaves and makes fast friends. If your Ever-Ready Razor isn't batting 1.000, our service department will make good! Send it to the

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ever-Ready Razors and Blades are sold everywhere

Ever-Ready Blades



at first but I guess it's good for what ails me . . . Dad, have you seen—him?"

"Not yet." Compassion for her was mixed in with his own secret exultation, as though he tasted a sweet cake that was iced with a most bitter icing.

"Well, when you do, you'll understand. Even if he doesn't!"

"Have you told him?"

"Of course I have. Did you think I'd try to wish that little job off on you? I didn't tell him the real reason—I couldn't wound him that much. I told him I'd changed. But he—he's really the one that's changed. That's what makes it harder for me now. That's what makes it hurt so."

"Here, Romola," he said, kissing the girl and relinquishing her into her mother's grasp. "You swap tears awhile—you'll enjoy that anyhow, Romola. I've got business downstairs—got to make some sleeper reservations for getting out of here in the morning. And as soon as we hit Pittsburgh I figure you two had better be booking up for a little swing around Europe."

The lobby below was seething—seething is the word commonly used in this connection so we might as well do so, too—was seething with Easterners who mainly had dressed as they imagined Westerners would dress, and with Westerners who mainly had dressed as they imagined Easterners would dress, the resultant effect being that nobody was fooled but everybody was pleased. Working his way through the jam on the search for a certain one, Mr. Gatling's eye almost immediately was caught by a startling color combination or rather a series of startling color combinations appertaining to an individual who stood half hidden by a column, leaning against it, head down, with his back to Mr. Gatling.

To begin at the top, there was, surmounting all, a smug undersized object of head-gear—at least, it would pass for head-gear—of a poisonous mustard shade. It perched high and, as it were, aloof upon the crest of its wearer's skull. Below it, where the neck had been shaved, and a good portion of the close-clipped scalp as well, showed a sort of crescent of pink skin blazing forth in strong contrast to the abnormally long expanse of sunburnt surface rising above the cross-line of an exceedingly low, exceedingly shiny pink linen collar.

Straying on downward, Mr. Gatling's wondering eye was aware of a high-waisted Norfolk jacket belted well up beneath the armpits, a garment of a tone which might not be called mauve nor yet lavender nor yet magenta but which partook subtly of all three shades—with a plaid overlay in chocolate superimposed thereon. Yet nearer the floor was revealed a pair of trousers extensively bell-bottomed and apparently designed with the intent to bring out and impress upon the casual observer the fact that their present owner had two of the most widely bowed legs on the North American continent; and finally, a brace of cloth-top shoes. Tan shoes, these were, with buttoned uppers of a pale fawn cloth, and bulldog toes. They were very new shoes, that was plain, and of an exceedingly bright and pristine glossiness.

This striking person now moved out of his shelter, his shoulders being set at a despondent hunch, and as he turned about, bringing his profile into view, Mr. Gatling recognized that the stranger was no stranger and he gasped.

"Perfect!" he muttered to himself; "absolutely perfect! Couldn't be better if I'd done it myself. And, oh Lordy, that necktie—that's the finishing stroke! Still, at that, it's a rotten shame—the poor kid!"

He hurried across, overtaking the slumped figure, and as his hand fell in a friendly slap upon one drooped shoulder the transformed cowboy looked about him with two sad eyes.

"Howdy-do, sir," he said wanly. Then he braced himself and squared his back, and Mr. Gatling perceived—and was glad to note—that the youngster strove to take his heartache in a manly fashion.

"Son," said Mr. Gatling, "from what I'm able to gather I'm not going to have you for a son-in-law after all. But that's no reason why we shouldn't hook up along another line. I've been watching you off and on ever since we got acquainted and more closely since—well, since about a week ago, and it strikes me you've got some pretty good stuff in you. I've been thinking of trying a little flier in the cattle game out here. If you think you'd like a chance to start in as foreman or boss or superintendent or whatever you call it and maybe work up into a partnership if you showed me you had the goods, why, we'll talk it over together at dinner. The womenfolks won't be down and we can sit and powwow."

"I'd like that fine, sir," said young Tripler.

"Good boy! I'll keep you so busy you won't have time to brood on any little disappointment that you may be suffering from now . . . Say, son, don't mind my suggesting something, do you? If I was you I'd climb out of these duds you've got on and climb back into your regular working clothes—you don't seem to match the picture the way you are now."

"Why, you advised me to get 'em your own self, sir!" exclaimed the youth.

"That's right, I did, didn't I? Well, maybe you had better keep on wearing 'em." A shrewd and crafty gleam flickered under his eyelids. "You see—yes—on second thoughts, I think I want a chance to get used to you in your stylish new outfit. Promise me you'll wear 'em until noon tomorrow anyhow?"

"Yes, sir," said his victim obediently.

Mr. Gatling winked a concealed, deadly wink.

Roses *by Wm. J. Locke* *(Continued from page 49)*

unhappy, had died before he could enjoy the fruits of his benevolence.

Thus it seems to me that Patignon was a man, to use a painter's jargon, without values. He was like a picture without the proportion and correlation of tones. He could weep over a dewdrop, paint you a strident portrait, talk politely at an afternoon reception, and get filthily drunk in some disgusting lupanar, all in the space of twenty-four hours. Most of us, by training, have a set of fixed principles by which we guide our moral lives. This is mere platitude. If I were a metaphysician I could, without doubt, state what is in my mind with more complicated opacity. But the ordinary man must have his own standards of conduct. If he departs from them, he does it either deliberately, knowing the consequences, or yielding to irresistible temptation. In either case he returns, none too happy, to his standards. Now Patignon differed from the ordinary man. He had no principles. He had no standards. What to the ordinary man is a more or less clearly defined consciousness, was to him a chaos.

He lost his touch, his triumphant sureness of stroke; he claimed advances on commissions which he had never executed. His crapulous atavism got him by the throat. The clean collar of his young schedule of ambition dwindled into an unclean rag. He besotted himself with cheap absinth. He did every abominable thing that a brilliant portrait-painter ought not to do. At last a bogus check landed him in prison. The war turned him out into the dreadful *Bataillons d'Afrique*, the Battalions of Discipline. He had not long been demobilized when he came to me.

From me he seems to have gone to seek out Tombarel, whom he had known in the far-off days. Indeed, he had once stayed at Creille as Tombarel's guest. His cook father was a Marseillais and the Midi was in his blood, and its call sounded in his ears. He had actually equipped himself with the painter's paraphernalia, and had tried to work.



Roadster $795—Sport Roadster $880 f. o. b. Detroit

A Year from Today

What will your car be worth *then*? - - Or in *two* years? - - Or in *five*?

Important questions, these—but they create no worry, no uncertainty for the owner of a Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

90 per cent of the 1,600,000 Dodge Brothers Motor Cars still in service—

Owners enjoying six, eight and even ten years of faithful performance! Mileage running into six figures a common occurrence—

Depreciation costs so low you seek in vain for a parallel—

Resale values unusually high, yet an eager market to absorb them—

Upkeep costs so nominal that it would be difficult to find records to match them—

A greater percentage of costly Chrome Vanadium Steel and drop forgings than in any other car in the world, regardless of price—

In a word—Long Life—a phrase internationally associated with Dodge Brothers name.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

"The results were horrible, my dear Fontenay," said Tombarel. "When he was something, he was a portrait-painter—a figure painter—he had the classical line." Tombarel swept the painter's curved thumb—he loved the gesture as though it proved his admission into the Freemasonry of the craft. "But a *plein-airiste*—no, especially in our sunshine. You have to paint sunshine, which only one man in a generation can do. Even your Constable, with his divine sense of values, what would he have done here? Nothing. He would have fabricated *croûtes* of absurdity like my poor Patignon. It takes Claude Monet. Also one cannot drink a liter of brandy a day, to say nothing of another liter of fantastic varieties of alcohols at the Café Pogomas, and paint pictures. If there's one man in the world who must be serious, it is the artist . . . And then he became the scandal of the town. Ah, *mon Dieu!* Luckily my old hair was already white and couldn't grow whiter."

He must have led his protector, the mayor of Creille, a devil of a dance. Then, his thousand francs exhausted, his score with the good Marius Pogomas unsettled, he disappeared from Creille. The days between this flight and his reappearance in the world of men must have been spent like those of a wolf outcast by the pack, in the byways of the mountains.

We came now again to a definite picture of him.

Between Cannes and Grasse this gaunt tatterdemalion, with eyes now bloodshot, struck a vicinal road, and presently came to a pair of iron gates with a gilt coronet woven into the scrollwork, opening on a broad gravel path which, after a few yards, diverged in two directions. These arms, each bordered by broad flower-beds, embraced a plantation of mimosa and palm and acacia in milk-white blossom, with an undergrowth of laurel. A lodge beside the gates seemed deserted. The path to the left lay in deep, cool shade; and there were flowers, broad bands of them in the riot of May. They wound like rivers of splendor as far as his eye could reach. Begonias, cinerarias of all the purples, and along the garden walls an orgy of wisteria and convolvulus. And each bed was edged with deep turquoise grass.

The midday sun beat down on Patignon's head. The cool walk to the left was like an oasis to a desert wanderer. He gave a glance at the shuttered windows of the lodge, and stole into the shade of the garden. He had been living in the aridness of the mountains of eastern Provence, among olives and stony vineyards and pines, all austere things, and suddenly, as though guided by God, he had come upon this glimpse of Paradise. He walked a little distance and threw himself prone on the soft grass and inhaled the fragrance of the garden with open mouth and nostrils. His painter's eyes feasted on the color.

He had wandered from Creille in the vague direction of Marseilles, where animal instinct rather than hope suggested he might find a means of livelihood. At Creille he had provided himself with an immense sausage—he was an old campaigner—wherewith he could satisfy his hunger. He had slept on the crisp warm beds beneath the pine woods. Water for his thirst he could obtain at any cottage, or from any mountain stream. Once a day his few remaining francs had assured him a *demi-setier* of wine at some remote *estaminet*.

But he was tired and sun-stricken and footsore, and he lay for an hour, fouling with his weight the delicate turquoise grass, quivering with the consciousness of one transformed by enchantment into a wild beast, gradually recovering a human form. The artist sense that, during his strange life, had led him into a thousand paradoxes of conduct, at last aroused him from his languor. He must explore further this garden of enchanted loveliness. He stood, stretched himself and followed the winding path.

At last a break in the central plantation showed him the red-tiled roof, the green-shuttered windows of the top story of the château. One window was open, and a faint spiral of smoke curled from a chimney. He barely noticed this, for his eyes, at the turn of the path, were compelled to a garden of roses—the last roses of the southern spring. They grew dwarf with all the charm of scientific disregard of mingled varieties. Old and new blended in breathless discords and harmonies, from the black crimson of the Victor Hugo to the buttercup purity of the Golden Chalice. The ground was strewn with petals as for a fairy wedding.

Now, you must not dismiss Patignon as a vagabond sentimentalist. If you do, I'm done. There was less sloppy sentiment about Patignon than about any man with whose history I've been acquainted. But Patignon was a painter, and a painter is a queerly gifted creature who can't help being affected by beauty when beauty gets up and parades herself naked before him. It was not the sentimentalist but the instinctive lover of beauty that impelled him, he knew not why, to step into the rose bed, and with the clasp-knife which he had lately employed in the careful slicing of his sausage, to cut, at long stem, the only half-opened perfect bloom—a dreamy pink Caroline Testout—that remained.

He picked his way back to the path, rose in hand. A man, springing from he knew not where, confronted him.

"*Qu'est-ce que vous faites là?*"

He was a gross man—a square-headed, sanguine-complexioned man. Patignon, who knew his France, put him down as a Norman. He wore an ultra-English golfing costume.

"What are you doing there?" he repeated.

"You see," said Patignon; "I have only picked a rose."

"Give it back. *Fous le camp.* Get out!" cried the angry proprietor, and he made a grab at the flower in Patignon's hand.

Thus arose as idiotic an altercation between two sane men as has ever brought about tragical consequences. The red-faced Norman accused the dilapidated Patignon, not without reason, of entering his grounds with felonious intent. Patignon protested his innocence. What kind of a thief was it who, entering the grounds of a house, prefaced his villainy by stealing a rose? The lord of the château lost his head. He was determined to dispossess the thief of his booty. During a hand-to-hand struggle the gaunt and bony Patignon swung his adversary staggering back among the flower-beds, and sprang forward to complete his victory.

The other scrambled to his feet, and from his hip pocket drew a small automatic pistol. He was too late. Patignon gripped his wrist with one hand, wrenched away the pistol with the other and, holding it in his clenched fist, butt downwards, brought it down with all his force on the man's head.

He dropped on the gravel path like a pole-axed bullock and lay sprawling on his back. Patignon looked at him for a few moments, rather bewildered. He had had no desire to kill the man. He felt himself the most aggrieved of mortals, pursued by divine injustice. His plucking of the rose was, perhaps, the most exquisitely innocent action of his life. Well, if it was murder, so much the worse. It was the affair of *le bon Dieu*, and not of him, Jules Patignon.

The man lay with his coat lapels wide open. From the inside breast pocket peeped the top edge of a note-case. Patignon peered cautiously around. There was not even a butterfly for witness. He stooped and plucked out the note-case. It was filled with notes. He thrust it into his pocket. From the waistcoat he drew watch and chain. A diamond ring glittered on the man's finger. Why leave it? He drew himself up on his knees. That was done, finished, irrevocable. He had stolen note-case, watch and chain and diamond ring. What was the good of half measures? He went systematically through the pockets of the gross and unconscious man. He brought out an Eldorado—ten packets of thousand-franc notes, each tied up by a slim elastic band, and a jeweler's case from the side pocket, which, on a hasty glance, proved to contain a blinding dazzle of emeralds.

He bent down over his victim. His skull might be cracked—but he was not yet dead. Patignon had seen a good deal of death during his time with the Battalion of Discipline . . . He rose to his feet. Well, it served the fool right.

A woman's sharp cry, and the just captured flash of a white dress, broke any philosophic musings. He turned and fled at racing speed along the path and through the iron gates into the road; and plunged again, as soon as he could, into the hills.

Patignon worked his way, unmolested by justice, to Cannes, whence he traveled third-class to Marseilles. It was only when he found himself safe behind the locked door of a bedroom in a mean hotel by the quays that he dared bring into the light the proceeds of his robbery. There were five distinct items. A gold watch and chain; a diamond ring; a well-stuffed note-case; a separate hoard of a hundred thousand francs; and an emerald bracelet whose wonder made his head reel.

On the dismal bed he spread out the contents of the note-case, which proved to be a kind of autobiographical museum. They gave him interesting information; both explicit and implicit. His unsought victim was the Marquis de la Crozière. He classified the documents with a grim smile. Admission cards to the casinos of Monte Carlo, Nice and Cannes, and a neatly kept memorandum of losses and gains, led him to the inference that the Marquis de la Crozière was a gambler for high stakes. As no man walks about with a hundred thousand francs by way of casual pocket-money, he surmised that the Marquis de la Crozière had drawn that sum out of a bank that morning in view of the afternoon or evening play.

Of what sort or kind, legitimate or otherwise, was the *châtelaine* of the estate on which he had trespassed, he had at first no notion, though of such a one the cry and the flicker of white dress proclaimed the existence. At any rate, the emerald bracelet was not destined for the wrist of a Marquise de la Crozière, because there lay a violently perfumed letter with a Nice heading from one who, signing herself "Zozo," was indubitably the intended recipient of the jewels. A newspaper cutting clinched the matter of the *châtelaine*. It recorded the statistics of a pigeon-shooting match at Monte Carlo in which the Marquis de la Crozière was the winner, and a dinner given in celebration of the victory by the Marquis and the Marquise de la Crozière.

An unpleasant letter, written in the familiar second person singular, dunned for the repayment of a sixty thousand franc loan. Examination of the gambling memorandum showed a considerable balance of gain. The inner rim of the diamond ring bore the inscription: "*Souviens-toi toujours de notre amour. R. à C.*" This was obviously a present from his wife, his own name, as indicated by his visiting-card, being Camille.

The more Patignon pondered over these revelations, the less compunction did he feel in having cracked the skull and rifled the pockets of the Marquis Camille de la Crozière. In his person he had shown himself an unsympathetic and truculent fellow. His record was that of an entirely unworthy member of society. He was dissipating a fortune in the gambling saloons of the Riviera; he turned a deaf ear to a poor, hard-up devil to whom he owed a large sum of money; in order to keep some vulgar little courtesan called Zozo in a good temper, he had wasted an angel's ransom on an emerald bracelet; and there was a Marquise de la Crozière personified by a cry and a flutter of white, whom he was treating abominably.

Patignon, contemplating the proceeds of his crime, glowed more and more with the sense of public duty accomplished. He had diverted wealth from corrupt channels leading to the cesspools of gambling-hells and the bottomless purses of the Daughters of the Horse-Leech, into the pure stream that might set working



Have your Kodak handy

Autographic Kodaks, $5 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*



No one ever says that a Tangee complexion looks natural—for no one, except she who has it, ever knows it isn't!

Tangee Lipstick, $1
Tangee Crème Rouge, $1
Tangee Rouge Compact, 75c
Tangee Face Powder (in the five blends of Nature), $1

TANGEE



NOTE: *The most recent important development in face creams has been accredited to Tangee DAY and Tangee NIGHT.*

Dept. 44
THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO.
417 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Please send me FREE trial supplies of Tangee Lipstick, Crême Rouge, DAY Cream and NIGHT Cream. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

once more that great man, Jules Patignon.

He slept that night the placid sleep of the man whose mind is conscious of right.

Of the ins and outs of Patignon's existence for the next few months, Tombarel could give me meager account. One factor, however, is certain. The author of the outrage on the Marquis de la Crozière, without taking peculiar pains, eluded the search of the police.

We have now to attune our minds, as Tombarel put it, to the conception of Patignon as a gentleman of fortune. For in this guise did he reappear meteorically, not in the salons, it is true, but in the resorts of the wealthy. In August, a week's baccarat at Deauville brought him a couple of million francs. He vanished with his winnings. During that week of publicity I have learned, not only from Tombarel but from the frequenters of that paradise of vanity, that he lived the life of a solitary and sober sphinx. He emerged from the social darkness, the immaculate, point-device imitation man of the world of his boyhood's dreams. But no little lady disturbed the austere tenor of his way. He sat alone at his meals and drank the most modest and light of wines.

"We must think of him," said Tombarel—"we must get inside his soul if we can and think of him as a man driven for those few following months of autumn and winter, not by any emotion akin to remorse, not by any lashes of conscience, but by one terrifying desire—the desire to keep himself from the mud in which he had wallowed for twenty years. *La boue, il en avait soupé.* He had been fed up with mud.

"He was possessed of the fixed idea to assure himself for the rest of his days against misery and cold and degradation and starvation. What he did, where he went, how he lived I don't know. It doesn't matter . . . The following January we see him in Monte Carlo."

"A sweet, limpid place, totally free of mud," said I.

"You shall hear," said Tombarel. The long, inefficient fingers of the barren artist swept over his white mane of hair.

Patignon turned up, then, in Monte Carlo, tall, gaunt, clean-shaven, scrupulously trim, carrying himself reservedly with a distinguished air. Again the austerely sober man of loneliness. He sat solitary, day after day, at the *trente-et-quarante* table.

"To save my life, my dear Tombarel," said I, "I can't see where this new rigid morality of his comes in."

"*Attendez*," said Tombarel. "I tell you because I know. He had amassed a fortune of five million, four hundred thousand francs. He had resolved to turn the odd four hundred thousand into one million and nothing more, or to lose them and nothing more. After that, never a stake for the rest of his life. You can take that as gospel; for I speak of things that I know."

It appears that after a fortnight's ups and downs of fortune, Patignon drew in the last winnings that brought him up to the six-million total.

He rose, thrusting the notes and counters into his pockets, when he found himself face to face with a woman who, as some queer sense told him, had been standing behind his chair and watching him for a long time. She was so close that in the act of rising he almost brushed her dress. A word of apology was succeeded by the shock of mutual recognition.

"Mademoiselle!"

"*C'est vous?*"

"Yes, it is I, Jules Patignon. It's a long time, mademoiselle . . ."

Her lips moved in a smile. "Madame."

"Alas," said he; "I dared not guess it."

They stood embarrassed. She waved ever so slightly a disdainful hand.

"You find pleasure in this game?"

"It is my last coup," said he.

"For today?"

"For all my life. Yes, it's true; why should I tell you if it weren't?"

"Yet you have not lost."

"On the contrary, I have won. A modest fortune. That is why I draw my pin from the game, I can retire now, and live in peace until I die."

Unconsciously they had backed away into the free space between two thronged tables. He said: "You haven't changed. Or, if you have, it is for the better."

She laughed, colored under the admiration in his eyes. "I'm getting an old woman."

"Bah! You are not yet forty. If anyone should know your age, madame, it should be I."

She sighed. "It seems so long ago."

"To me," said he, "but yesterday. Can't we sit and talk somewhere for five minutes?"

"Willingly."

He led her into the long bar, to a small table at the far end away from the bar itself.

"Yes. It seems but yesterday. In a night you have bloomed from a girl into a beautiful woman."

The tribute was socially justifiable, seeing that, the last time he had seen her—although it was twenty years before—she had been snatched literally from his arms. It was justified, too, by her present beauty. The rosebud of Tombarel's sentimental ecstasy had developed into the rose at its prime of womanhood. She was tall with the utmost roundness of delicate figure that the folly of the present day allowed. Her dainty features had the coloring of dark rose. To the girlish languor of her dark brown eyes was added a glint of irony. Her lips, the only pure lips the man had ever kissed in the whole of his existence, held the same childish appeal.

She smiled. "I'm glad you think so. But you? What has become of you during all these years?"

He looked at her with knitted brow. "*Ma foi.* You ought to know. It was in all the newspapers. Scandal enough."

She laid a quick touch on his arm. "Yes, yes. But that was long ago. Since then?"

"I went through the war—like everybody else. After that I occupied myself with the making of a little fortune; that's all."

"And your painting?"

"Lost." He smiled wryly. "Art is a mistress to whom one must be faithful. I've not been faithful, and she has deserted me."

"It's a pity," she said.

He acknowledged her sympathy with a shrug and a gesture. "One does what one can—or rather, what is permitted by the high gods of eternal irony."

He was conscious since they had sat down, even before they had sat down, of some strange preoccupation at the back of her eyes which, as though fascinated, strayed perpetually from his. She soon simplified his growing perplexity.

"Pardon, Monsieur Patignon, for an indiscretion. But your ear—was that the war?"

He laughed. "It is my happiness that it wasn't. It was a scar received in your service. The famous duel with your brother, André."

"Yes, he told me afterwards," she said with a shiver. "He said that you had the whole ear torn away—then modified the story."

"I bear no malice," said Patignon. "And the good André?"

The good André was dead. At Verdun. Her parents, too, were dead. She was alone.

"But your husband?"

"Yes, I have a husband," said Rosalie, without enthusiasm of possession.

In his turn he said: "It's a pity."

In hers she sketched a shrug—a gesture.

"All this time we've been talking," said he, "and I don't know your name."

"My husband," she replied, "is the Marquis de la Crozière."

The shock was so unexpected that all the twenty years' training in the sudden vicissitudes of life availed him nothing. He gasped open-mouthed, felt his hair crinkle on his skull, and could not repress a foolish cry:

"What?"

"The Marquis de la Crozière. Did you know him?"

He gathered his wandering wits. "Why, no."

"Then why are you so surprised?"

How many people actually have halitosis (unpleasant breath)?

Read what dentists have to say about this:

EVERY reader of Listerine advertising knows about halitosis (unpleasant breath), that insidious thing that not even your best friends discuss with you.

Yet there are still a few "doubting Thomas" folks who think halitosis is only a state of mind.

Out of simple curiosity we put this question up to a carefully selected list of dentists—1000 of them—and in a letter asked them the following:

> Do you ever use Listerine, in self-defense, in the mouth of a patient troubled with halitosis, unpleasant breath?
>
> Please answer if you use it this way (1) Frequently, (2) Occasionally, or (3) Never.

Four hundred and forty replied as follows:

> 83% said "Frequently"
> 15% said "Occasionally"
> Only 2% said "Never"

Now, what human being meets halitosis at closer range, face to face, than the dentist? And who would be a better judge of this condition—and how to combat it—than the dentist?—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

puts you on the safe and polite side—

Special Note

Well—it worked!

For quite a while we challenged people to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Sales now show that when they try it they stick to it!

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

Special Note

"The Marquis de la Crozière belongs to the old *noblesse*—a historic name," said he, bolting up the first avenue to hand.

"And it astonishes you that Rosalie Dufour, of the 'Sardines Dufour,' should now be the Marquise de la Crozière?"

"*Mais non.* No prince of blood royal could be worthy of you."

"*Merci,*" she said, with a little twist of her lips; and he was then aware of a hard questioning in her brown eyes. "We lived till lately in the Château Paradou, near Grasse. It was a beautiful garden. Have you ever seen the garden of the Château Paradou, monsieur?"

"I've never heard the name of the Château Paradou in my life," he replied.

"It is strange," she said in a low voice, "but in the summer I saw in the garden a man with an ear like that—I have called him since by Edmond About's title *'L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée.'* He was a dreadful man—hairy and fierce and ragged. Do you know, Patignon, that you very much resemble that man? It was that man with the broken ear I was watching at the *trente-et-quarante* table."

Taking his courage and his face in both hands, he bent across the table confronting her.

"And if it were I—what then?"

She sat motionless. "It would be a strange coincidence. You, the great painter whom I loved as a young girl, to be a common assassin—a robber of my husband."

He shifted his position, and mechanically drained one of the glasses containing the conventionally ordered drinks, which neither had thought of tasting.

"*Eh bien,* Madame la Marquise, it was I. A robber, yes; if a famished wolf can be called a robber. But an assassin—no. Monsieur le Marquis threatened me with an automatic. I acted in self-defense. I tore it from his hand and brought down the butt on his head. Besides, he did not die. At the time I read *Le Petit Marseillais* with some interest."

That palace of all the greeds and all the iniquities and all the despairs of the world, which is the gambling-hell of Monte Carlo, has rarely housed a pair united—or divided—by so unimaginable a story.

Rosalie de la Crozière sat fixed in her attitude. Even then the artist in the man noted the exquisite curves of arms and neck and bosom.

"And you are not ashamed to confess it?"

"No," said he. "I buried shame a hundred years ago; and its ghost doesn't arise to haunt me now. I am what I am." He drew a cigaret from his case and lighted it. "You have my confession. It is in your power to denounce me. Do what you will."

Her shoulders moved slightly. "It is too late. There would be no object . . ."

"Thanks," said he dryly. "But may I put a question?" He looked deep into her steadfast eyes. "You arrived on the scene. I heard a cry and caught sight of your white dress. You noticed my ear. Why didn't you give my description to the police?—*L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée.* I should have been taken before I could get to Marseilles. Why didn't you?"

"Because—because I saw more than the broken ear. The figure was familiar after all these years. I had a horrible dread that the man might be you . . ." She passed her hands over her eyes and rose quickly. "I think we've talked enough. Accompany me to the door of the bar. I have some friends in the rooms."

Just past the threshold of the Salle Privée, she turned.

"*Adieu.*"

He bowed gravely.

"*Adieu,*" said he.

"And that," said Tombarel, "is the beginning of my story."

"The beginning?" I cried. "What do you mean by the beginning?"

"If you are such a purist in language," said he, "let us call it the preface to my story. We began by a reference to the monastery on the Island of St. Honorat. I said I would tell you the story of Frère Sylvain.

"But you've told it to me, *mon ami,*" said I. "All that matters. After Patignon parted from Madame Rosalie he gave up the world and went into religion, and is now the pious Frère Sylvain."

It is the only time I have ever seen my venerable friend completely bewildered.

"*Qu'est-ce que vous chantez là?*" he gasped. For him to derogate so far from his exquisitely polished French to ask me slangily what I was driveling about, was evidence of loss of balance. "*Patignon, Frère Sylvain? Jamais de la vie!*"

"Then where does Frère Sylvain come in?"

"But, *mon Dieu,* haven't you understood? It is the Marquis de la Crozière who is Frère Sylvain."

"Oh!" said I, bewildered in my turn. "The devil he is!"

"Of course. Who else?" cried Tombarel with a triumphant gesture. "I had to tell you the story of Patignon in order to explain Camille de la Crozière. Don't you see? Without Patignon he wouldn't have received the blow on his head which fractured his skull, and he wouldn't have entered into religion. It is so remarkable, the linking together of human destinies; the fatality, one might say, of Greek tragedy. Here was a man who treated his wife like the last of scoundrels, converted to the service of the *bon Dieu* by the old perfect lover of his wife acting the part of the blind agent of Nemesis. I find that extraordinary!"

Tombarel would have been disappointed by the exhibition of my entire lack of enthusiasm. To disappoint Tombarel when his eyes were alight and his delicate hands flashing all around his white leonine head, would have been an outrage. I had to assume an appearance of absorbed interest.

"Extraordinary! And he didn't know who his assailant was?"

"Of course not. Neither did Patignon know whom he was assassinating. That is the point of it. *Merci, mon ami—mais merci, oui*—the smallest drop." He pushed his glass to the *maître d'hôtel* who, I am sure, came forward with the old bottle as a last ruse for getting rid of us, as we were the last customers left in the sunny restaurant.

"What was I saying? Ah! yes. The conversion of Camille de la Crozière. It's a case of subtle psychology. Camille—I have known him from infancy—is of the old aristocracy—*pur sang.* The pure blood of the Crusaders runs in his veins. You see here the influences of heredity—the heredity of idea.

"When he recovered from his concussion, he began to think very seriously. The blow dealt a little to the right or left would have killed him. He was spared by a miracle. Although a bad man, he had always been a devout Catholic. That happens sometimes. He already had undergone spasmodic periods of remorse. Now his religion got him tight!" Tombarel clenched his hands in a strangle-hold.

"The *bon Dieu,* he was convinced, had something to do with it—in fact, the *bon Dieu* had everything to do with it. He reviewed his life. How had he treated the poor Rosalie Dufour whom he had married for her money? All the sardines, *huile extra fine,* of the Dufour factory, had slipped through his pockets. He had been a sinner and an execrable husband. Why had God spared him? That is the interesting question."

Tombarel stretched out his hand across the table and tapped my arm. "Because he had committed the greatest sin. Remember, it's his psychology I'm talking about. He had refused a human being the small charity of a rose. If he had said to the vagabond, 'Take two, take three—and Heaven speed you on your path,' the man would have thanked him humbly and gone away. It was the rose itself, plucked by Patignon, that drove him into religion. It's droll, isn't it?"

I acquiesced. Anything was possible for a man who was a throwback to the Crusaders. No doubt many of his ancestors, after weltering in innocent gore, had exchanged their blood-drenched raiment for the hair shirt of the monk. From what I had heard of the Marquis de la Crozière, he appeared to be of the same type as the overbearing, singularly unpleasant, yet superstitious baron of the Middle Ages.

We smoked a while in silence, Tombarel the epicure leaving me time to enjoy the flavor of his narrative. At last, after polite commendation, I came tactfully to the subject of my very real interest.

"And Rosalie?"

"She was only too happy to get free of him with the remnant of her fortune."

"And Patignon?"

"Patignon? You wish to hear more about Patignon? . . . Yes, perhaps you are right. After all, what I have told you is more the story of Patignon than of Frère Sylvain . . . Patignon? Yes, I know all about him."

"Tell me," said I.

"I have a theory of life, my friend, which has stood me in good stead many times when I thought myself plunged in the depths of the black treachery of mankind—and it is this: that if you dig deep enough into the vilest soul of man, you will find one streak of sweetness. If a man discovers it for himself and follows it, he wins salvation. That one sweet streak was in Patignon—the young man's pure love for Rosalie . . . He and Rosalie are married."

I jumped. "How on earth——?"

"They went to America. It seems he could claim American citizenship. *Enfin.* What do we know? There are places in America where you can buy a divorce for two sous and get married for nothing. Don't ask me." To a Frenchman like Tombarel, any foreign country is a barbaric waste where anything can happen. "All I know is that they are married, and perfectly happy."

"But, good heavens!" I cried—I must confess to a sense of shock, of upheaval. "She, the flower of all the innocencies, and he the poison-plant of all the vices!"

"Rhetorically, very good," said he.

I disregarded his ironical interruption and went on: "Why, it's monstrous! He stripped her own husband of a small fortune."

"It didn't belong to her husband," said Tombarel. "It belonged to her. How could he restore it more honorably than by marrying her?"

"Go on," said I. Sometimes the Latin view of morals is beyond me.

"There's nothing more to say. Apparently my little Rosalie had loved her Patignon all her life—who can dive into the complexities of a woman's heart? Certainly not an old bachelor like me. Once I tried to solve the enigma of woman. I almost lost my reason . . . That's another matter . . . Yes, there they are in a pretty farmhouse near Roquebrune where, though they need not do so, they cultivate roses for the market . . . You see, the rose was the symbol of his happiness. He explained it all, at length, only the other day."

"You still see him?" I asked.

"Why, yes. They are great friends of mine. Would you like to meet them?"

"I don't know," said I. "Patignon sticks in my gizzard. I don't see how he deserves all this."

"It is the English puritan that speaks," said Tombarel, putting on his vast black felt hat. "Because a man has been wicked, why should he always be wicked? Haven't poets worn themselves to the bone trying to prove the purifying influences of a woman's love? Besides, my dear friend, who are you and I to probe the recesses of a man's soul and judge whether he deserves or doesn't deserve what God has thought fit to mete out to him? I, Tombarel, have done things—and I am the Mayor of Creille, and I have the Légion d'Honneur, and the very great privilege of your affection."

He doffed his hat in the most courtly of bows, insisting that I should precede him out of the restaurant.

The Necklace of Marie Antoinette (*Continued from page 71*)

cellar and the little green oysters in which the soul of Madame Jeanne delighted and partridge in delicate salmi and an *omelette au rhum* and more, and gave it with an outpouring of soul that added sauce to it all. It was not allowed, however, to delay the start for Versailles beyond a reasonable time, and never could the enchanted man forget the vision of the little dark arch face and shining eyes as she nodded and beckoned from the carriage window to where he watched from his, with the agreement in her pocket.

He slept that night in dreams of bliss sunned by those eyes with their brilliant glances, and had scarcely finished his luxurious *déjeuner* when their owner was again by his side.

"Rejoice, Altesse—it is a day of gladness. She received me with friendship—more—with sincere affection, and her first inquiry was for news of you. Never have I seen her look more beautiful. All anxieties are over. Look what I bring!"

From the little silk satchel which had so often conveyed missives in the safe hiding-place of her bosom she produced a paper he knew. There stood his majestic signature and the respectable one of Monsieur Boehmer following. But along the edge were now written these magical words:

"*Bon.* Marie Antoinette de France."

Not much, but enough to change the April hopes of the Cardinal into full-flushed summer and to make Boehmer sing his "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace" with every certainty of comfort.

The Cardinal thanked, he blessed the unwearied friend. He sent a message to Boehmer appointing the day and the hour, and enforcing upon him the command that he was to say the necklace was sold out of France if any justifiable inquiries should arise.

And then, the busy Countess taking herself off to look into household matters after her long absence at Bar-sur-Aube, his Eminence set himself to dream of the happy day when he first should see the diamonds sparkling where only they should be, and receive from brighter eyes the look of intelligence, secret between him and her, which should assure him of the Queen's gratitude and that of the woman also—each to be repaid in kind. As to the position of Master of the King's Household, he regarded that as his already.

Sumptuous was the supper prepared a little later for a guest dear to the heart of the grateful Cardinal—his beloved Countess de Lamotte-Valois; for the night of fruition had come, was there, and what viands the round world could furnish were royal enough to testify his profound respect and devotion to the architect of his fortunes?

It was served in the inmost sanctuary of the Hôtel de Rohan—a small room hung with priceless pictures. The napery, glass and porcelain were all perfection and the chairs set for the guests suggested royalty in their time-dimmed magnificence. The room shone like a jewel in firelight with somber lights and glooms.

Guests. For when Madame Jeanne fluttered in she was attended by a portly figure whose appearance caused first surprise and then delight to their host. It was the Grand Cophta who condescended to enhance the glories of this world with those of the Invisible.

It may be truly said he had himself condescended, for he had had an interview with the Countess earlier in the day in which his intention was made clear.

It was in her own little house in the Faubourg Saint Antoine that he unexpectedly made his appearance that morning, as she sat in a charming négligée running over some accounts in a mother-of-pearl-edged book, too elegant, one would say, for anything so prosaic as figures. Yet there was romance in it—for that book contained the accounts of the money lent for charitable purposes by the Cardinal to the Queen. Not stated, of course, under that heading, but fairly exactly set down. It caused the Countess a thrill to see to what a figure they mounted. The house she sat in at that moment represented a substantial part of it, and when was charity ever better applied?

So engrossed was she that she heard and saw nothing until Finette tripped into the room preceding the Grand Cophta—now in the ordinary dress of a gentleman of the period. His bow was sublime—it combined the worldly and the other-worldly in perfect proportion.

"Madame, your most humble servant. It is refreshing indeed to see a lady of such charm engaged in study when others are sipping their chocolate in bed. I—who can read through the covers of a book—see it is the abstruse subject of figures which engages you."

Jeanne blushed a little and hurriedly closed the book. There was no doubt that the Grand Cophta could sometimes be extremely disconcerting.

"But that was not the object of my visit," he went on, settling comfortably into a chair, "and now we are alone I will come at once to the point. Since the evening when your niece and I were enabled to consult the higher powers on your behalf and that of Monseigneur, I have heard many times from him and only once from you—that once being a charming little note conveying fifty louis as an acknowledgment of my services. You slipped it gracefully into my hand and the seal was a kiss. I own myself charmed but not satisfied."

"Monsieur, that sum was what you stipulated!" said Jeanne firmly. She scented danger, and instantly recovered herself, springing to attention at the touch of steel on steel. "What you demanded I paid, and there it ended. Though I am always at your service if I can aid your plans for the good of humanity."

"At an end, madame? And did you think a mind like mine incapable of following up the clues given in the answers you dictated to me? Who was 'the woman honored as she deserves by the greatest'? Whose was 'the gratitude of a great lady'? Was it Madame de Boulainvilliers who gave you your start in life? I knew better. Few things are unknown to me."

Jeanne had grown a little paler, but said nothing. Let the enemy show his cards!

"And 'the deed of courage and self-sacrifice' which was to bring fame and honor to Monseigneur? Did you think, madame, that he who gives me all his confidence, whose counselor I am almost daily in the secret ciphers which pass between us, would withhold his confidence from *me?* You were mistaken. He has told me all his hopes and fears, and there has not been a moment when I could not have swept your cobweb to destruction."

Jeanne sat like a statue, but her mind was a confusion of whirring and revolving wheels of thought. She should have foreseen—should not have believed a word of de Rohan's protestations of secrecy. Had he told all?

"What exactly do you know, monsieur?" she asked at last, with little hope of hearing the truth. "There is no use in fencing with intellect like yours."

"I think not, madame," he said with a superior smile. "I know all that the Cardinal knows, madame, and a little more, retrieved by my own assiduity. Your standing at court, for instance. And I may mention that among the ladies who have sought my aid, Mademoiselle Essigny was one. Ladies are apt to be confidential with those who aid them in matters of so much importance."

"There I need have no fears," answered Jeanne, with pale, smiling lips. "She took part in a midnight frolic once with a party to which I belonged, but naturally I don't associate with such women."

"Naturally, but knowledge like mine readily forms a mosaic of broken bits of glass and I think I can connect the frolic in which Mademoiselle Essigny took part with other matters. There was a resemblance to—but no matter. Let us drop this fencing, madame, which wastes valuable time. You sup this evening with Monseigneur for the transfer of the necklace. You have poached on my preserves, have been an efficient bloodsucker of money which would otherwise have flowed in my direction. Monseigneur will not derive a sou's benefit from the sale of the necklace. The scandal will possibly ruin him. One of my most valuable sources of income will be dried up. What amends can you make me?"

His voice had become harsh and menacing. It was an astonishing instance of self-possession that she still met him with a fearless face though her heart was quaking.

"Monsieur, I see I have been wrong. But believe me, I did not know how close the relations were between you and Monseigneur, nor did I think that a man of your riches had needs as importunate as mine. If I had known that I should have acted very differently. Forgive me. Let us be frank. It can be to the interest of neither to ruin the other, and believe me, the matter of the necklace has now gone so far that the least dissension, the least slip, will give everyone connected with it to ruin, the Cardinal among them. And remembering that aid you kindly gave me and the fifty louis I paid for it, I should be under the painful necessity of naming you as an accomplice."

For a moment he was nonplused though he did not show it. That quick strike with the cat's claws took him by surprise, and besides, she was right—it might be highly unpleasant for him.

Quick as thought he pulled himself together and cast along another scent. "It is better for us to sign a pact. What are your wishes?"

He looked at her with that peculiar steely light in his eyes which gave them such dangerous magnetic power when he chose to employ it. For a moment her brain reeled. She felt like a bird trembling into the open jaws of the snake. Giddiness took her, and she swayed forward in her chair. What recovered her—what breath of fortitude swept cool and bracing across her soul? She never could tell—but in a moment it seemed that he released her. She was strong again—a duelist, warily measuring her rapier against the other.

"I will concede whatever you ask," she said firmly. "Because I must. I will not play at any other reason. State your terms."

"The half of the proceeds of the necklace. And that will be little enough to reimburse me for Monseigneur's injured fortunes. You are a brave woman, and I honor courage or my terms would have been higher. Sign this paper and all will be well. And tonight I will sup with you at the Hôtel de Rohan and support you in all you say and do."

She looked through the paper and said coldly: "No compliments, monsieur. I sign because I must, but my agreement shall be faithfully kept. What is your motive in espionage tonight?"

"To see the necklace, which I have not seen. To be in a position to recognize your accomplice, whom I do not know. You see, I am frank. I will be your friend if you will permit me. And a powerful one."

She reflected a moment and said: "I accept that. I will trust you. Call for me tonight in your carriage. And now lay aside enmity, and if there is any point in which you can advise me, I beg your advice. I have done very wrong to neglect you so long, monsieur—you who pull the strings of half Paris. It was a mistake in strategy."

"Sign, madame, and I am at your service."

She signed, and the talk took a friendly turn, he advising her to get Olisva established at Marseilles and never to permit her to enter Paris. "A dangerous, talking woman," he said. He inquired what was to be done with the necklace, and Jeanne informed him that in spite of her pleading to the contrary, her



Instantly effective —and so easy to apply

You'll want to use Deodo every day!

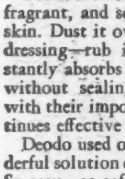
by Letitia Hadley

How we all love daintiness in a woman—that irreproachable, sweet freshness! But—oh, dear!—how *hard* it is to be always sweet and fresh—unless you use Deodo!

Deodo is a soft, exquisite powder, faintly fragrant, and soothing and healing to the skin. Dust it over your body when you're dressing—rub it under your arms. It instantly absorbs and neutralizes body odors, without sealing the pores or interfering with their important functions. And it continues effective all day!

Deodo used on sanitary napkins is a wonderful solution of a most annoying problem. So easy—so safe!

Deodo is perfectly harmless to clothing, of course. Use it as freely as you wish. It will not stain or damage the most delicate clothing.



Deodo is sold at most druggists' and toilet goods counters. Or I will gladly send you a miniature container, holding a generous supply, free. Mail the coupon today.

Deodo

A Mulford Product

prevents and destroys body odors

FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

C. 9-26

H. K. Mulford Company
Mulford Building
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

husband and Villette proposed to take it apart in Paris—"which will be a work of considerable time," she added—and then disperse to sell the stones in London and Amsterdam.

"Therefore you will have plenty of time to make your arrangement with them," she ended, with so perfect a mixture of truth and falsehood that even Cagliostro was deceived.

Still, below the smooth surface was the wariness of two wild animals in the jungle.

But when they entered the supper-room of Monseigneur, who so glad and gay as the butterfly of a modish little Countess in green silk with puffs and panniers and lace ruffles disclosing arms rounded to perfection? Had not the heart of his Eminence been preoccupied . . . That thought also occurred to Cagliostro, whom nothing escaped. The very essence of his trade was observation. They had supped to repletion when Cagliostro said suddenly:

"Madame, it can give nothing but pleasure to Monseigneur to hear that his friends are one in heart and that I possess your full confidence. Tell him that you also have sought my counsel, and have been aided."

"It is most true, Altesse," she answered, smiling brightly. "I did not know that you had done so, but you did right, as all you do is well done, and I now perceive what has been the guiding star in our two minds through so many difficulties. Never again shall I move save by the advice of the Grand Cophta."

His Eminence was enchanted. He had really feared that if ever Jeanne ascertained his breach of confidence, her wrath and that of the Queen would be dire. He could not refrain, but he trembled. Now, however, joy rose in a full tide within him.

"If I could but know that the lady of my heart also approved, my cup would brim!" he said joyfully. "Ah, my great friend, the day may yet come when I sit at the helm of State inspired by your wisdom, and then she too—may seek inspiration from those lips which never fail in truth or wisdom."

"For the sake of France may it be so!" echoed Jeanne devoutly.

The Grand Cophta leaned back in his velvet chair. It seemed that a strange somnolence was stealing over him. His eyes were closing, the light dying out behind heavy lids. A voice unlike his own—dull, remote, charged with mystery—hovered on his lips, and very singular was the effect in that sumptuous room, with the two waiting, listening figures held in suspense before him.

"The love of a Queen! I look into the past and see in the stately chambers of the Tuileries a royal woman beautiful exceedingly, strong to rule the State in spite of the Salique Law that sets her in the background. The Great Cardinal Mazarin approaches. It is in his arms and from his lips she has learned statecraft. Love and wisdom united sit on the throne of France. O greatness of the Cardinals who have ruled France—Richelieu, Mazarin! I see a third added—a name written in stars across tbe firmament of fame, eternally splendid. Not that of the weak King who crawls at his wife's footstool, but a man to rule both Queen and Kingdom—the greatest of the Cardinals—Louis de Rohan! I see love the happy ruler of Versailles and the Tuileries, and a Queen's heart at rest."

His voice died away as if in dream, while the Prince enraptured stared at his transfigured face.

The minutes drifted by in silence. Gradually he stirred and raised himself in his chair.

"I have dreamed. Forgive me. I am ignorant of what I said and——"

A lackey at the door—a sonorous announcement, "Monsieur Boehmer," and dreams fled to their appointed place as the King's Jeweler entered, his florid face radiant with delight. The Cardinal rose with solemnity.

"I present you, Monsieur Boehmer, to the greatest man of the age—the Count Cagliostro. He, who is in my confidence, has deigned, as has Madame de Lamotte-Valois, to be present at the handing over of your magnificent work of art to her Majesty's gentleman. Permit the Count to view it. Madame has already seen it, I believe."

Bowing profoundly, Boehmer opened the case. He had heard all the fairy-tales which circulated in Paris of the Count's magnificence and power and was deeply impressed. Here indeed was a possible customer to be conciliated. He lifted the jewels from their bed of satin, and with an obsequious, "Permit me, madame," fastened them about the neck of Jeanne. "Nowhere but in one place can they be seen to better advantage!" he added elegantly and stepped back to admire.

She stood opposite a long mirror and her own eyes were dazzled by the myriad splendors that darted tongues of fire about her. Magnificent as an Indian idol robed in jewels, she stood before them, and as intoxication seized her for a moment she felt the necklace was her own—never again to be parted from her. As she breathed, her bosom billowing the rows and tassels and pendants, it shot vivid, angry, unnamable splinters of light about the air and dazzled the watchers.

As she stood there was a step, a knock, a hastily vanishing lackey behind a closed door, and a man with the grave, discreet demeanor of those who attend the great, entering with dignity.

"*De par la Reine.*" It is Monsieur Leclaux, known to the Cardinal on former occasions as the messenger of bliss.

The Countess hastily disengaged the necklace. It was unseemly that any subject should be found wearing the Queen's property. "I blush and apologize!" she said humbly, placing it in Boehmer's hands.

With a solemnity which reflected itself on the others, the jeweler replaced it in the beautiful case and laid it in the hands of the Cardinal. He stepped forward with the majesty of a Rohan and a Prince of the Church.

"Monsieur Leclaux, I have the honor to place in your keeping the diamond necklace which her Majesty has done Monsieur Boehmer the favor to purchase from him. It is the hope of her humble servants in this room, headed by myself, that for many happy days to come it may worthily adorn the most beautiful and gracious of queens."

"Monseigneur, I will do myself the pleasure to represent your words to her Majesty and I thank you for the trust reposed in me. Madame—messieurs!"—at each word a bow, nearing the door. At the door a final and inclusive one. It opened, closed; the retreating footsteps of Monsieur Leclaux were heard.

The necklace was gone from among them.

That night when Jeanne returned to her house, only her husband awaited her.

"He will be over the frontier as fast as horses can carry him!" he said under his breath, "and I shall follow him tomorrow. Lose not a moment if you value your life. We must not go together, but fly while there is time."

"You coward!" she said with disdain. "The first payment is not due for six months and in that time I may achieve much more. With all our pickings out of the necklace, the share of each will not be magnificent. And there is still the Cardinal." She told him hurriedly of Cagliostro's claim. "Write to him from London with large promises and keep him amused," she said. "Leave one diamond with me for him or there will be trouble. He could do harm now. When the bomb bursts I shall write from London at once and accuse him. Did he think he could cheat me—the old humbug? The half of the necklace indeed! And for what?"

At the moment she spoke the necklace no longer existed. Never would it grace the bosom of queen or courtesan. Villette and her husband had hacked and twisted the stones from their delicate settings and a huddle of brilliance in two or three silk bags disposed about the person of Villette was all that remained of the Queen's necklace.

Six months. Had she underestimated Cagliostro? At all events that diamond never

"A Debutante Skin"

that is what people say of a woman who uses the shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder that matches her skin

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

A SOFT, delicate texture; a lovely, satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What is the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She does, but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Not all women have found a powder that really matches their skin—a powder that reveals their natural coloring. These women thank me for telling them about Pompeian Beauty Powder. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. So it is only natural that powder to match your complexion must also be a blend.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, a shade of this powder matches it perfectly.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has gained its remarkable popularity because of its purity, its delicate odor, its quality of adhering well—and its perfection of shades. If you have experienced the difficulty of having your powder look "chalky and unnatural," buy a box of Pompeian Beauty Powder today, in one of the shades suggested below.

SHADE CHART *for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder*

Medium Skin: The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the *Naturelle* shade.



Olive Skin: Women with this type of skin are apt to have the dark hair and eyes characteristic of beautiful Spanish women. This skin should use the *Rachel* shade.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin (not the florid skin) and should use the *Flesh* shade.

White Skin: This skin is unusual, but if you have it you are the only type that should use *White* powder in the daytime.

Madame Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

At toilet counters, 60c. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Send for liberal samples

DO you not agree with me about matching your skin tones with the correct powder shade? Then I urge you to act on this advice, and see with your own eyes how much more beautiful Pompeian Powder will make your complexion.

It is so easy to make this test. Just fill in the coupon and send it to me with 10c. In return, I will send you a generous sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder (enough for several weeks' use) and in addition a sample of Pompeian Bloom containing enough rouge for 30 applications.

It will never be easier to tear off the coupon than NOW, before you turn the page.

Madame Jeannette, THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2712 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Madame: I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Shade of powder wanted .....

CARRYOLA MASTER



"I'm glad we had music along!"

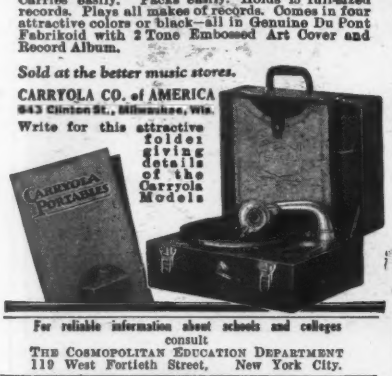
"THOSE marvelous, quiet nights—up in the North Country—under the open skies—with the forest all around and the moonlit lake in front—the dishes scrubbed—that lazy hour before turning in—wonderful! *I'm glad we had music along!*"

The Carryola Master is the ideal "portable." Carries easily. Packs easily. Holds 15 full-sized records. Plays all makes of records. Comes in four attractive colors or black—all in Genuine Du Pont Fabrikoid with 2 Tone Embossed Art Cover and Record Album.

Sold at the better music stores.

CARRYOLA CO. of AMERICA
643 Clinton St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Write for this attractive folder giving details of the Carryola Models



For reliable information about schools and colleges consult
THE COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
119 West Fortieth Street, New York City.

FINEST QUALITY GENUINE
DIAMONDS
CASH OR CREDIT
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Our values are unexcelled—prove it for yourself by investigation and comparison. Blue-white Diamonds of dazzling brilliance and colorful fire, in latest style ring mountings. Priced especially low for quick selling—order now!

Every ring sent in handsome gift box.



Write now for our big Diamond Book—absolutely free! Fully illustrates Diamonds, Watches, Silverware, Toilet Sets, Gift Novelties.

Send for Free Catalog

All goods delivered on payment of one-tenth purchase price. Balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly as convenient.

WEDDING RINGS



No. 824—The "Elite" 18-K white gold, $7.50. Set with 3 Diamonds, $22.50; 5 Diamonds, $32.50; 7 Diamonds, $42.50; 9 Diamonds, $52.50; 12 Diamonds, $67.50. All Platinum, $25 up. With 3 Diamonds, $50; 5 Diamonds, $70; 7 Diamonds, $80; 9 Diamonds, $100; surrounded by Diamonds, $200.

WRIST WATCH No. 836—14-K white gold hand engraved case. Fancy wing ends. Silver dial. High grade 15-Jewel movement. $25. $2.50 down and $1.00 a wk.

Railroad Watches—Guaranteed to Pass Inspection

HAMILTON No. 992. 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 Positions. Gold filled 25-Year Case - - - - - $55

ELGIN'S LATEST RAYMOND. 21 Jewels, 8 Adjustments. Runs 40 hours one winding. Gold filled 20-Year Case - - - - - $55

ILLINOIS "BUNN SPECIAL." 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 6 Positions. Gold filled 25-Yr. Case $50

HOWARD RAILROAD WATCH. 21 Jewels. 8 Adjustments, 25-Year Gold filled Case - $80

Railroad Watches sold on our regular credit terms.



LOFTIS BROS. & CO. ESTD 1858
THE NATIONAL JEWELERS
DEPT. D-992
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

17-Jewel ELGIN No. 15
Green gold, Elgin Watch; 25-year quality case; 12 size; gilt dial; $30. $5 down
$1 a week

reached him, though the most brilliant promises did so. Greek had met Greek to some purpose in the little house in the Faubourg Saint Antoine.

He called on her next day, greedy to hear what had been the fate of the necklace. She told him with what appeared to be simple truth that they had been obliged to decide hurriedly that no delay was safe and it must be taken apart at Amsterdam, whence full accounts would be sent through her as the diamonds were sold.

"You are aware, monsieur, that that must be a gradual business. It would awaken the suspicion of Boehmer and everyone else if we flooded the market with diamonds, and *such* jewels as they are. And I am to tell you that we have ascertained that Madame de Souza, who has magnificent jewels, is one of your most devoted clients and to ask you whether you would consider a partnership there. In which case I who am on the spot could perhaps represent my friends."

Cagliostro reflected. "Your proposal, madame, merits consideration, and when the time draws near for my leaving Paris, may develop. At present, it is impossible. But I regard the suggestion as an evidence of comradeship which shall not be forgotten. I have the honor to wish you a good evening. You will inform me when there is news."

"Indeed, yes, monsieur, and without a moment's loss of time. You, in return, will keep me informed of any undercurrent of events which may affect us?"

It was agreed, and they parted in as much mutual distrust as two human hearts could hold without bursting.

Six months later Madame Campan, returning from a visit to Paris, entered the Queen's boudoir with so light a step that her Majesty noticed it, and asked for an explanation with the new weariness that darkened her as the clouds darkened over France.

"Good news would be welcome, my kind Campan," she said, sighing. "Nothing but evil reports and terrors come our way now. In the distance the muttering of storm, and all the pleasant days done. But what have you to tell me?"

"Only a little thing, Madame, but it will please your generous heart. I met Boehmer near the *rue de l'Enfer*, and he was walking so brightly and briskly that I stopped the carriage to speak to him. 'And what of the necklace?' said I. For I never see him without thinking of that. And his whole face was an illumination. 'Sold, madame, sold!' he said. 'And how?' 'Why, to the Sultan of Turkey for his first Sultana!' Did your Majesty ever hear anything so surprising?"

"Yes, I am glad," said the Queen with another sigh. "He was in great trouble about it. It is news to me that the Sultan buys his diamonds in Paris, but Boehmer was lucky to find any purchaser. There will not be much traffic in diamonds in France for the next few years, I fear. If you see him again, tell him I congratulate him. And now help me to prepare for mass."

It was the day of the Queen's public passage through the long gallery of the Palace at Versailles and by the famous hall of the *Oeil de Bœuf* to mass, and there it was the custom for a crowd of well-dressed people to assemble and see her go by in all the pride of loveliness and royalty. It had seemed to the Cardinal that though attendance at court was forbidden to him it could do no harm if amidst a mob of onlookers he dared to feast his eyes on his liege lady. There might—there *must* be some look of secret intelligence which he only could detect in those bright, world-compelling eyes. And he needed assurance. The time for the first payment drew near, and though she could never fail in her queenly word and he had no anxiety on that score, another trouble darkened his sky. Long before this he had hoped to see the overthrow of his enemy Breteuil from his post as Minister. That at least he might hope as paving the way for his own elevation. But no. There sat Breteuil still impassive, and the Queen made no sign. It is true there still occasionally came those precious letters on gilt-edged paper, but seldom and changed in tone. He must believe she was sad, depressed at the cruel obstacles which lay between them. That was the Countess's explanation—and what other could there be?

Her he consulted eagerly as to his proposed waiting in the *Oeil de Bœuf*. Would her Majesty approve? The kind Madame Jeanne promised to ask, telling him for the twentieth time how in secret the necklace was worshiped, hung about the royal neck, gloated over. Her heart would be hard indeed if it did not open to the man who had put it in her hand.

"For heaven's sake do not tempt her too strongly by your unhappiness, for she is a woman in the strength of her affections. Be wise for her. Your good time is at hand! As to waiting in the *Oeil de Bœuf*, that you may safely do, and I have her promise that she will distinguish you with a smile and bow into which you are to read all she dares not say."

Therefore behold his Eminence full of palpitating hope, stationed among the crowd in the *Oeil de Bœuf* to see the procession of the royal beauty.

Heavens, what loveliness! He itemized her charms after, but could not at the moment for watching the motion of her eyes. She was full-hooped, magnificent in a rich shimmer of gold brocaded in silver billowing sumptuous about her. From this rose the slender grace of her waist, and the glorious shoulders, milk-white in the setting of gold. Her complexion had the Teutonic cream and rose in fullest perfection, melting into the carnation of the sweetest lips ever seen. But her eyes—her eyes! Would she look at him? His heart choked in his throat.

Yes, by the grace of God. She wreathed her head, turning slightly with her own ineffable grace, and bowing, smiled a little as she passed.

Released, his heart raced, and he leaned against the wall to recover. How beautiful—how beautiful! The Countess pulled gently at his sleeve.

"We must go, my friend. You dream. She made a sign, did she not?"

He could only bow his head in speechless delight. Yet he might have reflected that passing queens make a ritual of bright, cold smiles to waiting crowds as of a remote moon smiling from highest heaven on tossing waves that catch the radiance a moment and presently are dark.

There were frequent suppers at this time at the Hôtel de Rohan—brilliant little gatherings at which Jeanne de Lamotte sparkled enchantingly, whispering hope always in the Cardinal's sometimes desponding ear and receiving in return gifts which made it well worth her while to linger in France. After all it was she who moved the springs—who so well as she could decide when the moment had arrived for England? The news from her husband there and from Villette at Amsterdam and later Geneva was excellent. No troublesome inquir es had been made, and from one jeweler alone in Bond Street Lamotte had taken ten thousand pounds. Money would not be wanting when the time came for her retreat.

And there were other reasons. Paris had its charms. Exile from Paris to a Parisienne is exile indeed, and she was knitting other bonds which might be useful in stormy days to come. Not only so, but she feared the Queen's anger less every day. When the inevitable should come, what could the royal wrath do? The feeling against "the Austrian" as they called her in Paris was terrible. Horrible stories of her doings were daily circulated and did not lack the Lamotte's speeding tongue. Nothing was too gross for belief. Vices which would have disgraced a Messalina were attributed to a woman whose pride alone would have kept her pure, however near the edge of appearances her young gaiety had carried her. And every suffering of poverty, of taxation, of bad harvests was attributed to the wasteful extravagance of the Queen, whose yearly expenses

would not have covered a month of the Du Barry or Pompadour. The prevailing tone was—"The King is a good King enough but the slave of the Austrian. Down with the Austrian! Bundle her back to Vienna!" Were it not that the noble families were ranged on her side, the outlook was black enough. Their loyalty was now the only stay of the monarchy.

No—Jeanne de Lamotte assured herself daily that she could probably strike the Queen harder than the Queen could strike her when the lists were set. And for their own sakes the Royalties would never dare to expose the Cardinal—the Cardinal of all men, with the power of the church behind him.

And there was another reason for lingering—Cagliostro! For the present he must be kept in good temper, but very soon she would not fear even the Grand Cophta's revelations. With some money sent by her husband she bought a handsome snuff-box set with diamonds and presented it as an earnest. She showed him accounts of the sale of the diamonds with his share allotted, calculated to make the austerest mouth water, and they met on the pleasantest terms.

But in the midst of all this weaving of cross-threads, the thirtieth of July approached, the day on which by her agreement the Queen must make the first payment for the necklace. And still no letter clearly denoting her readiness to pay. De Rohan could not, would not doubt, and yet in a matter of such terrible consequence even a royal beauty might be supposed to see there was a necessity to consider other things than her own conveniences. He found himself wishing often that business might be combined with majesty.

On the nineteenth of July hope, however, showed a momentarily smiling face. The friendly Countess arrived that evening at supper time diffusing rays of joy about her and with a letter—a letter with money in it, but how much she did not know. The Queen had presented it with a smile, saying, "Take this to Monseigneur. It will please him."

"Give it to me here this moment, madame," cried the Cardinal. "Much more of this anxiety would make an old man of me."

He tore the letter open, not with a lover's passion—far otherwise indeed—and read it hastily, his brows black with storm.

"My God—she sends the interest on the money—some fifteen hundred pounds—and declares that it is not convenient to pay the twenty thousand pounds at present. What am I to do with Boehmer? Fool, fool that I was to trust myself in the hands of a woman! *I* have no money to pay him and would not if I could. Go back and tell her that she must and shall keep to her written word."

The Countess interposed mildly. "My friend, have I not dared everything for you, and can you doubt that she will eventually pay? The Queen of France can command a larger sum than the worth of a necklace! It is only a question of delay. Send for Boehmer, and let us discuss the matter with him."

Frantic with anxiety, he could only take her advice and dispatched a carriage for Boehmer, who came palpitating joy and hope. The Queen was better than her word as became a royal lady. The payment would be made on the nineteenth instead of the thirtieth—that was the happy certainty. Ushered into the library, he found the Prince and the Countess. The Prince motioned to a chair.

"Be seated, monsieur. I have had a gracious letter from her Majesty in which she encloses——"

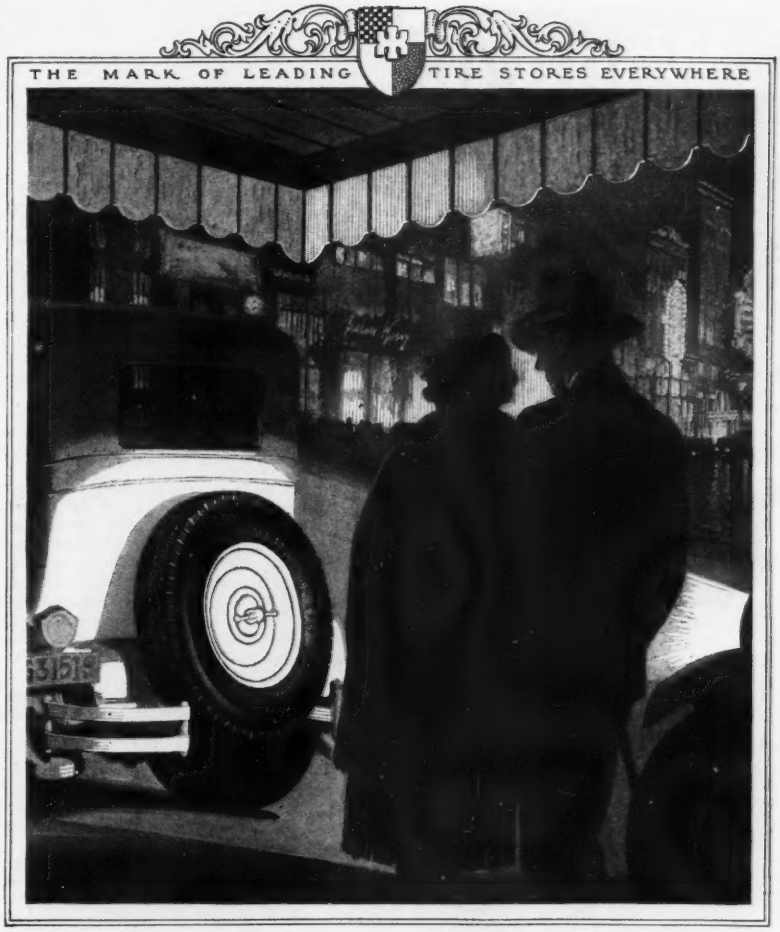
Oh, how the eyes of Boehmer sparkled! What rays of delight they shot about them!

"Encloses the interest on her debt of twenty thousand pounds for the first payment due on the thirtieth of July."

"The interest, Monseigneur! But——"

"She states that it is not at the moment convenient to pay the twenty thousand pounds. But of course——"

Boehmer was on his feet, grasping the back of his chair, white with alarm. "Monseigneur, I regret the necessity, but you will have the



A Name that is Gold in the Night

The names of men and products are lifted above the average through distinguished service or accomplishment. Such are the names that help to brighten any Broadway—names that are gold in the night. The General Tire is one.

Now, more than ever before, the confidence in General's policy of absolute maintenance of quality is shown by the big swing to Generals everywhere ' ' ' a confidence that has been earned through General's policy of not tampering with quality.

This is the reason you hear users everywhere speak of General in terms of almost unbelievable mileage, comfort and safety. ' ' In a brief period of ten years the name General Tire has taken first place in car owner preference.

The General dealer has a plan that enables you to change to Generals now without sacrificing the unused mileage in your present tires, no matter what make or how much or how little they have been used.

THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

THE GENERAL TIRE

—GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

Wanted:
Women *and* Girls to Decorate Art Novelties



No Special Ability Needed

This is the wonderfully interesting occupation that it is now possible for you to enter through the instruction of Fireside Industries. The work is unusually interesting and pays exceptionally well. There is no canvassing, no monotonous drudgery. Many say they never dreamed that such a wonderful way of earning money at home existed. You can do the work in your home, wherever you live. New system of instruction devised by M. Gabriel Andre Petit makes the work so easy that almost anyone can do it.

Fascinating Home Work

Can you imagine anything so fascinating as decorating Art Novelties at home? Could any other kind of work be so pleasant as applying beautiful designs in colors to such artistic objects as candlesticks, wooden toys, parchment lamp shades, wall plaques, picture frames, sewing tables, gate-leg tables? Then there are greeting cards to be colored, and cushion tops and other textile articles to be decorated in Batik, and fascinating objects of copper and brass to be etched in beautiful designs.

Many women do this work solely for the pleasure of creating beautiful things, but it is also a splendid way to make money at home, for there is a tremendous demand for gift wares.



Gabriel Andre Petit
Art Director

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Fireside Industries guarantees entire satisfaction to each of its members. If, after completing your instruction, you are not entirely pleased and satisfied, your money will be refunded in full. You have only to follow the directions and it is amazing to see what beautiful things you can make. Think of earning $2.00 in just one hour, for example, by decorating a pair of candlesticks! Do you wonder that members of Fireside Industries are so enthusiastic about the work?

BEAUTIFUL BOOK SENT FREE

The beautiful book of Fireside Industries, illustrated in color, which explains all about this new way to earn money at home, will be sent to you on request and without obligation. Read what women say—how they earn money and beautify their homes and their lives. Just like a beautiful dream come true. Wonderful outfit furnished without extra charge. Simply mail the coupon, or write, enclosing two cent stamp to help pay postage.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 23-M, Adrian, Mich.

Fireside Industries, Dept. 23-M,
Adrian, Michigan
Please send me absolutely FREE, the beautiful illustrated Book of Fireside Industries, explaining how I may earn money at home by decorating Art Novelties. I enclose two-cent stamp.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Write in pencil, please—ink will blot.

goodness to represent to her Majesty that the sum of fifteen hundred pounds is useless to me. I cannot accept it. Does she forget that I have payments to make for those diamonds? I told her so when I discussed it with her and she refused to purchase. No, Monseigneur, it is impossible—I decline—I object—I——"

Jeanne interposed deftly. "You cannot, monsieur, doubt the word of your Queen."

"Madame, the Queen is the Queen, but business is business. I have had trouble enough over this necklace to drive a man to suicide." He was really a pitiable sight. His florid blondness was livid, his hands, grasping the chair, shook in spite of their hold.

The Cardinal's anger and alarm grew with every word. Jeanne again interposed, dulcet, soothing.

"Is it ever wise to refuse money, monsieur? Is fifteen hundred pounds a sum to throw into the Seine?"

"By no means, madame. But you are aware of my position. And if I must say it, I considered the Queen's word guaranteed by Monseigneur and yourself."

"My good man I have no money to play pitch and toss with. All the world knows that!" the Cardinal ejaculated trying to collect himself. "But for heaven's sake compose yourself. All is not lost because of a delay Pocket the money on what terms you will, but pocket it. and give me an acknowledgment and Madame de Lamotte shall awaken the Queen to a stronger sense of business obligation. Here, take your money, give me the acknowledgment and go."

"But, Monseigneur"—Jeanne put in her word with eyes of troubled sympathy—"I have a suggestion to make. Does not the Farmer-General, de Saint-James, sup with you tonight? Would it not be possible in the strictest confidence to give him a hint that the loan of twenty thousand pounds would oblige her Majesty? He has the control of taxation, and I am sure that in a temporary need——"

The Cardinal almost shouted for joy. "Excellent woman! You have the best wits of us all. Saint-James is a friend of mine, and I verily believe would do anything for her Majesty. Take your money with a good heart, Boehmer. We shall see our way out before the thirtieth of July."

Very far from a good heart, Boehmer signed his name heavily to a paper declaring that he took the sum of fifteen hundred pounds not as interest but in part payment of the debt. It might be very well with regard to Saint-James, but he had had so many promises, so many disappointments that his ear had grown callous to hope. He wanted his money, no more, no less. His own creditors were pressing.

That evening after supper Saint-James was warm with wine and it was not displeasing to him that the Cardinal had asked him to delay after the other guests were gone for half an hour longer with himself and the charming little Countess.

Monsieur de Saint-James was urbanity in a silk coat and stockings when very delicately the matter was opened by the Cardinal under the seal of closest secrecy Women are so! What would you have? Queens perhaps more especially. He happened to know that her Majesty had need of twenty thousand pounds to pay a debt—a debt for a matter which originally had the King's strong approval. She had refused then and regretted it later.

"But you are aware, my dear friend, that in all circles a wife may sometimes consider it more prudent to tell her husband of certain expenses after the debt is paid. And if from the public finances the sum could be advanced——"

"Doubtless, Monseigneur, doubtless. But do we do right in discussing dull business matters before this charming lady, made only to think of roses and jewels and—love letters?" He darted a keen side glance at Jeanne, who sat masking the closest attention with a smile.

"Monsieur, you may trust my discretion. This lady is in the Queen's closest confidence. Has no breath of this reached you?"

Monsieur de Saint-James could not honestly say that it had, but unwilling to appear ignorant of any inward details of court life, he merely smiled and bowed with double courtesy and begged the Cardinal to proceed. When all was said he spoke with the politest emphasis.

"Neither Monseigneur nor madame can doubt that in my department as elsewhere the Queen's word is law in so far as human power goes. And the pleasure to myself does not even need stating. But it is obvious that with a sum of such importance I must have her wishes personally expressed. In short, an interview—and then it can be carried through at once."

"I have no doubt it can be managed!" cried the Cardinal. "That is, with due caution and preparation. Eh, Countess?"

"Doubtless!" said Jeanne modestly. "If I am given time I do not at all despair of bringing her Majesty to see the solid worth of Monsieur de Saint-James' offer. Meanwhile, inviolable secrecy!"

It was agreed, and they parted on such charming terms that fairy visions of a new Olisva and the addition of twenty thousand pounds more to add to her well-gotten gains flitted through the busy brain of the Countess de Lamotte-Valois. But she dismissed them as impracticable for the moment, and on returning to her little house in the Faubourg Saint Antoine devoted an hour or two to sorting and packing her jewels in case a hurried exit became advisable.

It was with an air of despair at the caprice of royal women that she informed the Cardinal a few days later that the Queen, though she had not wholly rejected the proposal of Saint-James, had shown herself much piqued at what she termed the desertion of the Cardinal.

"'I had wished the secret to be his and mine,' she said. 'If he wishes otherwise, so it must be. But as a matter of fact I have other money to offer in payment of my debt before a month is over, and I shall not use Saint-James unless it becomes necessary. It has chilled me that Monseigneur should speak and feel like this.'"

Protestations from the Cardinal. It was Boehmer who had expressed himself so unbecomingly, never he. And the proposal of Saint-James had but been made to relieve her Majesty of the faintest flicker of anxiety. But all must be as she willed. Still, he was far from being at ease.

Meanwhile Jeanne quietly packed her jewels and her other valuables, dispatching a small case or two to Bar-sur-Aube which contained old family books and papers—so she said.

The days went heavily at Versailles, darkening slowly and mercilessly as days darken for winter. The gaieties and merry festivities of the court were slowly dying down—the libels on the Queen had become so atrocious that she walked in terror lest her simplest action should be misconstrued. It was noticeable also that there was a gradual withdrawal of fair-weather friends. The clan of the Polignacs were less assiduous in their attentions to the Queen and the warm friendship between herself and the Polignac Duchess slackened in consequence. The pleas of absence from court on the ground of ill health, straitened means and so forth grew more and more frequent, and without a sign the Queen drew back within the stately limits of queendom and suffered in silence.

One afternoon late in July she sat in her boudoir at Versailles, looking wearily out upon the shimmering heat that rose along the roadways. A table stood before her with papers and she leaned her aching head upon her hand and had no support on which to lean her aching heart.

The papers before her were another series of gross libels upon her, printed in Paris for distribution throughout the country, shameful and torturing for any woman to read. And she knew but too well that any measures of repression taken under the King's direction

could only spread the mischief further. She almost despaired as she sat looking upon the hideous pile before her.

But was any of it so far true that she could blame herself for the ruin she saw looming in the distance? Was it not time she held a bar of justice in her own heart and there arraigned her past life before the sternest of earthly judges, her own conscience?

"Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, stand forth to be judged." That was the summoning voice. And with hidden face she addressed herself to the task.

The little Austrian Archduchess, the bride of fifteen—had she sinned past forgiveness, coming with her eager hopes and fears to France? Would any other child have done better, faced with the impudent splendor and influence of the Du Barry, the dotard, dissolute King, and the coldness of her own husband? Surrounded by enemies, plots and intrigues she could never understand, much less parry—had she failed in duty there? That she had been foolish, reckless, headstrong in her choice of pleasures, she was compelled to own. Was it for her to break through the immemorial rules of French royalty and ridicule every barrier set up to safeguard her position? She had argued the point with Madame de Noailles, "Madame Etiquette," again and again, and having taken her own way must also take the consequences. They came quickly enough. Madame Etiquette had never forgiven the nickname and the slights, and having her party like everyone else at court, they had acted for her when the moment came, and the result was the first of the libels on the Queen.

For when the old King died, a Court of Condolence was held, where many of the antiquated duchesses and marchionesses who had been beauties forty years before, came up from their provincial mansions to Versailles to "make their compliments of condolence" to the young Queen. They were decorated with the fashions of their prime, terrible bonnets with black blinkers to protect passers-by from the blaze of so much beauty, and the rest of the dress to match. And as the girl queen was gravely receiving their profound reverences, she had the misfortune to catch sight of the gay little Marquise de Clermont-Tonnerre, sitting on the ground to rest herself behind the fence formed by the Queen's hoop and those of the other ladies in attendance.

And there the little ape sat, twitching the dresses of the ladies in attendance and playing off all her tricks and grimaces as one dowager after another appeared with her tremendous curtsy, until a choking titter ran along the line and the Queen herself put up her fan.

The mischief was done. The old ladies were profoundly indignant at the mockery, as they called it, and next day a song known as the Fal-la-la was winging all over Paris with the burden:

> Little Queen, you must not be
> So saucy with your twenty years.
> Your ill-used courtiers soon may see
> You cross once more the barriers,
> With a fal-la-la-la-la.

It was said to be the party of Madame Etiquette which had set it going, and that was the beginning.

But as the Queen's heart went sorrowing through the past she blamed herself with cruel candor. She had never played her great part as she should have done. She had only remembered she was young and that youth passes on winged feet. In the French court, for a queen to be young partook of the nature of sin in itself.

Those terrible *descampativos* She recalled the words, the look of Fersen, repaid only with anger, and she writhed in a flame of shame. There was true love at her feet doing true love's noble service and she had driven it from her. What was he thinking now—what doing in this dreadful justification of his warning?

And the Princess de Lamballe—Thérèse—she had also warned her tenderly and truly. What had been her reward? To be left in outer cold

1876 — GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY — 1926

A Suggestion—Try Happy Home Mixture, too, the Bunte Candy with hard and "Stuff" centers



Candy—The Universal Gift—Appropriate and appreciated always
—BUNTE BROTHERS



THIRTEEN spades in a hand and Diana "Stuff" Confections on the table—that's the ideal summer evening bridge combination.

Serve these *thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells "Stuff" . . . with pure . . . luscious fruit-jams . . . nuts and marmalades* . . . on every summer-time social occasion.

The pure sugar shells are purposely thin to hold more of the pure fruit-jams we make ourselves.

Keep some on hand at home always. Packed in air-tight containers—they keep fresh indefinitely. In air-tight jars, 2½ oz., 20c; 4 oz., 30c; 9 oz., 50c; 16 oz., 75c—or in 2, 3 and 5 lb. air-tight decorated tins. Pacific Coast prices are slightly higher. For sale everywhere.

Demand the genuine. Look for the trade-mark name—"Bunte." Choose always from the 1200 Bunte Candies.

BUNTE BROTHERS : CHICAGO

Bunte
WORLD FAMOUS CANDIES



DIANA "Stuff"
— Confections —

for the sake of the Polignacs now hovering for departure like swallows that seek the sun.

Then the high play—the gaming the King hated and feared, custom though it was of the old court. If she had seconded him it might have been done away with, but she would not heed. And the sight was permitted of a banker and his second in command seated at the Queen's own card-table in the great room at Marly, to provide money for the high play in which any decently dressed gentleman adventurer who cared to come in might join by asking the ladies to bet for him on the cards. It was little wonder that tales ran north and south of the Queen's passion for play, with the addition that she had once played thirty-four hours at a sitting. That was not true, but it was believed. The people's money, wasted in dissipation! It did her fatal harm.

She sickened now in thinking of those flushed faces and grasping hands and the Queen in the midst of them, flushed and excited also, and Fersen's eyes gravely intent as he leaned tall against the gilded wall—not joining in the play but curiously watchful. He had stood outside all that.

And worse—worse—those outdoor night concerts in the gardens of the palaces, harmless enough in themselves, but disastrous in their results. She herself had never left the lighted terrace, but other women had wandered away into the gardens; and the people who thrust themselves in to hear—what tales they must have carried away and invented to inspire those horrible papers! Well—there too she had been warned. The King would never appear at the concerts.

Madame Campan and others had told her that stories were afloat, and she had laughed in scorn, never realizing that the face of the world was changed. Laughter, scornful or otherwise, was a thing she was not likely to transgress in any more. That day was done—with much else.

The door opened, and Madame Campan entered with a letter, scattering her thoughts to the four winds.

"Boehmer—something to sell, I suppose," she said glancing at the signature. "But I have neither money nor inclination to buy." She looked down the page in astonishment, then looked up. "That man is mad. What on earth can he mean? Listen to this: 'Madame, Your humble servant desires to express his deep satisfaction in seeing the greatest of Queens in possession of the finest diamonds known in Europe. Having been the humble means of procuring them, he entreats your Majesty not to forget your humblest and most obedient servant, Boehmer.' He is quite certainly mad!" she exclaimed. "What finest diamonds? Certainly I have the Sanci, the Regent and others, but that is no business of his. He must have some hallucination about diamonds. They should have him watched."

Madame Campan, casting about in her mind, interposed. "Madame, I believe I have it. He is referring to those splendid diamonds you bought for earrings so long ago. He may have more of the same sort."

She referred to six magnificent pear-shaped diamonds which had been set as long earrings soon after the Queen came to the throne and bought and paid for at a great price.

"Ah, that must be it. And he hopes for favors to come!" said the Queen carelessly. "Well, if you should see him, tell him that I have no wish for more jewels. The taste has left me. I have very different things to think of now. But I firmly believe that Boehmer's brain is touched. I have thought that for some time."

She twisted the paper and lighted it idly at a wax taper standing beside her.

"It's not worth keeping," she said, then added: "That man has always some mad scheme in his head. Tell him, if you like, that I shall buy no more diamonds as long as I live, and that if I had money to spend I would rather add to my property at St. Cloud. Impress this on him."

"And shall I send for him, Madame?"

"Certainly not. That would be making it of too much consequence. It will do when you see him. Call my *lectrice* to read to me a little. My very soul is weary."

Four days later Madame Campan left Versailles for a brief visit to her country house, sad at heart in the gathering storm, uneasy at she knew not what, terrified at the rumors reaching her from Paris. She herself needed a little respite that she might gather her forces to support the Queen. How quiet the little green lawns at Crespy! There one could talk and sleep in peace with no fear of spying eyes and listening ears. She would go back the stronger. The life at court was a heavy strain.

On the fourth day as she sat on the lawn under a great tree, her faithful Marie came slowly over the grass.

"Madame, a gentleman from Paris requests the honor—Monsieur Boehmer."

"Boehmer?" She sat up in astonishment, dropping her book. Then remembering: "Yes, bring him here, Marie. I wish to see him." It would be a good opportunity for doing the Queen's errand, and stopping the man's folly once for all.

He came, following Marie through the trees, and she saw at once that the high-flown gaiety and good spirits had collapsed. He was pale and anxious, and the Queen's often repeated suggestion of his madness recurred as she rose to meet him, bowing slightly.

"Monsieur."

"Madame"—with a low bow.

"Be seated!"

"A thousand thanks, madame. My visit must be brief and I prefer to stand. I apologize for intrusion, but it is of the first consequence that I should know if you have any commission for me from her Majesty. Has she any commands for me?"

"She has entrusted me with none. But I have a message if it can be so called."

He started eagerly. "Oh, madame, now! This moment!"

She repeated it word for word, and the light died out of his eyes. He interrupted sharply.

"But the answer to the letter I wrote her—to whom must I apply for that?"

"To nobody. Her Majesty burned your memorial without in the least understanding its meaning."

The man's face worked nervously. "But, madame, that is impossible. The Queen knows she has money to pay me."

"Money? Monsieur Boehmer! Your last accounts against the Queen were discharged long ago. The Minister of the Household settled for the earrings."

"Madame, you are not in the secret. A man who is ruined for want of payment of a hundred thousand pounds cannot be said to be paid."

She stared at him aghast, her suspicion of madness strengthening with every word. At last: "Have you lost your senses? For what can the Queen owe you such a sum?"

"For my necklace, madame—my necklace."

For the moment she was certain of his madness. She almost smiled. "Why, you told me with your own lips that you had sold that necklace at Constantinople. Do recollect yourself, Monsieur Boehmer. I am sick of the very name of that necklace."

"And I, madame," he replied grimly. "True, yes, I certainly told you that. The Queen desired me to give that answer to all who should speak to me on the subject."

Suddenly a sense of the gravity of the matter broke on Madame Campan. She no longer believed she was dealing with a lunatic. There was that in his tone and expression which carried conviction of his own belief. Dim and terrible abysses opened before her, vague, uncertain and the more alarming. She rose and stood facing him, as pale as he.

"Monsieur Boehmer, do you know what you are insinuating?"

"Madame, I know very well. I make no insinuation. I state a truth. The Queen secretly desired to have the necklace. She regretted her refusal to his Majesty and she had it purchased for her by Monseigneur the Cardinal de Rohan."

"But you are deceived, frightfully deceived. I assure you with all my strength that I know for a fact she has not spoken to the Cardinal for years. Not since his return from Vienna, where he offended her so deeply by his references to her mother the Empress. There is not a man at court less favorably looked on."

"You are deceived yourself, madame. She sees him so much in private that it was to his Eminence she gave fifteen hundred pounds which was paid to me as an instalment. She took them in his presence out of the little *secrétaire* of Sèvres porcelain next the fireplace in her boudoir. And the money was given me in a letter from her Majesty by the Cardinal."

"And the Cardinal told you all this?"

"Yes, madame, himself."

"Then I say," cried Madame Campan, towering in wrath, "that it is a detestable plot against the Queen. It is nothing less. She knows nothing whatsoever of the whole matter. You have been dreadfully deceived."

A heart of stone might have pitied Boehmer standing quivering there, lost in a maze of perplexities.

"Indeed, madame—oh, madame, forgive me, for I cannot tell what to do! I begin to doubt myself. I am in great terror. For his Eminence assured me that her Majesty would wear the necklace on Whitsunday. And I went to Versailles, and she never did. Oh, what am I to do?"

There was a silence—the two staring at each other pallidly. At last he spoke.

"Madame, for the mercy of God have pity on a most miserable man and advise me. I don't even know where it is. They took it from me—they took it from me! Oh, God!" He stood now, the tears raining down his pallor. "Madame, I beseech you!" he sobbed.

"But I am distracted myself! I can't tell what to say," she stammered. "I pity you indeed. But surely you are extremely culpable yourself, you a sworn officer, as the King's Jeweler! It was unpardonable of you to have acted, and in a matter of such consequence, without signed orders from the King or Queen or a minister. You have brought it on yourself. No, go, I will not be mixed into it. I have nothing more to say."

For indeed a chillier terror was invading her mind with every word. De Rohan!—the greatness of the names involved was too heavy a burden for the Queen's waiting-lady. But he persisted.

"Madame, can you believe me so foolish? I have in my possession notes signed by the Queen. I have even had to show them to certain bankers to gain an extension of time for the payments I myself must make. No, I have not been in fault. Mere loyalty compelled me to act as I did. Madame, it is a desperate man who implores your advice."

"No—no! I have none to give. It is too much for me. But yes—I may say this. Were I in your place I would fly to Trianon—the Queen is there now—losing not a minute. I would see the Baron de Breteuil, who is head of the King's household and therefore of your department. Tell him the whole story, but be circumspect. You are moving amid great dangers. Now—I will not hear another word. Not one. I will stop my ears. I wish I had never heard this. Go!"

He stumbled away, lost and bewildered as an animal in the snares.

Released, Madame Campan flew to her father-in-law, as well acquainted as she with the ways of courts, and told him all.

"I must go to the Queen instantly. It will drive her nearly out of her senses."

Monsieur Campan *père* considered the matter in grave silence.

"Daughter, there is more, much more in this than we understand, and you must not be drawn into what may prove to be the most terrible business. Even you do not know—a decent woman cannot—the frightful accusations and insinuations made against the Queen. All this may come from the same source.



You can't fight *dandruff* with a *whisk-broom*

[TRY THIS EASY TREATMENT]

DANDRUFF is more than an untidy condition of your coat collar. It is a serious condition of the scalp, often caused by tiny germs that literally *pile up dandruff* around your hair roots.

You must *remove the dandruff*, because it chokes the hair roots. And you must *kill the bacteria*. Wildroot does both jobs at one time.

When you first apply Wildroot, the accumulated dandruff loosens up, and is temporarily more apparent, but soon disappears under regular treatment. This shows how quickly Wildroot works. Any barber who has used Wildroot will tell you how he has actually seen Wildroot destroy dandruff.

Get some Wildroot at your druggist's or barber shop today. *And stop brushing dandruff!*



IMPORTANT NOTE

It is incorrect to suppose that Wildroot grows hair. *Only a healthy scalp can grow hair.* Wildroot removes the very unhealthy condition of dandruff, and thus *prevents the loss of hair* that is sure to follow dandruff.

WILDROOT CO., INC.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

WILDROOT *for dandruff*
HAIR TONIC

A Good Bookcase for the price of a good book!



$3.00 Per Section without Doors
With Disappearing Glass Doors $3.75 Per Section
On Approval—Direct to User

Lundstrom
IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

Made for and universally used in the finest homes and offices throughout the country. Made in sections of different sizes, combining utility, economy and attractive appearance. Price complete as shown above, with top, base and three book sections with **non-binding, disappearing, felt-cushioned** glass doors, beautifully finished in plain golden oak, $15.75; without doors, $13.50. In quartered oak, or in imitation mahogany (willow), with doors, $18.25. In genuine mahogany, with doors, $23.50. Other styles at correspondingly low prices. **Shipped direct from factory** ON APPROVAL at a considerable saving TO YOU. Write for new catalog No. 40.
The C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co., Little Falls, N. Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases since 1899

1000 Hotel Positions Open!



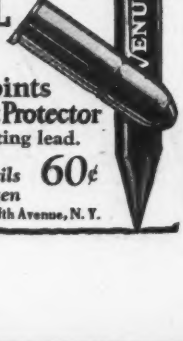
NATION-WIDE demand for trained men and women in hotels, clubs, restaurants and cafeterias. Past experience unnecessary. We guarantee to teach you in our 50-lesson home-study course on hotel work, all that the leading hotel experts know about the business, and we put you in touch with positions everywhere. Our students employed our methods endorsed by leading hotel men everywhere. Write for Free Book **"Your Big Opportunity."**
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room D-246 Washington, D. C.

Paris Boston
LABLACHE
"IT STICKS"



FACE POWDER
Known and loved by four generations
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
Write for free sample of face powder and Booklet illustrating new LABLACHE Creations
BEN LEVY CO., Dept. 59 125 Kingston St., Boston, U.S.A.

for Stenographers
VENUS PENCIL
No. 3822



Two Ready Points and a Metal Point Protector
Soft, smooth, long lasting lead.
Ideal for shorthand.
Send for Box of 6 pencils or $1.00 per dozen 60¢
American Lead Pencil Co., 216 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Dangers are accumulating round the court that fill me with dread."

"Of what sort, father?" she asked, quaking. "Surely in a country where the monarchy has been so beloved and respected there can be no real fear for the result? I know there are complaints, but words are words and——"

"There will be deeds also. The people, the middle classes, are completely alienated. Only the nobles are loyal to the Crown. Boehmer's assertion that Monseigneur de Rohan is concerned in this mystery greatly alarms me. Do nothing; say nothing. We shall see."

Madame Campan sat down, pale with terror. "But the Queen? I love her," she said.

"Daughter, you must be faithful, but fidelity itself must acknowledge that her Majesty has made many and grave mistakes. That they came from a good heart and trust in human nature I know, but for the Queen of France—fatal!"

Meanwhile Boehmer had made his way to Trianon, asking to see the Queen, for Breteuil was not there. He should have known better. A cold refusal was sent out. She had said to her attendant: "Tell the man I will not see him. He is mad. He troubles me."

Transgressing beyond all limits, he sent in again. "Madame Campan had desired him to request an audience on a matter of the first consequence."

She replied sharply: "If that be true, Madame Campan should have known better. I will not see Boehmer. I believe him to be dangerous."

He heard the message in silence. The Cardinal. What other way was left?

He took the road to Paris.

The Prince's house of cards comes tumbling about his head as Jeanne's plan culminates in a drama that rocks all France —in the conclusion of E. Barrington's *novel* in October

Luck (*Continued from page 77*)

and Headquarters won't give me any more. And I don't want to go without—I don't want to leave you. All these fellows buzzing around —and I'll be in China or some place." He tried to speak lightly. "All these essential industry chaps that kept the home-fires burning." He bit off his words—bad tactics, to knock your rivals.

She took him up: "Now, Micky—you know that's not fair! Edward tried time after time to enlist, and he felt very bad because they wouldn't take him. And J. B. was reporting in the draft or something when they signed the Armistice. And Will was exempted——"

"Please, honey! I was just jokin'. Different with me—I was in the Service before the war" —change the subject, quick!—"and I've been away a right long time. Then, when I came and saw you at the station with Sis, all those years and places and things—they just dropped out, and I was back——"

There was no pleasing the woman. "Yes, back with that leggy girl you used to play around with," she quoted demurely.

"It wasn't fair to read my letters to Sis."

"But she showed them to me. And—I wanted to know about you, in all that horrible fighting."

Then a finger of moonlight drew across her face, and leaning close, he saw that her eyes were darkly luminous and very tender. His heart turned over inside him, and he put his arms around her and kissed her, hard. Thereafter, holding her tightly, he talked at length. Never especially articulate with girls, he discovered now language that surprised him. And when a word lacked, her mouth, shyly responsive, was near enough.

Then there were no more words, and the world lay away from them like an opalescent mist pierced through very sweetly by the silvery jets of the mocking-bird's ecstasy. The perfume of her hair was in his nostrils, and a strand of it lay across his cheek, and in the silence he knew that her heart was beating against his, and one dreamed things unutterably sweet.

The girl straightened and removed herself from him with decision. She drew a long breath, and her hands went to her hair. "No," she said, from the other end of the bench. "No. You'll just stay over there. I want to tell you something. And if you're close to me, I can't. So stay there. Micky dear, please try to understand!" She spoke with a gentle definiteness, and it presently dawned on him, amazingly, that he was receiving what amounted to marching orders. "For I've got to be sensible, Micky. I never bothered to be sensible before, because—I think, because I've never been so—attracted. But you're talking about lifetimes. And a woman wants to feel safe, Micky, most of all. Oh, my dear, I'd never feel safe with you. Men can't understand, but a woman's built that way."

"Why, why——" he protested.

"Yes, I know. And I've always thought of you differently from other men. You were a sort of person out of a story, dashing around the way you did—and then uniforms and wars and things. And you make love very beautifully, Micky—you've had so much practise with so many girls, I know. That's all very well for a lover, Micky—you're a wonderful one—just perfect—but I want a home, too, and my man in it. I don't want letters from Haiti and Shanghai and battleships and all those crazy places your old marines go." Why the deuce an' all, he asked himself, had he harped so on foreign service? "I want my man around. You'd never be around, Micky—I'm afraid I'd never know just where you were. No, no! You stay over there. I shouldn't have let you kiss me—I shouldn't——"

He felt for a cigaret, lighted it, and studied her face deliberately until the match burned his fingers. For a space he saw her eyes, suspiciously bright in the yellow flame, and not joyous. Then they closed, and there were tears on her lashes. Something caught savagely at his throat. He turned away.

Presently, having estimated the situation in a military manner, he accepted it and stood up. To blazes with this stuff about losing gracefully; he was conscious of the same red surge of anger that he had known a time or two in battle, when things did not get done and all effort appeared to be futile. Perhaps there were tactics, technique in this love business—just now he didn't think of any. He wanted to swear but he said, very gently:

"Well—anyway, you didn't give me any wash about wantin' to be a sister to me. And now it's late. Must catch that early train—promised old Paul Wakefield to spend a couple days with him in Houston, goin' north." Old Paul would be surprised. "I think I left my cap on the gallery."

They walked across the lawn, a yard apart. One observed that the moonlight was a thin and sickly mockery, through which, from somewhere, came the obscene chittering of an idiotic bird. He touched a small cold hand, jammed on his cap and went away.

Oh, well, Kipling was right—the superior man goes it alone. And there were lots of girls. You found them all over the place. One remembered that sugar-planter's daughter, in the Islands, and the one in Washington, and that corn-flower blond *Altessen* in Luxemburg —and at the moment, he found that he couldn't recall the face of one of them!

No—— There never was a girl like this, like a flower and like a flame; a girl who'd get up early to play tennis or go duck-shooting on the lake, a girl who shot and rode like a slim,

quick boy, and who would listen to poetry. A girl with level eyes and firm hands, gracious, and merry, and born to tall, white-columned Southern porches; a girl of his own people . . .

He'd beat it to Washington and get that detail to the Asiatic Station; might be a new war out there . . . "I hope she marries that leadin' groceryman an' has triplets . . ."

Flowers grew pleasantly by the sidewalks in this old Texas town; he drew back his arm to slash at an impudent nodding cluster—and his hand was empty. He'd left his stick at her house—forgotten it when he picked up his cap. He halted and swore profoundly. He didn't want to see her again. Didn't want to see anybody. If he went around in the morning—train left early, but she might be up. "No. By now, she's probably turned in. And I left it by the front door, I remember." He retraced his steps with decision. He could tell, if her light was out—knew her window . . .

A week ago he had brought her in after dark from some run or other. "Micky will stay to supper, of course," they said; and a negro maid showed him up-stairs. Later, coming down. the door of her room was open, and he took one side-glance before he caught himself. You'd know it was her room, high and cool and white, and simple, with delicate chairs and a tall mirror, and a narrow bed of pale magnolia wood, and sudden splashes of color here and there, like the way her temper blazed sometimes . . . "Ah—no right to think of such things." Yet a while ago, in a witchery of moonlight and shadow, with her pliant body in the curve of his arm, he'd dreamed . . . Oh, well—here was the place. He went up between the flowers—no light in her window. There was the old stick, against the white wall by the door.

There was a little stifled sound in the big porch swing yonder—something like a sob. He wheeled. She sat up, and they looked, seeing each other dimly. Her heels clicked on the floor; he took three long steps, and they stood close together. All the magic returned and the golden witchery, and the dream . . .

She said, in a small voice that he had never heard before: "Micky—you came back. Oh, I was afraid——"

"Did you want me to come back? Honey—honey——" And then he couldn't talk.

She was in his arms now, and after a while she said: "Micky—all those places—China and Panama and all—I'll go along, too—and marine officers don't have to stay at sea all the time, do they, Micky?"

Later, very much later, in his room, with her kisses alive and warm on his mouth, he nursed an old and battered crab-wood stick across his knees. "I'll make Headquarters give me duty on the East Coast first. Then—she's been around a lot, but she's never seen the blue water down in the Islands, and the white beaches. She'll like all that. And . . . God bless that Heine at Hill 142—hope he got through all right. Hadn't been for his old cane . . ."

The Mushy Seventies

(*Continued from page 73*)

was everywhere, a hideous by-product of the Civil War.

For a Wagnerian epic we had "Larboard watch, ahoy!" Lofty sentiment was condensed into "Molly Darling." Rollicking comedy found vent in "Shoo fly!" and "Whoa, Emma." "Pinafore" was produced in London in 1878, but it came too late to save the 'seventies.

Architecture ran to cubes. The banker built a large red-brick cube with windows peering out of a garish mansard roof. The humble citizen had to put up with a smaller cube made of wood, but he put on some scallops and jig-saw dingle-dangles.

The landscaping was done, I think, by Ute Indians. The idea was to obstruct every pathway or direct line of vision with rectangular or



The Telephone and the Farm

THERE was not a farmer in the world fifty years ago who could talk even to his nearest neighbor by telephone. Not one who could telephone to the doctor in case of sickness or accident. Not one who could telephone for the weather report or call the city for the latest quotations on his crops. Not one who could sell what he raised or buy what he needed by telephone. A neighborly chat over the wire was an impossibility for the farmer's wife or children.

In this country the telephone has transformed the life of the farm.

It has banished the loneliness which in the past so discouraged the rural population and drove many from the large and solitary areas of farms and ranches.

It is a farm hand who stays on the job and is ready to work twenty-four hours every day.

The telephone has become the farmer's watchman in times of emergency.

It outruns the fastest forest or prairie fires and warns of their approach. It has saved rural communities from untold loss of lives and property by giving ample notice of devastating floods. Three million telephones are now in service on the farms, ranches and plantations of the United States.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION



CENTURY
SHEET MUSIC
You can't buy better—why pay more?

CENTURY gives you the world's best *music*, beautifully *printed* on the best *paper!* What more can sheet music be! There are over 2300 compositions in the Century catalogue all 15c (20c in Canada) masterpieces like "Barcarolle," "Hungarian Rhapsody," "Lustpiel Overture," "William Tell," "Salut A Pesth." etc.—all certified to be exactly as the masters wrote them. Ask for Century—Patronize the Century dealer. Century's low price is only possible because of his small profit. Complete catalogue of over 2300 compositions free on request.

Thousands of successful teachers use and recommend CENTURY CERTIFIED MUSIC exclusively—because they know it is all that good music can be—yet its price is but 15c a copy; and they know parents appreciate the saving

Century Music Publishing Co., 247 W. 40th St., N.Y.C.

CENTURY Certified EDITION SHEET MUSIC



For unruly hair—

more people use this dressing than any other . . .

Pleasant to use—beneficial

No matter how unruly your hair is, you need not be discouraged. You *can* keep it in place without making it look sticky or greasy.

You need not, *should* not wet it with water—that only robs the hair of its natural oils, drying out the scalp and leaving it a prey to dandruff.

Stop experimenting with your hair—you can do it irreparable injury!

Begin today to use the hair dressing more people rely on than any other. This dressing is *Stacomb*.

Just a touch of Stacomb in the morning or after a shampoo and your hair will really stay in place, *all day long*.

Stacomb comes in two forms, which makes it the only dressing that suits all types of hair. As a delicate cream—in jars and tubes—and also in the delightful, new liquid form. Both are totally invisible on the hair.

You may prefer the cream, or perhaps the liquid. But you will find Stacomb in both forms equally effective, pleasant to use, *beneficial*. It helps to prevent dandruff. And it keeps your hair smooth, *in place*—but never sticky or greasy. At all drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER—Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. D-34, 113 W. 18th Street; New York

Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

Name.....

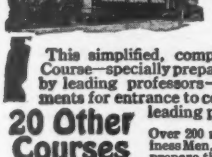
Address.....



SHORT-STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dr. Esenwein Dept. 63 Springfield, Mass.



High School Course in 2 Years

This simplified, complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college, business, and leading professions.

20 Other Courses

Over 200 noted Engineers, Business Men, and Educators helped prepare the special instruction which you need for success. No matter what your inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need.

American School
Drexel Ave. & 58th Street
Dept. H 614, Chicago

Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied

American School, Dept H 614 Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success in that line.

.....Architect	.....Electrical Engineer
.....Building Contractor	.....General Education
.....Automobile Engineer	.....Lawyer
.....Civil Engineer	.....Mech. Shop Practice
.....Structural Engineer	.....Mechanical Engineer
.....Business Manager	.....Steam Engineer
.....C. P. A. & Auditor	.....Sanitary & Heating
.....Bookkeeper	.....Surveyor & Mapping
.....Draftsman & Designer	.....High School Graduate

Name.....

Address.....

circular beds of gay flowers, put in a fountain somewhere, and punctuate the remaining spaces with cast-iron deer.

When I went to Davenport, Iowa, at the age of seven, I brought home two throbbing stories for the envious playmates. First, on the train, after leaving Peoria, I had conversed with Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, and he had given me an orange. Second, I had seen in Davenport, in front of a cigar store, a wooden Indian, all colored up, holding a tomahawk in one hand and a bunch of cheroots in the other.

In the matter of material comforts and conveniences and the adjusting of existence to any kind of neat schedule, we were just a little "pree." My brother Will came back from the Centennial and told of seeing electric lights and talking over a telephone, but these new wonders did not arrive among us until the 'eighties. We didn't even have Morris chairs. We had plenty of cigar-holders, gold toothpicks and watch-chains made of human hair, but we had no Morris chairs. Nothing but hammocks. One in every front yard. And much used.

If we were intellectually untamed and extremely gafferish as to manners and habits, at least we had plenty to eat and were permitted to indulge in every form of emotional excitement. The famous orators were those who could cause jurors to weep. The popular preachers were those who could make the most noise while picturing hell-fire. A really successful funeral could be heard a mile away.

Religious convictions were vivid and concrete. Satan was an individual with a fish-hook tail who devoted all of his time to frying those who had failed to attend church. The Creator gave direct supervision, sitting on the edge of a cloud and keeping books. The only persons who could escape everlasting torments were those who walked down the aisle and prostrated themselves at the mourners' bench. Joining church was a favorite indoor sport.

We had one memorable campaign against the Demon Rum, who was strongly intrenched in four saloons at the southern rim of Third Street. John B. Gough and Francis Murphy and Ward and Hughes had been shaking up the larger towns with Billy Sunday tactics, so we put on a spectacular show of our own.

I shall never forget one morning when a whole flock of us, wearing blue ribbons, went in to call on Louie Wildberg, who ran the clothing store. Louie was a useful citizen of mild demeanor who had been much respected until the community became worked into a frenzy. He became a marked man because it was rumored that he kept bottled beer on ice.

He was operating on a country customer when we filed in and begged him to follow our example and line up against King Alcohol. He looked at us over his glasses and said, "Run along to school, children." I remember that we were very disheartened and alarmed concerning his case.

About that time a man couldn't believe anything without having a paroxysm every day or two, just to prove that his convictions were genuine. This practise of revealing the inner virtues by the simple process of having epileptic fits in public has not entirely disappeared from my native state, although, just at present, the temperature of the morally superior seems to be getting back to normal.

Dark Dawn

(*Continued from page 57*)

then turned and looked toward Bert, who had paused in his eating and sat gnawing at his finger-tips.

"Go and hitch up, Bert," she commanded. "I guess I can do this myself, like I do everythi .g else."

Bert floundered out of the house and Hattie went up-stairs. Lucian lifted his head and looked after her, impatient with himself because he could find nothing to say before she disappeared above. In spite of what had passed through his mind during the day, he could not help feeling pity for Hattie now, and annoyance with himself. Where now was that old resolve of his, that determination to play up?

The truth was, he didn't want to play up. He had been doing nothing else for four years. His heart hung heavy as lead. He had a sense of groping—groping with hands that were numb as stones. His life had dawned upon absolute darkness.

Bert drove Hattie to the Anderson place that lay to the eastward, on the outskirts of the village. When they had come to the poplar-pole gate, she turned to him.

"If you think you can hold your tongue," she said severely, "you can come in and sit."

Bert blinked solemnly and nodded his head as he got down to open the gate. Hattie, with the sense of well-being which always filled her when she observed the less fortunate situation of others, let her eyes rove over the sad buildings of the Anderson farm. Some people, she thought, just didn't seem to have the knack of getting on in the world. It was shiftlessness, mostly, and lack of will, she had always insisted. The plain truth of the matter was that old man Anderson himself was to blame for his boy's death. Whose fault was it that Andy had to go to work in the quarry?

"Hurry, Bert, for land's sake! Have I got to do that for you, too?"

Bert's muddled wits finally solved the intricacies of the gate latch. Hattie squared her shoulders impatiently as he got back into the seat beside her.

"Mind what I tell you, Bert," she admonished again. "You keep quiet."

Someone had come out of the house. It was Anderson himself. And there was one of the children running up from the barn. Hattie smiled contentedly. It was really good to be able to do things like this for people.

"Oh—it's you, Meesis Dorrit!" Anderson, the tall thin Swede who was the father of this family, said to Hattie as he stepped up to the buggy.

"Yes, it's me, Mr. Anderson," she said in a hushed voice, stepping down from the buggy. "Bert—you tie up."

Anderson's long face, with its thin cheeks and high cheek-bones, was almost expressionless as she turned and looked at him.

"I supposed you had so many here today, I put off coming until I was pretty sure nobody else would be here," Hattie said kindly. "I didn't want anyone else to know what I came about."

"You better come *in*side," Anderson said hesitantly. "My vife she iss not feeling good, but my-be she talk to you."

Hattie followed him into the house, which was immaculate and almost bare of furniture. In this tiny abode of four rooms the family of eight had been brought up, in heartless poverty. Now, in the room which was pathetically called the "parlor," the eldest of the brood lay—but not on the folding cabinet bed in which he had dreamed his boyish dreams. Hattie did not go into the parlor. The kitchen seemed to be full of children, all sitting about, decorous and large-eyed, on the home-made chairs.

One of the boys rose and offered Hattie his chair. Just then Bert came in and seated himself on a stool near the door. The silence of the place seemed suddenly to embrace him so that for a moment he sat uneasily looking from one to the other of the Anderson children in mute embarrassment. Finally he settled back with his shoulders against the wall. Anderson passed into one of the inner rooms. Presently he returned, his wife behind him.

Mrs. Anderson was a small, shrinking woman, considerably stooped from hard work and childbearing. She spoke English brokenly and with great diffidence. Her face now was blank with grief, a grief made startlingly more harsh by the evident fact that she had not shed a tear. Hattie's discomfort became acute

as Mrs. Anderson moved forward and offered her her hand in absolute silence.

"I came over as soon as I thought you could stand seeing anyone, Mrs. Anderson," Hattie said commiseratingly. "I want to help all I can."

Mrs. Anderson withdrew her hand and motioned to Hattie to be seated. Her lips were tight-drawn, her face set in hard lines. Anderson seated himself heavily in a chair.

"Here iss nothing you can do," Mrs. Anderson said in a voice that seemed to come from a great distance. "Our boy iss dead."

Hattie pursed her lips at the corners as she bent forward. "But there must be some little thing I can do, Mrs. Anderson. You know"—she paused, drawing in her breath regretfully—"we all liked Andy. I had Dolly all hitched and was going to send Bert home with him if——"

"You couldn't 'a' done that, Hattie," Bert broke in ponderously. "I was workin' with Dolly in the north field."

Hattie turned upon him a narrow, piercing glance before which he seemed to wither utterly. Then she continued evenly.

"I was expecting Bert in any minute and made up my mind to send him down with Andy as soon as he came back from the quarry. I would have come down myself rather than let the boy walk all that way on a night like last night." She paused, a bit nettled. "But what I really came over for," she went on presently, when neither of the Andersons made reply, "was to tell you that I want to pay the expenses of the funeral—and all." Her voice was brisk now, full of confidence. "We don't even have to let anyone know about it. If you'll just do everything, I'll pay——"

"T'ank you, Meesis Dorrit," Mrs. Anderson interrupted, her face unchanging, "but dat ve could not do. Ve take care ours children v'en dey live—ve do so v'en dey die, too. T'ank you so muts, no."

"No, no," her husband put in hurriedly. "It iss good of you, but ve do not need it. Ve get along, all right."

Hattie smiled benevolently. Of course they were proud, she said. She admired that in them. But was she not a friend, after all, and could they not let a friend help them in the only way she knew how? There was so little anyone could do at such times. But no, she could do nothing. The Andersons were not unpleasant in their refusal, but they were very firm. She could do nothing.

Hattie's face colored, in spite of her gentle smiling. When she could say no more, she got to her feet, her skirt swishing smartly as she moved quietly toward the door. She shook hands warmly, first with the mother, then with the father. In the eyes of both she thought she detected a look of suspicion, perhaps of mild contempt for her offer. She could not help feeling that Bert's ill-timed remark had much to do with their refusal.

On the road home, Hattie turned furiously upon her brother.

"You chicken-brained fool!" she broke forth. "Didn't I tell you to shut up? Didn't I?"

"Ye-e-s-s," Bert trembled.

She lowered her voice and spoke with cruel deliberateness. "I can't stand for this any longer, Bert. You're going down to the city, that's all there is to it. I've had to put up with this kind of thing too long. You haven't a brain in your head. I've kept you with me because you're my brother—when you ought to be in an institution where——"

"You—you didn't tell me you was goin' to say that," Bert pleaded in a blubbering voice.

"I told you to shut up, you idiot!" Hattie snapped.

Bert began to shake from head to foot. His quivering silence finally became intolerable to Hattie.

"Quit that!" she ordered. "And remember—the next time you do a thing like that, I'll send you away!"

Relieved, Bert sat up straight and attentive. After a brief moment of silence, he spoke to the mare with a tone of fine authority: "Get up there, Dolly!"

Auto-Intoxication
a form of self-poisoning

The poisons you yourself set up within you weary your nerves—cheat you of good health



OUR grandparents walked, but we ride in motor cars. They bent to heavy tasks—we touch a switch and our work is done for us.

This is the age of ease—the era of comfort. But it is not the age of sane and normal living.

We have too many pleasures and interests. There are so many things to do—so little time to do them. We skimp on true rest—we over-tax our nerves. We eat too often and too much—we work our muscles far too little.

How Auto-Intoxication affects the health of nearly everyone

Our bodily functions need prompting. We've lost the regularity of habits that goes with the state of perfect health. All too often food remains within us for more than the span of a day, fermenting, setting up poisons—causing intestinal toxemia, or as it is more usually called, Auto-Intoxication.

These poisons of Auto-Intoxication are spread through the body by the blood. They cause headache, mental dullness, sudden fatigue. They not only lead to intestinal disorders, but they have a bad secondary effect upon the central nervous system. Sapping vitality and fraying the nerves, they make men and women listless, irritable and inefficient.

Few of us are free from the poisons of Auto-Intoxication for few of us are able to lead lives that would keep us free from the troubles of an over-civilized existence.

* * *

Sal Hepatica relieves and helps prevent Auto-Intoxication by clearing away stoppage. Its use is the correct method, for the best results are had by the mechanical action of water, plus the eliminant effects of salines in solution.

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. It is a delicately balanced combination of several salts. Because it acts promptly and directly upon the intestines—the seat of Auto-Intoxication—it is indicated in correcting this self-poisoning, where the first step is always to wash the intestines clean of those waste products that are at the root of so many of our modern ills.

You ought to keep Sal Hepatica in the house always.



SAL HEPATICA is pleasant to take and prompt in its action. Sold in three sizes in drug stores everywhere. Buy the large size for economy.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
New York



Sal Hepatica

© 1926.

YOU GIRLS who like to DRAW



Miss Hazel Smith drew the small picture at the right before studying with us. The large drawing she made recently. Note the wonderful improvement accomplished through our training.

Miss Smith states: "From a selling position two years ago that paid me $18.00 a week, I am now making $60.00 and $70.00 a week doing the kind of work I enjoy. In a day I often make more than I did in a week, two years ago. The Federal Course has been invaluable in placing me in this position." Miss Smith and many others have found our art training a quick and pleasant road to success.

Do You Like to Draw?

If you are one of the few so favored by nature, why not make the most of your talent and thus take the surest road to independence?

Publishers each year buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations for magazines, newspapers, etc. Illustrating is the highest type of art. Women are well fitted for this work and have equal opportunities with men.

Federal Training Gets Results

because experts have prepared the course, over fifty nationally famous artists having contributed exclusive lessons and drawing thereto. The Federal School is nationally known. Many of its students do work for the best magazines and newspapers. Learn at home during spare time. No previous training necessary.

Send Today for "A Road to Bigger Things"

Read this free illustrated book before deciding on a career. It tells about illustrating as a profession, about the famous artists who helped build the Federal Course and shows remarkable work by our students. Just write your name, age, occupation and address in the margin and mail it to us and we will send you the book free.

Federal School of Illustrating

9036 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.



SHORT-STORY WRITING

A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short-Story taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, Editor of The Writer's Monthly.

150 page catalog free. Please address:

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

Dr. Esenwein Dept. 84 Springfield, Mass.

"It's the Smartest Dress of the Season"



"I've never had so many compliments about any dress as I've had about this one. My friends all say it is the smartest dress of the season. They just can't believe that I made it myself for only $7.65."

Pretty dresses like this at just such savings are bringing joy to thousands of women, who have learned to make their clothes and hats right at home through the Woman's Institute.

This is a new method so easy that you start at once to make pretty things to wear—so complete that in a few months you can start making clothes for others and earn $20 to $40 a week.

Write for Free Booklet

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 51-J, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of one of your booklets, and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

The stone house grew daily in size and impressiveness. Lucian, lifting his eyes toward it as he worked in the fields, began to have an actual dread of it. As the massive structure took shape it seemed to become animate, a great, gray, feelingless creature that would one day reach out and draw him irresistibly to its granite bosom.

Hattie's pride in the house was manifest. Already she was making plans for the great house-warming to which everyone of any account in Loyola and about was to be invited. She would not be niggardly about it.

She could well afford to be generous now, Lucian reflected bitterly. Hadn't she got everything she wanted? Everything except that one desire upon which they had waged their silent conflict for weeks, a conflict which Hattie, with obstinate pride, still refused to acknowledge as such. There had been one or two approaches to a scene between them on that question of children, but Hattie had cautiously maintained her dignity, biding her time.

To a man content, work in the fields may bring a sense of deep peace and abiding happiness. His heart delights in growth. His mood grows mellow with the ripening days. But to a man whose life is beset with conflict, the quiet of the fields serves only to turn him inward upon himself in bitter brooding. The fears that assailed Lucian Dorrit in those days drove him almost to despair.

Through all the confusion of his thoughts, however, one fact stood out clearly. There would come a moment, soon, when he would have to prove himself stronger than Hattie. He was schooling himself now for that moment. He knew by Hattie's attitude, by her vast planning for the future, for *their* future, that she was confident of herself, that she believed implicitly in her power to overcome him when the crisis came. He knew, moreover, that she had set her mind upon bringing that crisis about as soon as the house was ready. He would have to tell her the truth then, plainly, bluntly. There could be no children where there was no love.

Full summer was upon the land again, with its sweet, rich murmur of growth, its colored vapors, its warm, sweet somnolence, like the heavy drone of a golden bee. In the midst of this sensuous, triumphant growth an unease took possession of Lucian Dorrit, a turbulent thing from which there was no escape.

Looking up the slope from the field where he spent his days, Lucian would see Hattie moving about energetically. With the hunger of romance upon him, his imagination would substitute the form of a slender girl walking lithely about the yard up there . . .

There were golden hours of release, however, when, in the long summer evenings, he would stalk off alone, bareheaded and coatless, and sit on the top of Blacksnake Hill while the shadows gathered around him in silence. Those hours brought a throbbing in his blood like the voluminous music of a great orchestra. The poetic dreams of his boyhood, of a love very fine and sweet and dark, visited him again there. In his utter loneliness he could have cried out from the sheer power of the desire that swelled within his heart. But always, on his return, he would avoid Hattie with a positive fear, remembering that it was in such a mood that he had first lost himself to her.

Hattie masterfully controlled her annoyance at Lucian's moods. When he chose to go out alone, his eyes full of that lost look that told her his thoughts were not of her, she smiled generously and let him go. There were moments, however, when her annoyance moved her to protest mildly.

"I can't for the life of me see what interests you so much up there on the rocks," she said one night with a crisp smile. "If you must go, put on your old jacket. It's getting real cool out. I'll be sewing till you come in. Perhaps you'll like a cup of tea before you go to bed. I declare, a man's more worry than ten children!"

Lucian was already out of the door. But he felt, as he went away, that Hattie's hands were still upon him, solicitously possessing him, sparing him for her purpose.

He made his way, scarcely seeing the direction he took, to one of the rocky projections of Blacksnake and threw himself down disconsolately, his head pressed forward in his palms. Presently he lifted his eyes and looked gloomily across the slough toward the Strand place.

He had not seen Karen Strand now for weeks, except at a distance, across the water of the swamp, when they happened to be in the pastures for their cows at the same time. Muller had told him that she was thinking of spending the winter with her aunt in Chicago, where she would have an opportunity to study drawing. The old doctor had confessed to a feeling of uneasiness when he had spoken of her. He did not know what was coming over the girl. Her spirit, her old eagerness, seemed to have forsaken her and left her depressed and melancholy. The girl was eighteen now—perhaps that had something to do with it, Muller had said. That and the fact that her dreams of a future were disappointingly slow in taking form.

Muller's opinions often amused Lucian. Dreams, indeed! The dreams of country youth, indissolubly wed in one way or another to black acres! He had had dreams, too. Andy Anderson had had dreams. Probably every man and woman in and about Loyola had had dreams.

He picked up a few pebbles and rattled them absently. So Karen Strand was eighteen now. Confound Karen Strand! Had she not been faithless too? Why should she have kept herself hidden all these weeks just because Hattie had told her to stay away? What had Hattie to do with a friendship that had lasted down through the years?

Then—he saw her. She was sitting in the shadow of a stunted hazel tree on one of the lower knolls, looking up at him thoughtfully, her hands clasped in her lap. Had he been less intent upon his own misery, he must have seen her when he had first reached the top of the hill. He did not speak at first. There was something in her presence that made him almost ashamed of the thoughts that had been racing through his mind. She sat very still, watching him. The dress she wore was of a vivid red and in the darkening depths of the air made a splotch of purple like some great waning flower. A rugged wall of rock rose behind her, violet gray, and the impalpable color of faint mist at night. Her feet were curled under the billow of her dress and her head was resting against the rock at her back.

When he spoke, presently, his voice was very low and uncertain, as if he were not sure of what he saw. "Spingle!"

She did not move. "I was here first," she replied in a low voice.

He was conscious of a sudden tight feeling in his throat. She was a lovely thing, sitting there, with her face glowing, seriously pensive, as he had always remembered it. But because of the deep need that was in him, she was different now—in an overwhelming way.

He got to his feet slowly and began to move down the slope toward her, a sudden burning sensation in his ears and eyes. When he stood above her at last, her eyes fell.

"I didn't think you were real—at first," he told her. He continued to stand, rather awkwardly, half turned away from her.

"And now—you're sorry I am," she replied, smiling up at him.

"It's not that, Spingle," he told her. "I'm glad. But I was thinking about you just then and you looked so much like—like a painting down here that I thought I must be imagining things." He sat down on the rock beside her. "Why have you been hiding away from me all these weeks, Spingle?" he asked her.

"I have not been hiding," she protested.

"You know what I mean," he urged. "You have stayed away all this time. And now they tell me you are going to the city in the fall. Have you forgotten me, then?"

She turned and looked at him for a moment in frank wonderment. "Luce Dorrit," she

said, "I have not forgotten—I never can. I have been lonely—for weeks."

Rebellion flamed suddenly in Lucian's heart. A short, strained cry broke from him as he caught her and swept her to her feet before him. Karen drew back with a start, her eyes wide on his. He was staring fiercely into her face. Her body stiffened but she did not move away from him. Their eyes seemed locked for an interminable time. And in that harsh moment it appeared to grow suddenly dark about them.

Presently Lucian remembered. "Don't be afraid of me, Spingle." His voice shook.

"I'm not afraid—I'm not afraid," she said.

Even as she spoke, her voice trembled and failed her, and she clung to him, sobbing against his shoulder. Lucian bent and touched his lips to her soft hair and all his harshness gave way before a great tenderness.

At last she drew herself away from him a little, but clung to his hands.

"I'm not afraid, Luce," she told him once more, and her voice was tender and sure, "but we can't be happy—like this. I didn't want you to know—ever."

She looked at him for a moment intently, her eyes unwavering. Then she moved slowly away from him, down the slope of Blacksnake, and all the color of her became merged in the darker, drowning shadows of the night.

Lucian Dorrit, standing alone there with a slight swaying throughout his body, let her go. In the depths of his heart he cried out desperately to her, pleaded with her to come back and save him from the utter hell of his soul. But he knew he must not speak the turbulent words that rose to his lips.

When the last dim shadow of her faded in the mists, he turned away and plodded slowly down the slope of the hill, across the pasture. Against the lingering arc of thin light that still hung above the horizon to the northwest, the new stone house stood in sharp outline. Beside it—the low roof of the smaller house where Hattie would be waiting for him. He was going back to her now. All his life, he thought bitterly, would be just that—going back to Hattie.

She looked up as he entered.

"Well," she said, "you did get back. I've kept the fire in the stove and the kettle boiling. I thought you might like a cup of tea."

She laid her sewing aside and got up as she spoke. Lucian strode unseeingly past her and sat down on a chair beside the stairway.

"Thanks, Hattie," he said, "but I don't really want any. I'm not the least bit cold."

He began to remove his boots, and Hattie, pausing on her way to the stove, eyed him speculatively for a moment. Then, with a sigh, she lifted the kettle from the fire.

"Well—I s'pose what *I* do for you doesn't count for much," she observed. "I ought to know by now."

Hattie's housewarming took the form of a harvest festival.

The stone house, completed now, was thrown open to everyone for miles around. The spacious rooms were festooned with ripe sheaves and wild flowers, and Japanese lanterns lighted a spectacle that amazed her visitors. All the floors in the lower part of the house had been waxed for dancing. Gallons upon gallons of lemonade had been prepared, and dozens of cakes and sandwiches. Two fiddlers and three accordion players had been hired from among the country talent and against the wall in the parlor stood the new organ that had arrived a week before.

Outwardly, at least, it was a gay occasion. Luce Dorrit was a hearty host, laughing and shaking hands and jostling his guests with the frank boisterousness that puts country folk at their ease. The glow of a lantern fell rosily upon him where he lounged in his old easy fashion against one of the stone pillars. He could not have known the handsome figure he made there, his bronze throat glowing above the open collar of the white silk shirt Hattie had bought him.



Hattie was everywhere, looking her best in a new gown that was the envy of all the women, an affair of white lawn with lace insertions, and at the end of a chain about her neck, a gold watch which she kept tucked into her belt. She bore herself more proudly than ever as she went about welcoming her friends. Even Bert Murker had risen to the occasion. He stood before the porch to take charge of the visitors' horses and invested his duties with an air of solemnity that sent the men into the house chuckling to themselves.

There were many young people there—country girls in white dresses, farmer boys looking self-conscious in tidy store clothes. The Blundell girls came with two young men from Lost River, in an automobile of a more ambitious make than those already owned by the more prosperous farmers around Loyola. Their arrival caused a considerable stir.

Nellie Blundell, the older of the two sisters, was evidently in a roguish mood. She rolled her eyes upward and clapped her hands as she regarded Lucian.

"Oh, look at Luce, will you? All dressed up to kill! The great, big, handsome thing! And a real silk shirt, Sadie! Gee!"

Lucian laughed uncomfortably. "This isn't *my* idea, Nellie," he said. "I'd feel better in my overalls."

"You would!" Nellie scoffed. "But you don't get out of dancing with us now that you're so pretty—does he, Sadie?"

"Not much!" the younger sister replied.

Lucian caught a glimpse of Hattie's face just then. It was dark with disapproval. Hattie was thirty now. She must seem ancient to these girls—girls who were Karen's age. Lucian's cheeks flushed as he realized what they must think of Hattie, his wife, sedate and circumspect, settled. His eyes burned with their blue, lost look as he remembered that he had had no such careless, romantic youth.

He knew there was an element of disloyalty in his thinking just now, and an element of untruth. Romance was a trickster. If Hattie was not a romantic figure, she was at least not "talked about" as the flighty Blundell girls were. He should have been proud of Hattie's respectability. He knew that. But something had changed him in the past weeks of mental agony. He could have wished with all his heart that Hattie were talked about.

If Mrs. Blundell and the rest of them could read his thoughts now, he would be talked about. If they could only know that his heart was even now wandering across the fields below Blacksnake to be with one whom he had not seen since that late evening when he had held her in his arms for one precious, throbbing moment! If they could only know that Karen Strand had not been out of his mind for a moment since that unforgetable meeting. But they could never know. The outer world would soon claim Karen Strand, while he would go on until all romance had faded from the world.

From across the room Hattie called to him, gently, very patiently. He knew by her tone that she must have called him several times before he heard.

He hurried to her.

"You're not sleepy *tonight*, Luce?" she chided smilingly. "I called you three times before you looked round. I think it's time to start the music. We'll go on the floor first so nobody will be backward."

They entered the parlor, which had been cleared of most of its furniture. The music broke forth in a rollicking two-step and Lucian slipped his arm about Hattie's waist.

Hattie actually disapproved of dancing, but she was not unaware of her duties as a hostess. She became conscious, moreover, of a pleasant exhilaration as she saw the eyes which followed her and Lucian about the room. Gradually, as shyness wore off the company, the floor was filled, the dancers moving at last through the wide doorway to the dining-room. At the end of the dance Hattie was flushed and smiling, a triumphant light burning in her eyes. She had overheard one or two remarks about Lucian that had filled her with satisfaction, with pride. That she was, tonight, envied by the entire community, made up for much.

As they tired of dancing, many of the guests slipped out in naive threes or fours into the redolent late summer darkness. Down by the stone fence and along the edges of the open fields near the house dark figures moved furtively about—and there were never more nor less than two together.

At length, when the merriment was at its height, Lucian sauntered out alone and walked to the margin of the pasture beyond which lay Peter Strand's place. It was good to be out there alone, away from it all.

The pleasant, watery chur of frogs filled the pure evening. Lucian sat down on a lumpy, dry bit of ground and listened to the small sounds of earth and air blending with the music which came faintly from the house. Now and then two dark figures would stroll out of the farmyard and move westward along the edge of the field, their silhouettes outlined against the reddish liquid air of early moonrise. Lucian watched them go, with feverish eyes. His throat contracted aridly.

A hundred, a thousand times, he had told himself that he must not think of Karen Strand. It was madness for him to think of her in the way he had been doing, recreating her before him, so dear, so infinitely desirable. He would have to stop dreaming of how sweet it would be to have her here beside him, in the warm dusk, where he could tell her that he knew now that it had always been so with him—that he had always loved her, somewhere out of space and time . . . He sat still for many minutes with a trembling at the core of his body. Then he huddled his knees up in his arms and bent his head down upon them.

Even the dim light of the lantern seemed to glare when he returned. Hattie singled him out with her eyes at once and Lucian could see the questioning points in them. He made his way straight toward her, feeling a little guilty for having been away so long. But Hattie seemed to be looking past him at someone else. He turned his head and saw Nellie Blundell entering the door just behind him. The meaning of Hattie's look was clear to him now. It would be hard to make her believe that he had been out alone. With a feeling of utter weariness he crushed his way past the dancers and came to Hattie's side.

"Everything going all right?" he ventured.

Hattie looked through him. "As good as can be expected," she said tartly. "Perhaps you can start the singing at least. They're tired of dancing."

Lucian, gnawing at his lips, stood beside Hattie until the dance came to an end. Then he called out in a lusty voice, cupping his hands to his mouth, "Get ready for a singsong!"

He made an effort at a broad grin as shouts of assent sounded above the babble of voices. Soon he had them all seated, some on the floor, the girls jauntily on the knees of their partners. Lucian, who had a rolling, resonant voice, took a position with his back to the organ, beside one of the fiddlers, to lead the singing. It was an unfortunate coincidence that Nellie Blundell should, with mock worship, seat herself at Lucian's feet, pretending to desert her escort. A laugh went up at this and Hattie smiled indulgently, as became a good hostess—if one did not observe how narrow was the sharp gleam in her eyes.

It was in the midst of the second of the old-fashioned country songs that something occurred to throw the whole gathering into an uproar. The front screen door was suddenly thrown open and Lucian's brothers, Manlius and Arnold, staggered in, hilariously drunk, carrying between them the bellowing, kicking form of Bert Murker, clothed outrageously in the more intimate garments of a woman. A shriek of laughter, led by Nellie Blundell, and intermingled with shocked but delighted squeals, went up as it became clear what their strange burden was, with frills ludicrously about the knees and a pair of stays adjusted backwards and slipped up now under the armpits. Lucian, stepping quickly forward, encountered Hattie's frozen look. About the worst, he decided, had happened. The Dorrits had let themselves in for it.

Lucian sprang forward and tore Bert away from his brothers, who were by this time helpless with laughter. The crowd had apparently lost all sense of dignity in their ready response to the practical joke that had been played on Bert. Hattie, however, came frigidly across the floor and stood before the two intruders.

Manlius and Arnold, it seemed, had prepared for just such an advance. In fact, the details had been carefully rehearsed. Arney bent down with his hands upon his knees and Manlius, stepping behind him, gave him a tremendous kick that sent him flying through the door. Manlius then bent down in a similar posture and looked over his shoulder.

"Now you kick me, Hattie," he said.

Before Hattie could give vocal expression to the look on her face, however, Manlius had leaped, frog-like, out of the house.

Hattie's harvest festival sank at once to the level of a boisterous frolic. The revelry became almost gross at times.

Near dawn, when the rattle of the last vehicle had died away down the Murker road, and when Bert was asleep in his bed, Hattie locked the kitchen door of the stone house. Slowly she turned upon Lucian. Her face was livid with the rage of humiliation.

"It wasn't enough, then, that my husband had to shame me before the whole district—but the rest of the Dorrits had to come in and finish it!" she broke forth. "Tonight—of all nights—when I hoped—hoped to make everybody believe I hadn't married into a family of fools!"

"Did you say *I* shamed you, Hattie?"

"Shamed me—yes—before them all! Sneaking out of the house—out of your own home—the home I *gave* you—the home you got by betraying *me*—sneaking out with that little slut that's a disgrace to her mother."

"You're wrong, Hattie," Lucian protested dully. "I was out alone."

Hattie's harsh laugh of derision broke in upon his words. "Don't lie to me, Luce Dorrit! You don't have to. I've known all along!"

The scene that followed was merely bewildering to Lucian. All the self-control with which Hattie's life had been bound was swept suddenly away. She flung at Lucian every vicious term of abuse, every vile epithet summoned up by her unbridled fury. She lashed out with her fists and beat him on the chest as he sought to quiet her, screamed an unintelligible oath as he clapped his hand across her mouth. Then, as he forced her down into a chair, she seemed to stiffen from head to foot in a sort of paralysis. Lucian knew that it was simply because things had not gone precisely according to her plans that she had given vent to her insane temper. There could be no real jealousy governing her now. Her pride, her ridiculous dignity had suffered.

Hattie clutched her heart suddenly and gasped as though with pain. Her face, with its perverted, dreadful passion, was frightening to see. Lucian turned away for a moment to get control of himself, afraid of what might happen if he lost himself now.

At that moment the tide of Hattie's rage turned inward upon herself. She collapsed in the chair, her head thrown backward and her neck exposed, writhing from her sobs.

Lucian stood rooted to the floor. He could not go to her. He could do nothing for her. The notion possessed him that this was an experience of hers that had nothing whatever to do with him. There came over him suddenly an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh—or was it to cry?

On a night of smothering fog that envelops the prairies the silent conflict between Hattie and Lucian Dorrit reaches a climax that is near tragedy—in Martha Ostenso's Next Instalment

A Free Soul *by Adela Rogers St. Johns* *(Continued from page 33)*

pressing her delicate old finger-tips together.

But Dorothea broke in upon her, exasperation overcoming her common sense. "You must see, mama. It's a family disgrace. Jan has the manners of a barmaid, and if things go on like this she'll have the morals of one. She's not only spoiled and impudent, she's entirely wild, and if she isn't sent to a good school pretty soon where they'll take that out of her, we'll all suffer for it."

Mrs. Ashe stiffened perceptibly. "You interrupted me, Dorothea," she said, "and I do not like to be interrupted. I do not see how any harm can come to a girl who has such a devoted father. Surely it is a great privilege for a girl to be associated with a mind like that. Her manner to me has always been —passable. I think you exaggerate, Dorothea. You have always been given to exaggeration."

Dorothea looked upon the small, stiff figure and became speechless. As usual, mama was simply going to ignore the thing.

Suddenly Grace leaned forward, bringing her kind, sincere face before the frozen old eyes. "Mama, darling," she said gently, "Stephen is a wonderful man, but he is only a man and he can't realize what a little girl needs. I believe he would be grateful to us if we saved him from letting Jan grow up a wild, undisciplined little tomboy, and made her instead a lady, like you, mama."

A delicate flush touched the wrinkled cheek. "Naturally," said Deborah Ashe, "my granddaughter must be a lady. Do—do you really think she is in any danger, Grace?"

"Yes, I do, mama. It is a criminal atmosphere in which she is being brought up."

"The law has always been considered an honorable profession in my experience," said Mrs. Ashe bitterly. "Your father was a lawyer."

"But not a criminal lawyer." Grace was trembling now, but she stuck to her guns.

"Everyone," said Mrs. Ashe, "is entitled to an adequate defense, under the laws of our land."

"I'm afraid," Grace laughed ruefully, "I'm afraid Stephen's defenses are a little more than adequate. At any rate, dear little Jan is at an age when her whole character will be molded by the things she sees and hears and I cannot feel that she has the right thought around her."

Dorothea shrugged her handsome shoulders. "She'll be déclassé before she's a débutante," she said, "and the family name, that mama has always been so proud of, will be dragged through some terrible scandal. You were always so strict with Grace and me, mama. It didn't matter that you never could and still can't see that anything Stephen does is wrong. He's a man. But Jan's a girl."

The old lady looked at them in the gathering darkness, recharging her courage between pressed finger-tips. "Perhaps we had better talk to Stephen," she said.

Stephen Ashe was commanded to his mother's for a family dinner.

"And methinks," said he to Jan, "that you are the thorn in the family side. I was requested not to bring you."

"I'm glad I'm not going," said Jan. "There will probably be a fearful row."

But there was nothing even resembling a row until they gathered in the formal, high-ceilinged drawing-room after dinner.

Stephen Ashe went and stood with his back to the fire, and the old lady's heart swelled with pride at sight of him there, her only son.

He listened quietly while they spoke of Jan.

When she finished with, "Stephen, you must put that child in a good school," he only smiled at her.

"You must think of her good, dear," said Grace, looking to her quiet husband for inspiration. "She needs a woman's care."

"I can't see that her good would be served," said Stephen Ashe, dangerously, "by turning her over to some narrow-minded female."

"I would be glad to take her," said Grace bravely.

Her brother's face softened beautifully, but he shook his head.

"Thank you, dear, but she'd be miserable away from me."

"This—Channing case," said old Mrs. Ashe.

"Mama," said Stephen Ashe gently, "I must ask you just to trust me. I am not neglecting Jan. I know what I'm doing. And nothing can change the need we have of each other."

"Need!" It burst from Dorothea as though she could no longer control it. "That's only because you're utterly selfish and pig-headed. You never think of anyone but yourself. You've had your own way all your life and you intend to go on having it, no matter if the whole family is sacrificed, no matter what Jan turns out to be."

Stephen Ashe's cool smile was more insulting than a curse. "I suppose you'd like her made into the same kind of decorative hypocrite that you are," he said sweetly. "You want me to pour her into the mold of fear and ignorance, so she'll come out a lying, smirking, artificial creature like every other woman in the world." Like the lash at the end of a whip, "Well, I don't do it." He looked upon them with a high and shining defiance. "Whatever Jan is, she shall be honest. Whatever she becomes, it shall be her own choice. I can't cheer the kind of virtue that hides behind a wall and is afraid to come out and meet life. Right and wrong aren't going to be rubber-stamped for Jan. If she's not strong enough to stand it, I'd rather she'd go down fighting than be a cowardly, namby-pamby, mealy-mouthed liar."

His hot gaze challenged the figure in clerical black. James said, diffidently, "I don't believe in the cloister myself. Still, one may avoid temptation."

"If she has an immortal soul, won't it survive temptation? Must it be forever hedged about with thou-shalt-nots and ecclesiastical fables that our very eyes disprove?"

"None of us like creeds and dogmas much, I suppose, but we believe that under them lies some truth, some principle——" James broke off, cursing his own shyness.

Very slowly, very bitterly, Stephen Ashe said, "Do not forget that I once knew a woman too well who lived by creeds and dogmas."

He faced them, eyes ablaze, white to the lips. Not one of them had ever seen him so moved. Nor had he ever before spoken to them, even indirectly, of his wife, that wife who more than all others had driven him to a strange sympathy with the publicans and sinners, as against the Scribes and Pharisees.

Stephen Ashe had never told Jan the story of his marriage, of the events that led up to it, and the unforgiven tragedy that followed it. In the beginning, Stephen Ashe had idealized women. That was the whole trouble with Stephen Ashe. The world would not measure up to his dreams of it and he could not bear the disappointment. It flooded his soul with bitterness, and he became the champion of the underdog, the rebel flaming against hypocrisy, the leader of lost causes. And though he looked so dark and violent, and maybe a little bored, he was really shy, very shy with women, as a man must always be in the presence of his ideals.

But like all the rest of his ideals, they simply would not stay upon their pedestals. If he was shy, they were not. Stephen Ashe was not one to be overlooked by women. Nor to resist them, once they ceased to be ideals.

Until there came that one woman who happens in every boy's life—every man's life. For Stephen Ashe was by way of being betwixt and between by this time. She was, there can be no question about it, a very bad woman. She was amusing, she was beautiful, she was a philosopher of sorts, but there is no use quibbling, she was a bad woman. But she was going to be good for the sake of Stephen Ashe.

Stephen Ashe, being an idealist, believed utterly.

Unfortunately, desire outran performance somewhat. There was fidelity in her heart. But her body had long been a stranger to it and could not achieve it so swiftly. Still, she loved Stephen and it broke her heart when he took her misstep so tragically.

But he did, and that betrayal bred in him a certain dangerous cynicism, that was forged to a steel strength by the woman he married.

When the dregs of life's cup lay before him, he looked up and saw Elinor Temple.

He saw her first in church, whither he had gone to please his mother and with some hunger in his own heart. Afterwards, he considered that the most sardonic of fate's theatrical tricks.

His first glance found her full against a stained window. The hat of white lace framed her pale gold hair in a soft halo. Her eyebrows were thin and high, tiny golden arches, and with her down-dropped lids and her small virginal mouth, she looked a medieval saint. To the man, it seemed that a miracle had been wrought.

That she was only a fashionable débutante, with a delicate beauty and a devotion to the forms of religion, did not come between him and his vision. In the midst of his soul sickness, in the midst of his disillusion, in the midst of his shattered idols, he saw in her coldness spirituality, in her whiteness purity, in her reserve strength.

They were married.

In less than a year Stephen Ashe had been dragged against his every wish and will to see his wife for what she was—a slave to the letter of Christian theology and an utter stranger to its spirit. She overran the house with the clergy, she gave his money extravagantly to the church, she served on boards where she was made much of. And all the time he knew her to be unkind, malicious, envious, vicious, unloving, uncharitable of tongue and without a spark of true understanding in her heart.

She did not want children and railed with inadequate words made ugly by her voice when she found that in spite of herself she was to become a mother. But Stephen waited breathless for the coming of his child.

He desired greatly that it should be a girl-child. He might find in a daughter those things that a man needs of woman more than anything of the flesh and that women, who gave him so much, had so far failed to give.

When she arrived, he stood beside her impersonal white crib at the hospital and his heart pounded with fierce joy. He knelt down, where there was no one by to see, and put his cheek against the strange, moist, velvet cheek of this child he had begotten. A tiny fist flapped and clenched in his black hair. Thus was their love compact sealed.

In the next room, a woman whimpered in memory of the pain that no joy made dear, no love sacred.

That was the end of Stephen Ashe's life with her as man and wife. He closed the house he had bought with such high hopes, that it might not mock him with the things he had missed, and they went to live in a suite of rooms at the charming old California hotel. They met sometimes in Jan's big nursery. They appeared together in public when it seemed necessary. And with the final death of all hope of happiness, drink began to give Stephen Ashe warmth and cheer and companionship. After Jan was asleep, he sought its consolations.

So life moved on to the happenings of that morning which for every San Franciscan is filled with sad and terrible memories. They cannot forget, they dare not remember, that dawn which found their beloved city in flames and ashes and ruins. Beneath all the pride of rebuilding, the glow of turning disaster into



for
Insect bites
and ivy poison

Absorbine, Jr. takes out the soreness and inflammation. A few drops stop the itching and burning and bring quick relief from pain. With its soothing and healing properties as a liniment, Absorbine, Jr. also guards against infection. It is a safe antiseptic. Try rubbing a little on hands and face to keep away winged pests.

Send for free trial bottle
W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

At all druggists $1.25

Absorbine Jr
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

victory, is an ache of homesickness, for the old city is no more.

Stephen Ashe saw his city that he loved battered by the gods he hated. More than that, he witnessed the hideous betrayal which he had always kept from Jan.

Their hotel was in the very center of destruction, and their big suite was on the top floor. The first fall of bricks, leaping from the wall, caught him as he slept, and stunned him. At last he crawled from beneath them to face the pale and menacing dawn, spotted red with fire and blood.

As his brain cleared, a great leap of his heart, that almost suffocated him, cried "Jan." From his room he fought his way, gasping in sobs of terror, "Jan, my Jan."

Alone in her wrecked room, he found her. That baby, tears half dried on her face, staring out with courageous eyes upon the terrors of a new and friendless world.

She tried to say "Daddy" at sight of him, and gave only a tiny howl like a frightened puppy.

With her crushed against him, he started to make perilous descent. As he passed, he tried Elinor's door, but it was jammed; he could not move it and he dared not wait. He must get Jan out to safety before the unseen hand struck again. Then he would come back.

Outside, he stood with the little group of huddled and scurrying people and looked upon chaos. He dared not leave Jan, who clung about his neck, anywhere in that madness to go back for her mother. Men in uniform had begun to appear, and in a few minutes the firemen came out and forbade entrance there. There was no one left alive in the old hotel.

He was overwhelmed with pity for Elinor. Strange, he thought, plodding dazedly along with the rest toward the safe hills outside the city, that it should have taken fire and earthquake to destroy so small and artificial a creature.

But even they had not.

Days that seemed eternities passed, while Stephen Ashe worked like a laborer to help restore the rudiments of civilization to a stricken world, before he could take Jan from their hill camp and the care of an old Irishwoman to his mother's house. It stood among jagged holes, left by the uprooting of its neighbors. The first person he met face to face was Elinor. In that second he was glad that she was not dead. Then, slowly, realization crept upon him, as a foul odor creeps from carrion.

Elinor was safe. She must have rushed madly from that death-trap—one of the first to escape. And Jan had been sitting alone in her bed—that little, white baby.

His wife shrank back from his dark and terrible countenance. "Stephen!" she shrieked.

He turned from her forever. When she died, later on, he was not sorry. He could not be.

Some of all this the Ashe family knew and remembered, as they sat silent in the drawing-room of the Ashe family mansion.

Stephen turned upon Dorothea. "Once," he said, very low, "in this very room, I took an oath that I would never be separated from Jan while we lived. I mean to keep that oath. You may not like the way she is being brought up. Can it bring forth anything as bad as did the old system that produced that whited sepulcher, that Judas who was my wife? I am making an experiment with Jan. But this much you can stake your life on. Jan shan't believe preachers' lies nor lovers' lies. If it strike us both down, she shall look upon the naked truth about life. And she shall be a free soul. I have never seen one. I have tried to be one, and in some measure I have succeeded. I started too late. But Jan shall be a free soul. That and only that, I promise you."

Jan did not inquire concerning the Ashe family conference and her father was glad. She had, indeed, gone on one of her reading debauches and was, for the time being, deaf, dumb and blind. On a morning pilgrimage to the dim old bookstore she patronized, she had come across some volumes of Dean Swift, the voyages of a man named Hakluyt, and the poems of Rossetti. These made her sheer drunk for a week and she forgot to eat or sleep, much less talk, in the sheer ecstasy of their language.

On the opening day of the trial in Los Angeles there wasn't a vacant seat in the courtroom. The crowd had come early, drawn by the sensational case, its great political importance, the prominence of the defendant and his family, and by the presence of Stephen Ashe. But Jan pushed open the swinging gate and went inside the enclosure where stood the judge's bench, the witness-stand, the jury-box, the long table for the lawyers. She flung up a hand to her father, who was talking to a group of men, and then flopped down in the chair Mac had saved for her next to her dad's.

Jan spent the days of the Channing trial in that seat. The district attorney, whose name was McLagen and who had little girls of his own, proper and well-brought-up little girls who knew nothing of such matters, glared at her from under his bushy Scotch eyebrows. He resented her. But Jan disliked all district attorneys and paid no particular attention to this one.

It was not a pleasant trial. The worst of it was the man Channing, who sagged visibly in his seat, while Stephen Ashe, soft and dangerous and smiling, fought the evidence step by step.

In private, Ashe damned him for it. "What's the use of my sweating blood to prove you innocent when you're sitting there looking as guilty as a man can?" he said, darkly.

And there was Channing's wife, standing by him loyally, her prop smile stiff on her lips and her eyes, with that new and terrible curiosity, shifting from her husband to the girl and back again.

And there was the girl, strangely placid, old in her vaunted youth.

A week after the trial opened, Jan knew that her father was worried. He was altogether too charming. His wit scintillated. That, as Jan well knew, was because he had nothing more concrete to offer the jury. Like a clever boxer, he was sparring for time.

Thus she was not surprised one night, upon returning from dining with an elegant dowager who was a friend of her grandmother's, to find him and Mac deep in secret consultation.

"What're you up to?" she demanded, rolling herself a cigaret with a sigh of relief. "The old lady was fearfully cut up because you didn't come. I got awful tired answering questions about you. They said you ought to get married and I said we didn't want any woman around permanently. She's got a daughter makes me think of that poem, 'There is a garden in her face, where roses and fair lilies blow.' Now what are you two cooking up?"

They told her.

Jan cocked one eyebrow. "Not so bad," she said.

Stephen Ashe met the daughter with the flower face. It came about in the simplest fashion. Upon that particular night he wished his whereabouts to be well and favorably known. Thereupon he followed Jan's example and went to dine with the dowager, who was a person of importance. The world would inevitably read that upon such and such a night she had entertained in honor of that famous counselor-at-law, Mr. Stephen Ashe.

Several people noticed how dark they were, Stephen Ashe and the daughter, side by side at the glittering table like a pair of blackbirds. His hair was brushed until it shone and lay close about his finely shaped head. And she wore hers sleek and smooth and fastened at her neck by a fan of pearls.

Very gentle she seemed, and would not look at him. Her skin was not white—it was pale gold, it was almost the color of the champagne in his glass, and that amused him, for he did not intend to drink any champagne that night. Not that he couldn't drink like a gentleman,

as his father had done before him. Jan, he thought, was a bit hipped on that one subject. Still, he would not drink tonight, since it might well be that he would need a clear head in the morning. Meantime, perhaps this lady of the champagne skin and the drooping lids would do as well by way of relaxation. His nostrils quivered to the incense of those great, dark eyes that at last climbed slowly from Mercedes Brant's curled hands to his lips, that smiled a trifle mockingly—though whether he mocked her or himself, who could tell?—and then still more slowly climbed to meet his eyes.

Ah, there is no use denying that Stephen Ashe enjoyed women. Nor could any man say he was narrow-minded. For he could adore a good woman as well as a bad, and so upon this evening he was delighted to find beside him this sweet, soft creature, with the pearls in her dark hair. After all, a man must live a night at a time.

And though Steve Ashe did not kiss and tell, it must be admitted that he sometimes did kiss and ride away.

Thus by the time Mercedes climbed into her white bed and lay a-dreaming, Stephen Ashe had forgotten all about her.

You will observe that Jan was not invited to the dinner-party. The lady of the poem had said: "Don't ask her, mother. It's too bad. So sweet, and being cheated of all childhood like that."

Jan wouldn't have gone, anyway. She had other plans for the evening. At the very moment that Stephen Ashe, guest of honor at the dowager's magnificent dinner-table, had decided he might as well drink just one or two glasses of that truly excellent wine to round off a perfect evening, Jan said to Mac, between her teeth, "I'm going with you."

"You are not."

"I am. Don't be an ass."

"Steve never said nothing to me about you going along. This is ticklish work, without me having to look after you."

Jan's voice crackled like electric sparks in the darkness. "I'd like to know when I ever had to be looked after. You'll probably need me. Anyway, I'm going."

They were standing in the doorway of a big office-building, just out of the glare of street lights.

"If anything should happen——"

"I always get out of things."

"What'd you want to go for? Why don't you go home and read a book?"

"Because I jolly well don't want to, my lad. This'll be more fun."

"Fun!" said Mac, and turned and walked up the street with the air of an early Christian martyr on his way to the lions.

Jan swung along beside him. "Don't cry, ducky," she said, quoting a vaudeville tune they had once heard. "I'll buy your violets."

"You go to blazes," said Mac mildly. The Ashes were always pulling something like that.

"I'd better drive," remarked Jan, when they came to a nondescript roadster parked in a side street. "You're an officer and a gent, Mac, but you're the world's worst automobile driver. I dog-gone near dislocate my jaw trying to get out of the way of things I think you're going to hit."

Deftly she threaded the thinning traffic, until they reached the west side residential section. There, at Mac's direction, she backed the car into an alley, behind a darkened drug store.

Inky black, the back yard they crossed. Jan kept a hand on Mac's coat sleeve. The side garden was a well of darkness. Suddenly upon the dark curtain of the night were three living squares of light, like motion-pictures thrown upon a screen. Windows, with the shades up. Channing was sitting beneath a reading-lamp, with his cigar and his book. Across from him, his wife, with her sewing and her thoughts. A dark-haired boy was putting a record on the phonograph.

They waited for the silly little tune to have its day. Jan heard Mac's gun slide from its holster.

Here's the Remarkable *New* way of removing Cleansing Cream

that experts say makes an almost unbelievable difference in the fineness of your skin

No more oily skins. Your make-up holds hours longer than before. Instead of towels, cloths, or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new, wholly different material —27 times as absorbent!

Please accept a 7-day supply to try



MODERN beauty science has discovered that the *way you remove* cleansing cream has an almost amazing influence on the texture and softness of your skin.

Now a new way has been found —one that ends oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. That holds your make-up fresh for hours longer than before. That largely ends skin imperfections and eruptions.

Virtually every prominent motion picture star employs this method. Foremost beauty specialists are urging it as marking a new era in skin care.

The only way that removes germ-laden matter from the pores

This new way is called Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*. A new kind of material; different from any other you have ever seen; developed in consultation with leading authorities in skin care solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It comes in exquisite, aseptic sheets of handkerchief size. You use it, then discard it.

It is the first method known that removes all cleansing cream, dirt, grime and germ-laden matter from the pores.

No more soiled towels

Soft as down and white as snow, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel. It ends the "soiled towel" method that is dangerous to skin beauty. It avoids the harshness of paper makeshift ways.

Because it removes all dangerous matter and grease from the pores, it combats greasy skin and nose conditions. A greasy skin often means cold cream left in the skin which the pores constantly exude.

No oily skins

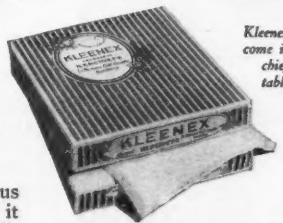
A blemished skin largely indicates a germ condition of the pores. You must clean them out. Old ways — towels, etc.— won't do it.

Those remove but *part* of the cream and dirt, rub the rest back in. Thus your skin not only is endangered, but may seem several shades darker than it is.

In two or three days you will be surprised at the difference Kleenex will make in your skin. In its fairness, freedom from "shine," in the way your make-up holds its charm and freshness.

Send the coupon

The coupon brings a full 7-day supply without charge. Please use it. What it brings will amaze you.



Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6 x 7 inches. 35c

Professional, sheets 9x10 inches 65c

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
KERCHIEFS
To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

7-Day Supply—FREE

KLEENEX CO., C-9
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

Name.....

Address.....

Fortify for Fire Fighting

IMPROVED

Pyrene

EXTINGUISHER



THE increasing use of oil-burning furnaces in business buildings and the home demands increased protection against this new fire hazard.

Oil, grease and gasoline fires can be instantly smothered when the Improved PYRENE Extinguisher is used.

Install PYRENE close to your oil-burning furnaces.

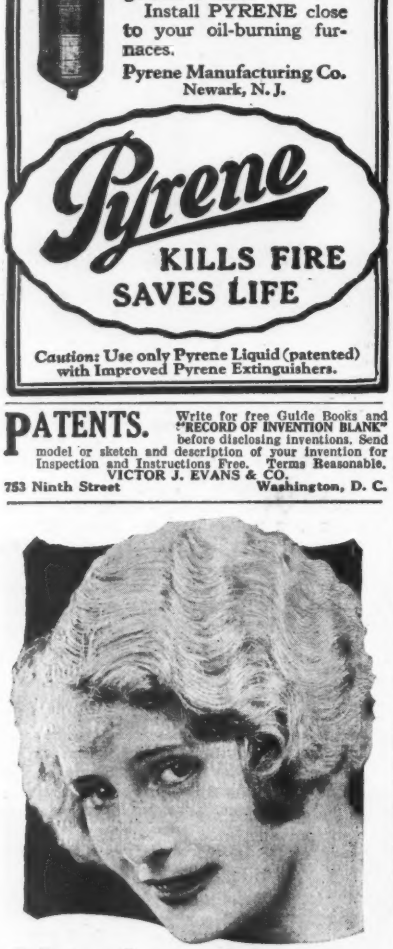
Pyrene Manufacturing Co.
Newark, N. J.

Pyrene

KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

Caution: Use only Pyrene Liquid (patented) with Improved Pyrene Extinguishers.

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms Reasonable.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.
753 Ninth Street Washington, D. C.



New! A Shampoo for Blondes Only

Blonde hair always darkens with age. But Blondex, the new blonde hair shampoo, keeps light hair from darkening—and brings back true golden beauty to even the dullest or most faded hair! Fine for hair and scalp. Makes hair soft, silky, fluffy. Over half a million users. No dyes or harmful chemicals. Highly recommended for children's hair. On sale at all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX
The Blonde Hair Shampoo

Two shots shattered the peace of the night. The big window cracked as the bullets drilled relentlessly through. Within, the tableau broke up as leaves scatter before a wicked gust of wind.

As the little car swung out of the alley and became a leisurely member of the peaceful stream of cars, Jan swallowed for the first time in several seconds and said, "You're quite a shot, Mac, in your way."

"Think so?" said Mac modestly.

They were half-way down-town when Jan began to laugh. She gave one joyous yelp of mirth and then the little car rocked to her spasms. "I say, Mac," she gulped, "the kid busted his phonograph record."

But by the time they got to the hotel she was loftily cool and blank once more. Going up in the elevator, she said casually: "As nice a little show as you'd want to see, Mac. I'm much obliged to you for taking me."

Her father had not come in. At one o'clock she said to Mac, "You'd better go get some sleep."

He got his hat, came back uneasily. "Maybe I better stick around?"

"What for?"

"Oh—nothing. You—you might get lonesome, all alone."

"Reckon you better hire me a nurse tomorrow," said Jan icily. "You seem to think I need one."

When he had gone, she went back to the window and sat looking out into the street. A horrible loneliness was actually upon her, but it was not a loneliness that Mac could assuage. It was terrible to be so alone. No one in the world could keep her from being alone but daddy. There was something awful in that. So many people in the world, and no one was any good to her but daddy.

She did not know, alone in the night, that she was sick for the comfort of a mother, soul-hungry for the word and touch which is every child's right and which she had never known.

At four o'clock he came in.

She put her arms around him and led him over to the sofa. His head went forward onto her thin little shoulder.

"I'm drunk, Jan," he said. "Didn't mean to get drunk."

"I know, dear," she said. "Come to bed now."

"No—I am not going to bed. I just came to tell you I was drunk. Now I am going away—maybe I'll never come back. I think I'll go away forever. I'm no good."

"Yes, you are, daddy." She was busy with his coat, his tie, his collar.

"I didn't mean to, Jan," he said, shutting his eyes wearily.

There was a knock at the door. Through the crack she opened, Jan saw Mac, uneasily standing there.

"I—did he get home all right?"

"He's been in bed and asleep for hours, you fool!" hissed Jan.

The slam of the door in Mac's face aroused Stephen Ashe. His eyes were enormous, strange, glittering in his white face. He got white, not red. White and drawn and his eyes shone madly. The great beauty of his face, the fine lines of it, seemed dragged out into a pitiless glare by some perverted jester.

"I must go," he said. "Must go. I want a drink."

She was on her knees, taking off his shoes.

"Don't do that," he said angrily. "I won't let you take off my shoes. D'you think I'm drunk? I can undress myself."

"I don't mind," said Jan. "Come now, dear, get into bed."

"No—certainly not."

"Come on, daddy. Please—for Jan."

"No."

Like ice, that handsome white face under the dark hair. Like a death-mask.

Jan pulled herself up. This was always the most terrible. Here was a person you loved, who loved you, the person you were closest to in the world, and you couldn't get through to them, you were shut off as by some terrible wall when the need was greatest. He was there and not there, daddy.

"You know, daddy, you always do anything for Jan."

"That's right. I'll do anything for Jan. Anything."

When she had him safely in bed, he said, "You won't go away? Won't leave me?"

"No, daddy."

His hand found hers. "My poor little baby," he said. She patted him softly. He was still. And she began again her mother-vigil to the man who had begotten her.

The court-room the next morning was a seething caldron of excitement. There was actually an outburst of applause, quickly stilled by a bailiff, when Channing made his entrance, his arm picturesquely slung in a black silk handkerchief. His wife's eyes, too, were red with weeping.

Nor was it to be wondered at that his chief counsel looked white and haggard. The crowd adored him for being so upset by the attack upon his client. They naturally could not know that it had taken a two-hour campaign by Jan to put him on the battle-field at all that morning.

As soon as the judge was on the bench, Stephen Ashe rose.

"Your Honor," he said, and his voice actually quivered with emotion, "I must ask you to permit us to bring an armed guard into this court-room to protect my client, who is the defendant in this case. Last night a dastardly and murderous assault was made upon him in his home, where he sat with his wife and son. Some vile coward, beyond doubt the tool of those same infamous blackguards who conspired to bring against my client the foul and false charges for which he is being tried——"

The district attorney was on his feet, shouting to be heard. "Your Honor, I object to such statements in presence of the jury——"

"I beg your Honor's pardon," said Stephen Ashe. "I was carried away by my righteous indignation. I have been so deeply shocked to find to what lengths a political machine will go to keep an honest man out of office that I am not quite myself. What I wished to say to your Honor was that last night some unknown assassin fired two shots through the window of my client's home, wounding him severely. He escaped death by a miracle. Evidently afraid that their plot to drag his good name in the mud is about to fail, they aim at his very life——"

"I ask your Honor to keep Mr. Ashe within the bounds of decent court-room ethics." The district attorney was purple with rage.

"Just a minute," said the judge peevishly. "I'd like to find out what this is all about. I admonish the jury to disregard Mr. Ashe's statements. If the defendant needs a guard, get him one. Now go on with the case."

They went on. But the eyes of the jury were upon Channing, and his black silk sling, and his red-eyed wife, and his chief counsel, who wiped his forehead with a hand that shook. Stephen Ashe was not acting that morning. And Stephen Ashe knew that at last sympathy was with him.

At the close of the trial the jury acquitted in twenty-seven minutes, and Channing was eventually swept into office by the tremendous wave of popular sentiment, created for him by Stephen Ashe, for people always rally to the support of a martyr.

That is called being a genius.

Coincident with the triumphant ending of the Channing case and before the Ashe ménage could get started for San Francisco, the war clouds that had hovered for so long broke, and America leaped to answer the bugle's call.

Young Jacky Wilfong came out of a narrow doorway onto a narrow street in the China-town of Los Angeles and paused to light a cigaret. In the years that had passed since

he sold violets to Stephen Ashe for his kid daughter, Jacky had grown tall and slim-waisted, and even in that dim place shutters opened a crack so that bright almond eyes might look admiringly upon him.

If he knew it, he gave no sign. Jacky came to Chinatown to gamble and he was interested in nothing else. He liked to gamble with the Chinks. He liked the impassivity of their countenances and was beginning to achieve something not unlike it himself. Also, their game was straight, and now at eighteen Jack's word was as good as it had been at twelve. He drifted down to Los Angeles every once in a while to take a fling at Suie Sing's game, just by way of broadening his education.

The little back room had been dark and now the lights blinded him, so that he heard her before he saw her.

Jacky looked up and down the narrow street, scowling. What was that kind of a sob in this alley? He saw nothing except a nondescript, dark roadster parked in front of a dingy Chinese shop. Then, beneath it, he spied a pair of small feet in highly polished brown brogues, very boyish and expensive. He crossed the street in less than a breath, and yet he appeared to move casually.

She was sitting on the curb, feet in the gutter, head buried on the step of the car. The instant she looked up, he knew her, and a tiny shock went through him. Those deep, reckless gray eyes, set so blackly in the creamy face, and that scorching hair.

"Hello," he said. "What's wrong, kid?"

Her eyes widened in recognition, but she only said viciously, "What business is it of yours?"

"There's something in that," he conceded, "only I wouldn't choose this special place to do my weeping in. Anybody hurt you?"

"N-no," she wailed furiously, "I'm not weeping. Do go away, will you? My dad's going to that darn war. Maybe you heard there was a war? And I'm glad he is, but just the same, if he gets killed, I shall d-die."

He dropped down beside her, one arm giving a comfortable but impersonal support to her drooping shoulders. "That's tough," he said.

And suddenly his shoulder seemed a better place to bury her head than the cold step of the roadster. Very strange, but that was the way she felt about it.

"I'm going myself," he said.

She nodded. They sat in silence until she was quiet. Then she got up and climbed into the car. He handed her a box she had left on the curb.

"Chessmen," she explained. "I came down to get 'em for dad. I thought he might like to play—going over on the boat. We've—always played chess a lot—evenings——"

Her voice trailed off disconsolately. Under her foot, the motor hummed. She held up one hand, wiggling the fingers absently. His hat was already off, so he only nodded gravely. The little car vanished around the corner.

But in some inexplicable fashion both their hearts were comforted. Jan went back to her dad with her grin in fairly good working order. And Jacky made his way to the recruiting office whistling as he went.

Stephen Ashe and Ace Wilfong both went to war. Stephen was a captain. Ace was a buck private. And Aunt Dorothea had her way at last, for Jan went to school. For a roommate they gave her Dwight Sutro's younger sister, Metha, which pleased Mrs. Joliffe greatly.

"I've always thought," she said graciously to Mrs. Sutro, "that those two—Dwight and Jan, you know—might make a match of it."

Mrs. Sutro smiled amiably. "That would be nice," she said. She hadn't that worried look of most mothers, Mrs. Sutro. But then, Dwight was safe in the intelligence department somewhere, but not somewhere in France.

Jan existed, white and agonized but uncomplaining and belligerently patriotic, until her father returned, when there was great rejoicing.

Try a Waterman's Before You Buy a Fountain Pen

The smoothness with which it glides over the paper, the perfect balance in your hand, the ease with which it may be filled, the no-time-limit guarantee and the moderate price will all so appeal to you that when you try you'll buy a Waterman's.



$7.50

$4.00

Merchants who sell Waterman's are sincerely desirous that the pen you buy is exactly to your liking. They want you to try different pen points until you are perfectly suited. It pays to buy a pen from a merchant who has your interest quite as much as his own at heart. Look for the identifying mark.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

L. E. Waterman Company, 191 Broadway, New York

Chicago Boston San Francisco Montreal

SHOCK-PROOF!





Waltham or Elgin

Try It 10 Days at Our Expense!

Send NO Money! Nothing on Delivery!

THE "Sportsman" Strap Watch with wonderful "SHOCK-PROOF" Jeweled Movement, made for us by Elgin and WALTHAM Watch Co's. Designed for hunting, camping, golfing, fishing, strenuous outdoor sports, office use. Has double-strength main-spring; steel wheels, plates, escapement. *Sizzling sun, freezing weather, jars, exposure* do not affect its time-keeping. DUST-PROOF, MOISTURE-PROOF CASE.

HUNDREDS sold to Sportsmen, Business Men, Professional Men, Tourists, etc. They are AMAZED at its marvelous performance under most gruelling conditions. CASE is gold-filled, double stock; rectangular shape that wins admiring glances. Radium dial tells the time vividly in pitch darkness. A sturdy, stylish strap watch for RED-BLOODED Men! Regular price $40.00 Huge orders for this model make possible the low price **$33.75**

Our Plan is Different! Send NO money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery! See, Try, Use, ENJOY, watch for 10 Days' Trial ABSOLUTELY FREE!

If pleased with "Sportsman" you may pay on Budget Plan:

$6 MONTHLY

or if you wish to pay cash within 10 days, deduct $2.75 and send Check or Money Order for $31. Otherwise return it. Order NOW! Send NO Money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery! **$31**

Check below make desired

ELGIN ☐ WALTHAM ☐

SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.

"3 Generations of Honorable Dealings"
Importers, Exporters, National Mail-Order House
365 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Sole Distributors of the SHOCK-PROOF Strap Watch
Clip and mail this Adv. NOW! Please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU! *Cos. 9-26*

Skin Troubles

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

E. S. GIVENS, 418 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Always Ready for Jupiter Pluvius





A semi-annual application of NO-BLUR on your windshield and you are always ready for RAIN. Whether spring showers or drenching downpours, NO-BLUR enables you to see clearly through the ENTIRE windshield. NO-BLUR is absolutely transparent. You can't even see it on your windshield after it is applied . . . in fact you wouldn't know it was on your windshield but for the clear vision it enables you to enjoy each time it rains. There is no oil or grease to collect dust when it is not raining. One application is effective for six months or longer. It will not wear or wash off. Even though your car is equipped with a mechanical windshield wiper you will welcome the added safety and convenience of being able to see clearly through the entire windshield instead of a scant semi-circle. Price $1 at accessory dealers or sent direct. The best dollar you ever spent.

Apply Twice a Year—Results GUARANTEED!

STANDARD SALES CO., Dept. F-53, Memphis, Tenn.
AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS

And now came those nightmare years that encompassed the backward swing of the pendulum. Afterwards, it sometimes seemed to Jan that those years were the product of some delirium, not unlike that actual delirium of her father's in which she watched him fight the unslayable demons of a tortured imagination. But at the time, realization came to her only in dark flashes of despair. Otherwise, life seemed a most thrilling and amusing business. Nothing stood between her and her desires. All things that she craved were hers for the stretching out of her hand. The river is never merrier than when it dashes over the cliff. Probably it does not know that it runs down-hill, nor care.

Most of the time Jan did not know—nor care. If her world changed its outward aspect, what did it matter? She and dad were together. People still worshiped him, still gathered to listen to his words, and though they were very different people, they were quite as amusing, perhaps more so. She was used to all sorts.

Besides, Jan liked anything her dad liked—except booze. In that alone would she admit even to herself a flaw in her idol. One does not question much the mysterious ways of a god.

But she carried with her all her days the scar of those years, and the regret. That regret was like a cruel bur beneath the gay arrogance she always wore, that slightly contemptuous arrogance that did not desert her in the bitterest ordeal.

"If only," she would say, whitely, "if only I had done thus and so."

But as a matter of fact, she did all that mortal woman could do. And she came to know at last what few women will admit, that once bewitched, no man has ever left or ever will leave the topaz-eyed vampire of whisky for any woman, be she mother, wife or child.

She stood, a desperate little figure, alone against the great flood of her father's weakness, trying to stem the tides that flowed from deep and hidden sources. Desperate she was in her bitter young ignorance, and sad, in spite of the gaiety of her life, because of her one fear.

It was during the contest for George Palmer's oil millions that Jan discovered that her father was drinking for the first time during a trial. He had got drunk one night during the Channing case, it is true, but that was another thing altogether from this steady, every-day drinking. It had always been his rule never to drink when he was working and he was breaking that rule with a reckless defiance.

The judge, meeting Jan one afternoon as he went into his chambers after luncheon, called her in and stood looking at her. He had known Stephen Ashe's father, he had known Stephen Ashe all his life. He was a thin and upright and impressive judge.

He said, "Jan, what's the matter with your father?"

That blank look of Jan's. "Nothing—bit off his feed."

The judge's eyes searched her. But her face was cut from a moonstone.

"How old are you, Jan?"

She had then just had her sixteenth birthday and told him so.

"You are very young," said the judge quietly. "If you should ever need any help, my child, I wish you would come to me."

He could not tell Jan that he would rather see his own son dead than a criminal lawyer. But later that night he explained his theory to Dick Furniss, greatest of the novelists the West has produced. Dick, too, knew Stephen Ashe very well.

"Just what'd you mean, Judge?" said Dick.

"No one can stand it," said the judge slowly. "In all my long years on the bench, I have never seen a high-class criminal lawyer survive morally. What is pulling Steve downhill?"

"Weak spot somewhere. Men of that facile brilliancy all have it. His charm, too. He's one of those poor unfortunates that can get away with anything. People go around putting mattresses down for them to fall on. I hope there will be a special hell for people who stand between a man and his own punishments."

"Perhaps that's true, in a general way. But Stephen Ashe is a tremendously strong man."

"That's the trouble. He'd admit the inevitable end for anybody else. But he thinks he can beat it, thinks he's the exception."

"Wait a minute. How many of the men Steve defends are guilty?"

"Seventy percent."

"How many are convicted?"

"Umm. I begin to see. Practically none."

"Does he know they're guilty?"

"You bet your life. Catch Steve defending a man he didn't know all about."

"There you have it. Civilization is founded upon the assumption that human justice patterns the divine, that laws are right. When Steve prevents the administration of justice by brilliant personal tactics, he begins his own moral decay. A criminal lawyer like Steve Ashe plays a great game to save the guilty—to cheat the law. It's fascinating, it wins the sympathies of the crowd, but I tell you it destroys the man who practises it."

"Steve is a very ethical lawyer."

"He doesn't have to bribe juries. But I tell you the reason we've got more criminals in this country than anywhere else is because we don't punish them and a lawyer like Steve Ashe is one of the biggest reasons we don't. More than that, Steve is a man who has to find some justification for the criminal before he can defend him. He's got to excuse what was done, believe they should be acquitted because of the narrowness of the law or some weakness of their own, or to save suffering to the innocent. Therefore, I say he is continually thinking as the criminal thinks, and that he is bound to lose all moral perspective."

"If you put that to him, would he admit it?"

"Probably not. Instead, he'd give you a thousand reasons why I'm wrong. He loves his profession. He loves it for itself, for the thrills, for the glory and applause. Moreover, he is a born defender. He has that strange type of mind that pities and understands the other fellow's weakness and temptation. He will always be on the side of the weak, right or wrong. He believes it is better for a hundred guilty men to go free than for one innocent man to hang."

"Isn't it?"

"I don't think so. There must always be martyrs if society is to be protected."

"Well," said Dick Furniss, "we're all on the wheel. It doesn't matter."

But it mattered greatly to Jan. Curled in her favorite window-seat, she was pondering what the judge had said to her, and his face as he had said it.

The awful part of it was that she simply could not talk to her father about it. Many times she had tried. When he was himself, his most endearing self. But then it always seemed so unbelievable, so impossible. And besides, if she began, he laughed at her. She had tried on those dark days when his eyes, opaque, bitter eyes, struggled against returning consciousness. Not much like the triumphant Stephen Ashe did he look then, with his lean, dark cheeks unshaven and his dark hair unkempt. But then he had begged that she would not. He could not stand anything more than his remorse on those days.

It was hard for her, and shameful. Shame held her, choked her. A deep embarrassment for him, so that she had to turn away and leave the task only half accomplished.

The results of her ponderings brought her eyebrows together, and she prepared once more to talk to her father about many things, but when Stephen Ashe came in, it just happened that he was unusually master of himself.

"Hello, pest," he said, voice belying words. "Let's go out to the Cliff House for dinner. I've had a devilish hard day. Dwight'll be along in a minute."

And they had forthwith a riotous evening. Oh, riotous! They started, just Steve Ashe and his daughter and young Dwight Sutro, with a marvelous dinner at the Cliff House. They liked to sit companionably at a certain table—"Mr. Ashe's table"—and watch the old seals on the rock and the last light of the ocean. By midnight they had reached the syncopated hilarity of the Seafoam Inn, and as they made triumphal progress along the beach from one gay doorway to another, they had gradually acquired that charming divorcée, Sonia Travers, and a lightweight champion of the world, the sporting editor of one of Dwight's father's papers, and a lean, dark Irishman of mysterious political powers, with his girl—one of those universal girls one sees in cafés with men.

Jan danced with Dwight Sutro. They danced well together. His arm was tight about her waist.

He said, "Jan, do you like me?" There was something new in his voice.

She lifted her lids to look at him. Her pulses jumped. Then the music stopped. She laughed at him, rather breathlessly. She was having a marvelous time.

They sauntered back. People came and went about Steve Ashe. They always did. A very pretty woman had Jan's chair next to her father. Jan stood, lazily indifferent.

Dwight Sutro said, "Let's go out on the beach and get a little air, Jan."

The lights of the Seafoam Inn fell across the road, but the wide slope of beach was in pitch blackness. As they stood, feet clogged with the running sands, they could see the black satin swell of the ocean.

Suddenly, roughly, with burning, hungry lips, he kissed her. And opened for her a door into a new world, a world about which, in a way, she knew a great deal, which she had viewed often enough from a distance, but which it had never even occurred to her that she herself might enter.

Now most men, as you know, most men who believe in any sort of code at all, most men who concede that there are things a man may and other things a man may not do, most men will hold sacred the wives and the daughters and the sisters of their friends.

But Dwight Sutro, it would appear, was another kind of man. For he began that night a campaign to win Jan Ashe, by fair means or foul.

And though Jan fought with him and no longer quite respected him, there was something between them that set them both throbbing at the lightest touch. They had, really, nothing to do with it. It was a physiological thing, and was produced as certain contacts in electricity produce a current. And to understand such a thing is to find explanation for many puzzling loves and attachments in this life.

But Jan had the shyness of a boy, which is much deeper than the modesty of a maiden though without fear, so that when weeks later she said a final no to all of Dwight's proposals, which ranged from marriage downward, her knowledge was but half-knowledge after all. Nor did she hold malice against Dwight, understanding perfectly the desire that had driven him beyond all restraint.

But she was awake now. The world had widened. Naturally, she made swift work of the conventions. What were conventions to Jan Ashe? She knew them not, had never known them. If anyone mentioned conventions to her, she stared at him. And then she smiled, a crooked, exquisite little smile that made him, too, smile at such archaic rubbish as conventions and proprieties, and people, and what people said.

People said plenty. They said that Stephen Ashe was going to the dogs, that he had gone to the dogs, and that Jan Ashe was no better than she should be, which was not altogether true. The affair of the young actor whose wife was so unpleasant was grossly exaggerated, and as for the Italian counsel he should, really, have been able to



Is your hair thick and strong-growing?

. . . *if not—it is SICK!*

DANDRUFF is an actual scalp infection. *Thinning* and *receding* hair are caused by the slowing down of circulation in the scalp. If unchecked, either will finally lead to baldness.

Yet these ills can be overcome. And the method is *very simple!*

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This simple daily care destroys dandruff infection even when long established. And it keeps the scalp circulation vigorously active nourishing the hair at its very roots. It will restore your hair to health and make it grow thick and strong.

The difference in appearance after even a few days of this treatment will astonish you.

Make this care of your scalp as regular a part of your morning toilet as brushing your teeth.

You will find Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine in all drug and department stores. Look for the large signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud, Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



ED. PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

look after himself. And if she did not marry the lightweight champion, it was because she would not, not having found his mind equal to his muscles.

Anyway, in the next two or three years the slow and ghastly crumbling of the glory of Stephen Ashe came to be bound up inseparably with his daughter's wild, free ways. They were seen about together much as of yore, but somehow with a deep difference. Jan Ashe was a familiar figure in those days, an exquisite girl, with a proud, bright head, and wise eyes that gave depth to her youth, recklessly driving a big red roadster. Men's eyes followed her always. She was amazingly popular with men, and her popularity with them infuriated other women, who neither liked nor understood her.

As for her father, he was as picturesque as ever. He was too picturesque. There is a point at which picturesqueness becomes discreditable. Too white, by half. Tortured eyes, and a coarseness about the mouth. Unshaven often, he whom the enthusiastic sob sisters had been wont to call San Francisco's Beau Brummel.

And yet, and yet it was strange how the old tradition held up, for a while. How Stephen Ashe continued to be loved, and won cases when he could be got to try them, and how Jan, in spite of her reputation, remained a lady of quality.

Much people knew, whispered, bandied from lip to lip. But of the silent, desperate struggle that went on over those years between Jan Ashe and her father's mortal enemy, no one ever knew. No one ever saw her eyes wet. Jan Ashe was contemptuous of tears. But they were wet, sometimes, in the night. Nor would she ever bow her proud little head to circumstances. But sometimes her heart bowed very low.

People were harsher on her than need be.

For instance, Mrs. Sutro. Mention of Jan Ashe's name was the red flag to that usually pleasant and amiable lady. Mrs. Joliffe made the mistake once. Empurpled, her ample bosom heaving to the unfamiliar storm, Mrs. Sutro said, "My only prayer is that my son may be cured of that hopeless and degrading folly." As though she sensed that the thing was not finished.

To Mrs. Joliffe, it was like a flash of lightning that revealed all too clearly the gap a few short years had made. Under it, her hope that a marriage of salvation might lie in that direction for Jan shriveled. The Ashe family pride was painfully crucified often in those days. But that was as nothing to what was to come.

For it was just then that Jan, upon her gay and reckless and unhappy way, met Ace Wilfong again. Little Jacky Wilfong of Telegraph Hill had by now become Ace Wilfong, and was well known indeed to all good reporters, and to a few reformers, and to the vice squad, and to certain quiet-eyed men who served the goddess of chance, as the king of the gamblers.

That, actually, is what they called him, life having a very pretty taste always for the melodramatic.

And yet he was only a lean, dark youth, with thick, coarse, unruly hair and very quiet black eyes, and a straight, stern mouth. He could hardly have been told from any young blood of the town, except that he dressed with monastic severity and had rather better manners, charming manners, really.

It was in the challenger's quarters in that San Francisco suburb, Colma, where so many great fighters have trained, that Jan met Ace again. The challenger, whose quarters were packed with spectators for his workout, came down to speak to Steve Ashe and the girl, sitting at the ringside, brown paper cigaret in her hand and little feet—tiny feet—in polished brown riding-boots straight out in front of her. After that greeting he spoke to a tall, dark young man who had just come in.

"You know Miss Ashe, I expect," he said; then very politely, for he prided himself on his manners, "Miss Ashe, like to make you acquainted with Mr. Wilfong." He went hurriedly back to his work, leaving her strong little white hand in Ace's skilful, sensitive dark one. Nor as he went did he notice the widening of their eyes in an unspoken, unacknowledged recognition.

Stephen Ashe's daughter and the king of the gamblers.

Oddly met, those two. Drawn together, it would seem, across a world—and for what strange issues.

Will Steve Ashe's theories stand for this new friendship between his daughter and a professional gambler? Jan learns, and faces a strange choice—in the November Instalment *of* Adela Rogers St. Johns' *novel of a free woman*

Romance Begins at Home (*Continued from page 81*)

Humphrey for the purpose. "Mine's a good car, mine is," he said to Topsy. "She isn't one of your roadless fliers. Just hand over Humphrey." He returned with a Maurice whose flow of talk had gradually petered out in the wastes of Garry's silence.

"Here he is," he said to Margaret. "He doesn't realize a bit that Humphrey's brakes weren't working over the last twenty miles. Just explain to him that I've saved his life, will you?" and vanished with Humphrey, leaving a dazed Maurice, in his second-best tweeds, standing tongue-tied before Margaret.

"Come into the house," she said kindly. "Isn't Garry wonderful?"

"Wonderful," Maurice echoed dreamily. "Oh, wonderful, wonderful!"

He continued to ponder the wonderfulness of Margaret's husband during the days that followed, when Garry left the two of them as completely alone as if he, Garry, were the stranger in their home. Sometimes he persuaded himself that Garry House was a fool who did not know that he had an uncommonly attractive wife, or did not care. The latter hypothesis he abandoned, after catching Garry's eyes fixed on Margaret in an unguarded moment. "Poor devil," said Maurice Bradley to himself, and continued, secure in his own conceit and Margaret's silences, to pay court to the poor devil's wife.

He was visited by doubts of Garry's simple-mindedness. On one occasion Garry rescued him from a position of considerable peril on the unfinished road, and escorting him to the edge of safety said kindly: "Run along home now, and tell Margaret I've saved your life again, but she must be more careful of you in the future." Maurice, feeling more of a fool than any ardent lover cares to feel, returned to the house, but not to talk to Margaret about her husband.

He talked to her a good deal, and one evening, when Garry had vanished immediately after dinner, it happened that he found her in his arms for the first time during his long siege. He was thrilled and humbled and forgot himself in a new tenderness.

"Darling Margaret, I love you so. I'll take such care of you."

Margaret lifted her head. Her voice trembled on the edge of the old mockery. "Will you, Maurice? Will you save me when I get into difficulties on the new road? Will you drive into town in a snow-storm to get my letters?"

"I'll take you away from here. I'll take you back where you belong. We'll go to Caen, and south to Albi, and over the hills to Spain. Don't worry about anything. It will soon be over and we can get married and come back, and you shall never be bored or hurt again."



Make Amazing Gray Hair Test

In 10 minutes natural shade begins to return. This test is free. New, colorless, water-like liquid makes this way safe and simple.

GRAY hair is proved unnecessary. A new safe way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, has been found to bring back natural shade—to remove the faded streaks and restore graying parts.

Over 10,000,000 women have used it as the sure way to avoid detection. They urge it because it's safe. Those who know will warn you not to use the crude, messy old-time dyes. This is clean and colorless. Will not wash nor rub off. You simply comb it through the hair.

Gray hair lacks color pigment. This way takes its place, and gives the natural effect. If hair is auburn it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

Test it free if you wish. Simply write for special outfit. Or go to nearest druggist. A few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 949-LGoldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...dark brown...medium brown... auburn (dark red) .....light brown .....light auburn (light red)....blonde....

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

—Please print your name and address—



Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN, 75c at your *dealer's or* direct postpaid.
MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO





Big Pay Every Day!



Just take orders for **Malloch Hose and Underwear**—worn all over the World. No experience needed. Each day you get your big commissions as a deposit paid by the customer, to whom we ship **direct.** Three other selling methods to choose from!

Write for Free Selling Outfit!

It will come postpaid by return mail, so you can start making money at once! And our **Sure Sales Plan** shows you how to build up a big business. If you hurry, you can have other agents working for you—but act quick! Just say: "Send me your Free Selling Outfit and Sure Money Making Sales Plan." Write!

Malloch Knitting Mills, 669 Hastings St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Margaret slipped out of his arms. "Of all the rash promises!" she whispered breathlessly.

He tried to coax her back into his arms but she eluded him and was gone.

She eluded him for the next two days and then, more gently affectionate than he had ever known her, said: "All right, Maurice. We'll run away. You're a dear. You want me. I do rather love you. I'll try to be good enough for you."

"Good enough," he repeated. "You're a world too good for me, my dear."

Margaret shook her head. "Oh no, I'm not! I'm bad. I'm a bad woman, the sort of woman who leaves her husband and gets divorced. Say I'm not. Say I'm not."

She clung to him in an abandon of pleading and he tried to comfort her . . .

That was two days ago, and this very afternoon she had told him—standing awkwardly in front of him like a nervous girl—that she could not do it. She would not do it.

She tried to explain. "The worst of women like me is, Maurice, that we've got rather cheap souls. There's something in me that isn't all right, that's cheap and vulgar. Maurice, do understand. It keeps wanting new things to happen, letting them happen. Just—just to have something to do. Afterwards, it puts them in a book. Oh, don't look at me like that!"

"You wanted me for a book?"

"Oh no, no! I like you—awfully, Maurice. I thought I loved you. Until I said so, and then it all disappeared, and there's nothing left but liking. And being ashamed."

He looked at her without any kindness. "Have you had other such—happenings? Suitable for books?"

Margaret blushed painfully. "No."

"I'm sorry. You've hit me pretty hard." She was awkwardly silent, and he went on, "Is this final, or only a mood?"

Margaret said clearly: "It's the end, Maurice. It's the end of something else for me, too. This couldn't happen again. I've discovered that I couldn't run away with anyone. Cheap as I am, and disloyal. I'm married for good. Short of Garry's throwing me out, I couldn't go. I dare say that's what marriage does to you. You don't notice what it's done with you until you try to get away, and then you find that you're held."

"What's holding you? Margaret! Margaret, tell me."

"Forgive me. Maurice, I'm so ashamed. I never meant to hurt anyone again. I hurt another person when I fell in love with Garry, but I couldn't help that. I could have helped this."

"I've badgered you into it."

"I let you. It wasn't real. Garry is real. I don't think he loves me—but marriage is real. It's the most real thing in the world. Nothing else has much of a chance against it."

"I'll get out," said Maurice, "and leave you to your pretty sentiments. I'll go today."

Margaret laughed shakily. "You can't go today. There's been another snowslide at the foot of the pass. And even if you did get to the station, there's no train. It's Sunday tomorrow. Did you forget?"

"Well, I can't stay in the house. I'm going for a walk."

He had been gone an hour when Garry came in. "Where's your little friend?" he said, and hearing that Maurice was walking, frowned. "I hope he won't go near the new road. The far end is in a ghastly state. You ought not to have let him out."

"I couldn't stop him."

Garry looked at her sharply, catching the note of strain, and looked away. His face was haggard, and lined with overwork, and he wore an air of discouragement strange in him.

Garry said savagely: "This is a terrible place. They had four better sites offered them than this, but I'm told old A—— had some pull. He certainly needed the money he sold them the land for."

Margaret House sat with Pamela's hand on

CASHMERE BOUQUET



Below The lines and coarse pores, worse than birthdays to betray a woman's age.

Above Close-up of a velvet smooth skin. No "age-lines" or coarse pores.

Now—This fine "hard-milled" soap keeps your skin smooth··fragrant··youthful

Look closely at an exquisite complexion. Notice its clean, fine texture. Pores are practically invisible.

Cleanliness is the surest way to enviable skin. But cleanliness is not mere application of soap and water. Care in selecting the soap you use is most important.

Choose Cashmere Bouquet as the soap for your face and hands. It is "hard-milled," which means the cake is hard and firm—not the least bit squdgy. With Cashmere Bouquet only enough soap penetrates the pores to cleanse them. Thus no soap stays in the pores. It all dissolves, bringing dust and dirt out with it, leaving the pores as nature meant them to be.

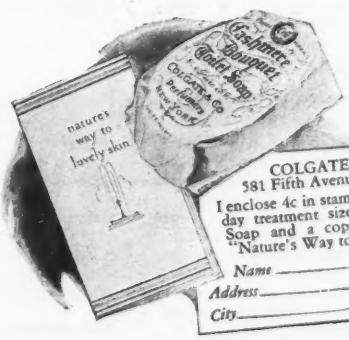
Expert dermatologists, say water and the right soap should be used every day to keep skin smooth and youthful.

Cashmere Bouquet is the right soap.

Careful special processes make Cashmere Bouquet safe for your daily use. This "hard-milled" cake is pressed into almost marble firmness. Secret essences are added to give that indescribable fragrance.

Try This Treatment—Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.



A Book of Beauty Secrets

This unusual booklet has been endorsed by an authority on beauty. Every statement is approved by an eminent skin specialist. Send for your copy and a trial cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Fill out the coupon.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 839
581 Fifth Avenue, New York

I enclose 4c in stamps. Please send me a ten-day treatment size of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of the new booklet, "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

her arm as she answered Topsy's questions.

"No, he didn't go to look for Maurice, Topsy. He did say before he went out that it was time Maurice was in, but I am sure he had no intention of going to look for him. He said he would come straight back from the power-station. I told you that he wasn't there five minutes. That's over an hour since, Topsy." She tried to control her voice.

"But confound it, Margaret, where's Bradley gone?"

"I don't know. He might be staying in the village. He might have got there and not felt like climbing up again after dark. But Garry said, 'I'll be back in a minute.' He always does what he says. Topsy, you must come with me to look for him. I can't sit here any longer."

"All right," Topsy said soothingly. "I'll go over to the power-house and get help and some torches."

Pamela crossed quickly to her husband. "I must come with you when you go to look."

He smiled at her. "No, you don't, babs."

Her face whitened. "You might have an accident. Margaret's going. I must come."

"You're neither of you going," Topsy Grylse said briefly. He straightened his lean height and moved across the room with his disconcerting swiftness. He reached the door just in time to open it for Garry House. Garry stumbled over the threshold.

"Hullo, Tops," he murmured. "I didn't know Margaret was giving a party."

He achieved a chair. It was Margaret who reached for the decanter of whisky and Margaret whose fingers fumbled at the fastenings of his sodden Burberry.

"Don't you bother," he said pleasantly to her. "I'll get it off in a moment."

They watched the grayness leave his face as he gulped his drink and poured himself another.

"We were just coming out to look for you, sir," Topsy said heartily. "Nice of you to come back. Filthy night for a treasure hunt. I suppose you didn't see our little Maurice anywhere? Observing wild nature or other refined pursuits?"

Garry sat up. "Isn't he in the house?"

Margaret said, "He's been out since three o'clock."

Garry frowned. "I say, isn't that rather serious? My dear Margaret, where's the fellow gone? Why didn't they send his nurse with him?"

"Where was he going?" Pamela's soft voice broke a constrained silence.

"He didn't tell me," Margaret said briefly. "He just said a walk."

"Poor fellow's mad," Topsy observed.

Garry looked up with a puckered smile. "That makes two madmen," he murmured. "I went for a walk myself. And what's more I saw Bradley this afternoon. He was wandering along this end of the new cut and I thought of going after him. It's not safe."

"But, Garry," Margaret's voice was almost a wail, "where have you been? I've been distracted."

He flung her a quick, mocking smile. "You must have been," he observed. "*Both* of us gone. What did you do? Talk to yourself? I went down to the village when I left the power-house. The track is pretty clear, but it's taken me the best part of an hour to get back." He stood up. "And now for the other little wanderer," he said. "Let your wife stay with mine, Grylse, will you, until we come back?" He turned to Pamela. "You'll stay, won't you?"

Pamela nodded, looking at the same resolute creature with a pang of fear. There was something wrong here. She looked at Margaret, withdrawn against the window, and her heart contracted in a spasm of the same inexplicable apprehension that had seized it, listening to Margaret's voice over the telephone. Where was Maurice Bradley? Garry had seen him—had seen him—and Garry had been walking about for more than an hour since then. Walking—on a night like this. Leaving Margaret alone. She looked at her husband and saw that the same thoughts were in his mind.

She stepped over to Garry and spoke in a quick rush of words. "You oughtn't to go again. You're tired out. Let Topsy go."

Garry House shook his head. "I'll go," he said shortly.

Margaret went with them as far as the power-house, overruling Topsy's protests. Garry said nothing, but his glance never met hers.

From Greycoats to the power-house, built in the ruined grounds of the big house, was no more than five hundred yards, but in that short space they endured the full fury of the storm. Margaret stumbled, gasped for breath, recovered herself, and reeled into the power-house, pushed by Topsy Grylse.

"You'll never get back alone," Topsy said. "I will. Leave me here a little. Don't wait. Go at once. You must find him."

Topsy looked at her helplessly. If her husband was willing to let her play the fool, he could not stop her. He followed Garry and the men out of the house. Margaret was left alone, with one old man. He gave her a cup of black cold tea, laced with something stronger, and after a while she got up to go back.

On her way she lifted her head for one brief difficult instant, and in that instant, black against a wash of sky where the risen moon hung between great clouds, she saw the half-finished station. It was only for a moment. The moon slipped into a gulf of clouds and the wind beat her head down, but in that instant of vision she had seen the great building as Garry saw it, as a symbol of man's endeavor, a sign of man's greatness. Man, the tiny, struggling wretch, clinging to the surface of this swinging ball, has annihilated space, has found a way to span infinity between his finger and thumb. There would be a man here and a man there, speaking each in a little room, and between them cities full of men, wide seas with tossing ships, hills, valleys, a whole world, and they two to speak as if face to face.

This was what Garry was making. And Garry's wife had allowed a Maurice Bradley to talk to her of the art she served. "We who serve art, Margaret." Serve. She had never known the meaning of the word. This was service, this that Garry was doing. This was greater than anything she had ever done or conceived of doing.

She saw the lights of Greycoats close at hand, and swaying, stumbling, fighting for breath in the relentless wind, she remembered that there were other ways of service, humbler, gentler ways—to serve as Pamela Grylse served husband and children. She saw that she had never thought of anyone but herself in all her successful life.

She came into the sitting-room and Pamela brought her the coffee she had been making. Margaret drank it in silence and then said:

"Pamela, I've been letting Maurice Bradley make love to me. I was going to run away with him—until today I found I couldn't go. That's why he went out. I've been a fool. I don't want anyone but Garry."

"My dear," the other woman said softly, and: "Does Garry know about it?"

"No. But I'll tell him. I shan't feel decent until I've got him told. D'you think he'll forgive me? Oh, Pam, why need Maurice have gone off in a rage on a day like this?"

"She's positively angry with the poor man," Pamela thought, "and he may be dead." She was shocked, in spite of herself.

"It's the most unspeakable night," Margaret said, with a tearless sob of anguish. "If anything happens to Garry, and Maurice comes back unhurt, I shall want to kill him."

"She's forgotten that my husband is out in it too," Pamela said to herself.

She felt a sudden spurt of anger against Margaret House. It died as she looked at the other woman's haggard face. She had never been jealous—even in the days when she knew that Topsy Grylse was turning to her only to comfort himself for Margaret's desertion. She had been angry with the girl who could hurt this dear Topsy. But that was a long time ago.

And afterwards she had been not jealous but afraid when she heard that the girl was coming back, afraid that Topsy would be hurt again, afraid he would find his wife dull and tiresome when Margaret came. Margaret was so clever.

Topsy Grylse's wife was not afraid now. She was sorry for a brilliant Margaret who had not made a success of her marriage. She wanted to help her, and all she could do was to sit there beside this disheveled woman and say at intervals: "They'll be back soon."

"Will he?" Margaret repeated. "Are you sure, Pam? I've been such a fool."

They did indeed come back before Pamela had allowed herself to expect them. They came back without Maurice. They had picked up his track in the frozen snow of the new road—"a single track," Topsy repeated gravely, looking at his wife—and followed it to a place where it slid off over the edge of the hillside into the blackness. The snow was falling again, but there were still, on the edge of the precipitous hillside, confused signs that Maurice Bradley had slipped, struggled for foothold, clinging with hands and dragging arms before sliding off into that ice-bound space.

Garry looked up from the chair into which he had dropped. His face was pinched and drawn with weariness.

"Sorry, Margaret," he muttered. "Did our best. Grylse behaved like a little hero."

"Your husband," Topsy said savagely to Margaret, "behaved like a bloody fool. He wanted to go down the cliff after the man. We almost fought on the edge."

Margaret drew a sharp audible breath, and Garry roused himself to say:

"It's that place where the men made a track down in the summer, a short cut to the village."

Pamela said urgently, "But what are you going to do?"

"We've done it all," Topsy told her somberly. "We went down to the village by the road—and that's bad enough, I can tell you—meaning to cast round to the foot of the cliff and to pick up what was left of the poor devil. But he's been picked up already. A man was on his way to tell us. The wires are all down, y'know. He's in a cottage down there."

"Is he dead?" Margaret asked him.

"Unconscious. Dying, I think. He's—all smashed up. A man's taken the vicar's car to try to get through to the town and fetch a doctor. I'm going back to sit with him. It's no use. Poor devil's done for."

Pamela broke into a little wailing cry. "Oh, poor man, poor man!"

Margaret said nothing and her eyes, dry and bright, never left Garry's face.

Husband and wife were alone. Garry leaned back in his chair, with closed eyes.

"Is there a chance?" Margaret ventured.

She saw his relaxed body stiffen. His eyes opened, blazing at her.

"I don't think so," he said briefly.

"Why," Margaret asked carefully, "did you try to go over the cliff?"

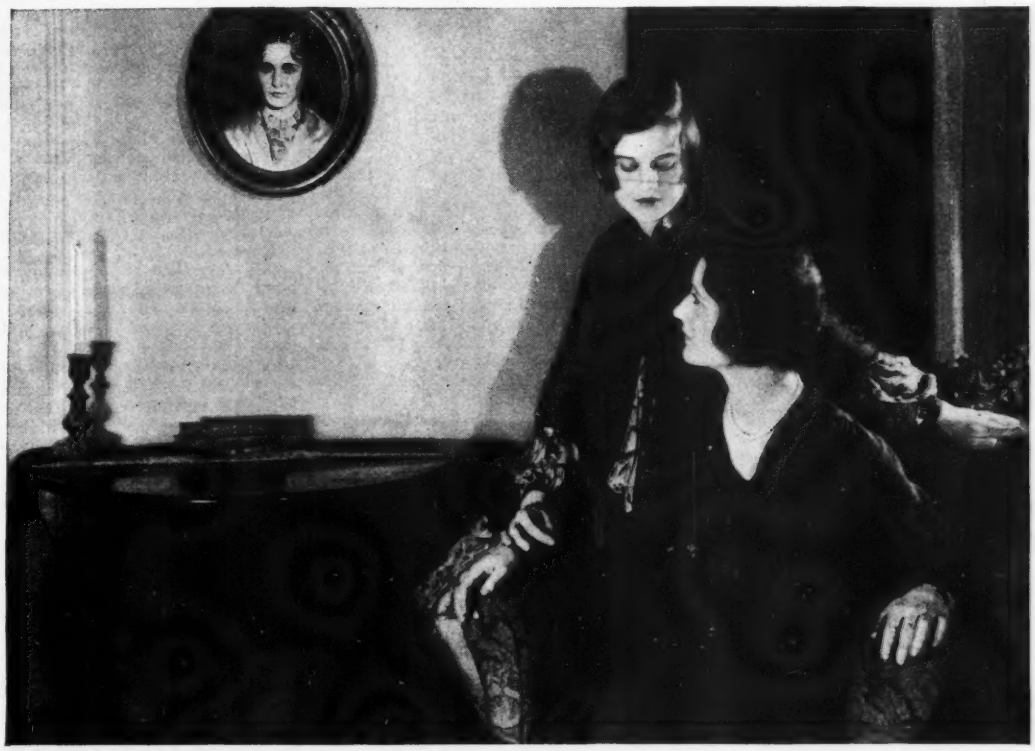
Garry's eyes closed again. "Thought you wanted the fellah," he murmured. "Can't imagine why you should, but thought you might. He might have been half-way down waiting to be rescued for all we knew. Will this break your heart? Women are queer, inconsequent creatures, and you never know what they'll want next."

He roused at the cry she could not quite suppress, and in a moment was out of his chair and across the room.

"What is it, Margaret? What's the matter? Oh my God, do you mind like that?" His strength left him again all at once, and he sat down on the floor beside her chair, a small huddled figure. "I might have saved him. I saw him on that road. I might have saved him for you. Oh, Margaret, Margaret, what have I done?"

She had never seen Garry like this, never seen the reserved, self-contained creature so moved, so distracted and beaten.

"Nothing to hurt me," she said. "But, Garry, if you hadn't come back. If you'd



"But, mother, *your* mother looked so *old* at your age"

OUR MOTHERS, so often, were "old" long before their time. They lived before science had applied itself to the delicate problems of feminine hygiene.

The modern woman knows how to *protect* her health and youth. And the recipe is simple: sane living plus the proper practice of feminine hygiene.

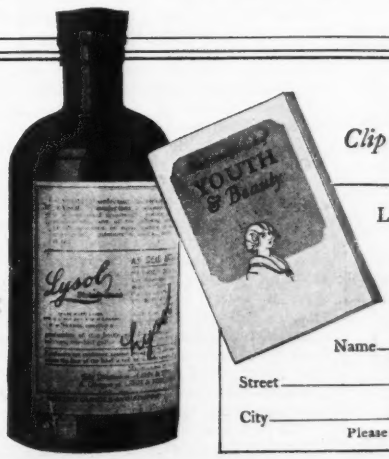
But be careful in so vital a matter as personal hygiene. Use a disinfectant which is both safe *and* certain—whose quality never varies—and which has been relied upon by the medical profession for a generation.

For 30 years "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the standard personal disinfectant in hospitals, doctors' offices and homes. It is used in every country. It *cleanses* as it *kills germs*. In fact, it was "Lysol" Disinfectant which was first associated with the modern practice of feminine hygiene.

Preserve your health and youth with "Lysol" Disinfectant. Send for the booklet offered below. It is reliable. It was written for women by a woman physician. It will contribute to your peace of mind.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold by all druggists. The bottle comes in the original yellow package. *Made by* Lysol Incorporated, a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole distributors,* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. *Canadian distributors,* Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto.

Lysol
Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. AND IN CANADA



Clip the coupon now before you forget.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors,*
Department 5, Bloomfield, N.J.
Please send me, free, *your booklet,* "The Scientific Side of Youth and Beauty."

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
Please print name and address plainly.

"As necessary as the pressed suit" says TERRY, the broker



he means

GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

NEATNESS, personality, good clothes—all are characteristic of these men of success. Comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing and it stays well-groomed all day.

The effect isn't artificial either. It can't be that with Glo-Co Hair Dressing because Glo-Co Hair Dressing isn't a sticky, greasy paste or cream. It's a liquid that makes the hair soft, pliant and lustrous. Is just as fine for the scalp as for the hair. Stimulates the hair roots to new growth, and helps keep dandruff away. Your doctor would recommend it.

Dandruff is a cause of baldness, so be on your guard. Use the Glo-Co treatment each week. Apply Glo-Co Hair Dressing liberally to the scalp to soften the dandruff, then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather of this marvelous shampoo frees the scalp from every trace of dandruff and bacteria.

After the shampoo, comb your hair with Glo-Co Hair Dressing to keep it in place.

Sold at drug stores and barber shops. If your dealer cannot supply Glo-Co Hair Dressing and Shampoo, a full-sized bottle of either will be sent for 50 cents. Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

WILL YOU RISK ONE CENT? To learn how to make extra money—lots of it—Your name and address on a Postal Card will bring full details of our Free Stationery offer and money making plan. Individual Stationers, Inc., Cent. Penn's

Avoid Imitations



Safe Milk and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

How to Straighten Bow and Knock-kneed Legs!



Improve your personal appearance by using the new patent "Lim-Straitner," Model 18. Corrects now Bow and Knock-kneed legs safely, quickly and permanently at home. No costly operation or discomfort. Is worn at night. Easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation and will improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. Write today for copyrighted Physiological and Anatomical book and experience of others without obligation. Enclose a dime for postage.



M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST

Dept. 1424 L Binghamton, N. Y.

gone over there and been killed. Oh, thank God! Garry! My dear."

He stared uncomprehending at her tears. "Who are you crying for?" he demanded.

"I'm not crying," Margaret said ridiculously. "I'm—Garry, you'd have been killed if you'd gone over that cliff."

He put up a hand and smoothed back the strands of hair fallen over her face. "And you—would you have minded—badly?"

Margaret gave a little gasping cry. "Minded, Garry—I'd have died. No, I wouldn't, of course. But I'd have wanted to."

She found herself in his arms while he talked to her as she had forgotten Garry could talk.

"D'you know what I've been doing since five? I was meaning to come straight home and talk to you, seeing you asked me to and all that, but the sight of the fellah set me off. I've been wandering about this infernal countryside trying to make up my mind whether you were in love with him or not. Margaret, are you absolutely sure? I couldn't bear it if you find you've been making a mistake."

"I didn't know you cared so much," Margaret said.

Garry drew back to look at her. "Lord, how stupid of you!" he murmured. "And I thought you were so clever. I thought it was because you're clever that you'd come to the end of me and were bored. And you're a stupid little thing, after all. Dear, dear and only Margaret. Why did you want to come to the power-house with us tonight? I made up my mind it was because of Bradley. I thought you wanted to see if he'd got as far as there, by any chance."

"I didn't want to let you go."

"Sure?"

"Quite sure," Margaret answered and knew that Garry did not need her answer. He was surer of her in this moment than he had ever been.

The irony of it made Margaret wince like a thorn driven under her nail. With bitterly clear sight she knew that she could never now tell him the truth about Maurice Bradley. It would spoil his recovered happiness, little by little steal away his confident joy in her until he forgot to be sure of her, forgot to be happy in her, and became in very truth the absorbed, self-contained creature she had taken him to be during the years when he had been reflecting her own self-absorption and her own self-centered way of life. She saw how near she had gone to irretrievable disaster.

She looked at Garry and saw the boy he had been living on in the reserved, wry-minded man he had become. She thanked God for a chance given back. The roar of the wind, the smell of the wood smoke on the hearth, and the vision she had of Garry's unquenched youth blended in her thoughts with an emotion that was suddenly sharpened and heightened by the sight of his small square hand laid on her knee, palm upwards. There was a mother in her as well as a wife and both found a poignant delight in the tiny gesture of closing Garry's hand with her own, holding it so, warm and securely held . . .

The hand was abruptly withdrawn. She looked up and saw that Garry was staring into the fire with eyes from which all kindness, all affection and all light of joy had gone. He turned his head at her question:

"There's nothing the matter with me. I'm tired."

Margaret stood up. "Garry, there is. Tell me." Her voice sharpened. "Garry! Please!"

She felt, while she pleaded, her impotence. This was not after all a boy to be mothered or a Maurice Bradley to be coaxed. She was cold and afraid. What would happen to them both if Garry could withdraw himself so cruelly and completely in this moment of exultant tenderness? She thought: "I haven't been punished enough yet. I haven't paid up. After all—I haven't got him back."

She did not know she had spoken again, but he jumped and came quickly to her.

"Have I hurt you, Margaret? I'm sorry."

She felt him shaking in her arms.

"What is it? Garry. Love. What is it?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Margaret, Margaret. Hold me. Don't let me go. Don't leave me. I need you. Margaret."

They went down to the village together in the morning. The cottage where Maurice Bradley lay contained two rooms, and there was no one in the house except a woman and Topsy Grylse when Margaret and Garry reached it.

The woman was a competent, splendid Scotchwoman. She had the situation well in hand and had done for Maurice Bradley all that more expert help could have done. She had hot coffee and scones for Topsy Grylse, who stood devouring them while he told his chief that Bradley was still alive and still unconscious.

"I'll stay with him until the doctor gets here," Margaret said, and Garry followed her into the other room.

Maurice lay with his face upturned and drained of blood, in the low wide bed. As the two stood beside him, he opened his eyes and looked past them at the small window. His eyes were untroubled and profound.

Margaret spoke softly: "Maurice."

His glance rested on her for a fleeting moment and then was fixed on Garry.

"Murderer," he said in a calm, pleasant voice, and shut his eyes. He sighed.

Garry bent over him. He was dead.

Margaret touched her husband.

"Go and tell them," she said clearly and steadily. "Then let Topsy stay to help. He can be better spared than you." She looked him full in the face. "Go, my dear. You can't do anything here now."

The day passed. All day, talking to doctor and vicar, writing to Maurice's mother, Margaret was oppressed by her sense of Garry's withdrawal. He had not told her all the truth, and she could not compel him to tell her. She was assured of his innocence. He had not killed Maurice, but he was in some way responsible for Maurice's death. Margaret knew it. Maurice had not used his last breath to make a bad jest. He had been making a simple comment on a situation that he must have been holding—concentrated into a single vision—in his mind during the dark night of unconsciousness. He had made his comment without malice, seeing the vision, and summing it up in one last effort of the human brain after clearness and intellectual satisfaction.

She tried to think of Maurice with grief, but thought of Garry came instantly between her and every office she owed to the dead man.

In the late afternoon Garry came to take her back to their home. They had to walk up the steep, icy road; not even Humphrey could tackle it. Garry helped her up with an arm round her, and once she caught herself shuddering away from him.

The door shut behind them. She knew that Garry was going to tell her now and she strove to be able to help him. If he needed her.

He said steadily: "I saw Bradley walking along the new cut when I came up from the village last night. I was rather pleased at first because I thought at least I'd get you alone. I used to hate coming in and seeing you both so jolly and talking about each other's books. Then I realized that I'd have to go after the fellow and drag him back. And then I thought: 'I'm hanged if I'll go after him. Let him break his blasted neck.'

"But I went, raging and cursing, and I dare say I spoke none too politely to him when I caught him up. However, he answered that he could look after himself and would come back in his own time. I said 'All right' and turned round to come home myself. Then I swung round again and said: 'Don't be a fool. This road is unsafe. Come back with me.'

"D'you know, Margaret, the fellow was so cold his teeth were chattering. He stood there, shivering and rattling and gibbering, and told me to go to the devil. He said: 'If I could get away tonight, I'd go. I've had enough, and your wife's amused herself at my expense

long enough.' I suppose I must have taken a step towards him, for he cried, 'Keep your hands off me,' and fairly leaped at me. I was so taken aback—and the new cut's pretty narrow there—that I nearly fell off the road myself. But I was furious too, and I wanted to kill the man because he was in love with you.

"I got him down and I was walking off, leaving him there sprawling in the snow, when he caught at my leg and there we were, both down, struggling and rolling about on the edge. Before I had time even to think, as I've thought since—that he was a bit unhinged, poor devil—he was over the side. I wrenched myself back and then grabbed for him. I was too late, of course. He hung for a second. He looked at me fixedly and went down.

"I came back to tell you and to get help before going down to look for him. Topsy and Pamela were here and that altered things. I saw I'd have to keep the story to myself. I knew I could count on Bradley, even if he weren't dead. And I knew what even Grylse would think if I told him Bradley and I had been scrapping on the new cut."

"They'd have thought you were fighting over me," Margaret said dispassionately.

Garry said wryly: "Pretty sickening for you, what? It couldn't be done. Besides—Grylse wanted to marry you once." He broke off and added in a curious, gentle voice: "By heaven, I'm sure you don't see what that has to do with it, and I could never explain to you. It doesn't matter. The poor devil's dead. I swear I'd have saved him if I could."

He stopped. The face he turned to Margaret was tortured, but when she held out her arms he did not move.

He said, "Are you going to be able to face it, Margaret?"

Driving into the back of her mind, with a silent, desperate resolution, the vision of Maurice lying broken on the ice-crusted snow, she said gently:

"What is there to face, since you love me? You did not kill him. You would have saved him. I've thought of you all day. I was afraid of you on the way up from the village. I'm not afraid now. Garry, Garry!"

He was glad of her arms.

The letter from Mrs. Bradley came three days later, on the day her son was buried. Maurice's mother explained what her telegram had already told them—that she was too old to come to her child's funeral. She wrote that she wanted to be told every detail they could tell her of his death. She thanked them both for their kindness to her son.

Margaret read the letter first and handed it to Garry. He read it and went away.

When he returned in the evening, she said hurriedly: "I've tried to write to Mrs. Bradley. It's difficult."

Garry said: "Don't write. I must go and see her. I owe her the truth of it."

Margaret stood up: "Garry. *No!*"

He smiled at her very sweetly. "Did you think I was going to be let off without any punishment? Maurice Bradley's mother is to judge me. I'll put myself in her hands for judgment and abide by her sentence."

"I'll come with you."

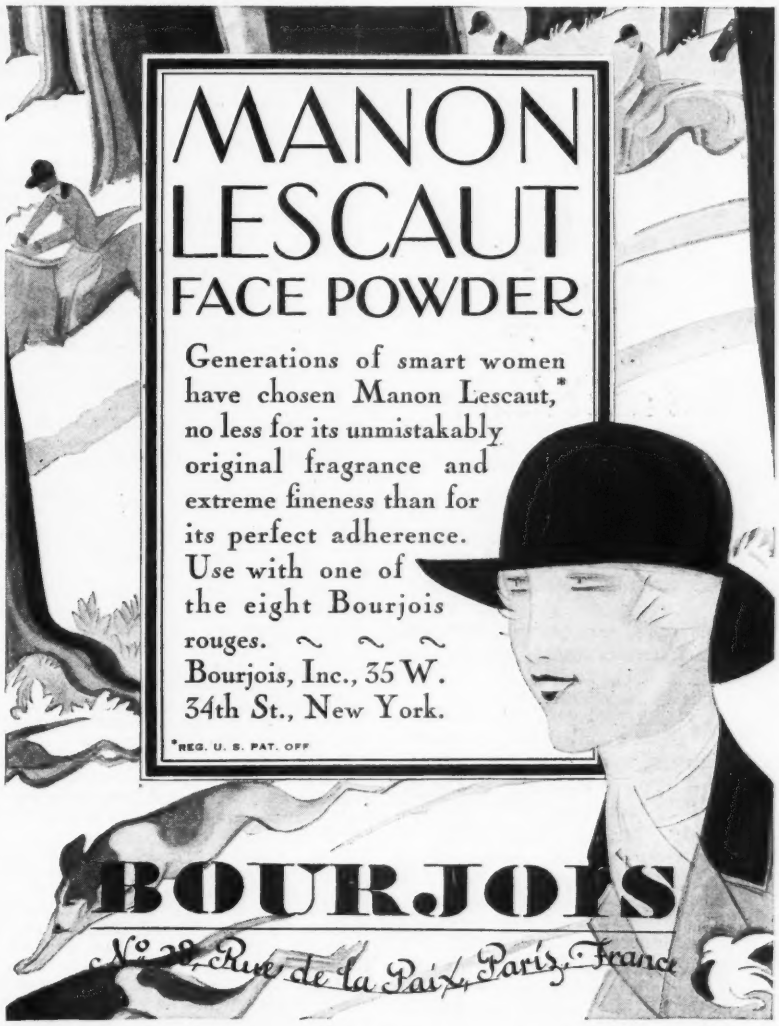
"Will you? That's kind of you."

Margaret was cold with fear. She said to herself: "It is I who ought to be punished. God is going to punish me through your punishment. Oh, my love!"

A week passed before they were able to get away and then they set off in Garry's car to reach by the pass, low slung through the hills, the main line to the south.

A calm had followed the late storm, but a black wind was piled up behind the hills, and when Garry's car reached the highest point of the pass, it came over them to shatter the valley. Rain poured down in a dense flood. It was impossible to go on. Garry drove the car under a curve of the hills and then, partially sheltered, they waited for the storm to pass.

"We are out of the world," Garry said. "This is another star."



Be Sure You Get the Original and Genuine

For Constipation



Look for the name Feen-a-mint in orange on the white oval with the blue polka-dot border. Beware of substitutes.

this delicious mint-flavored chewing gum tablet

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing **LAXATIVE**

Chew It Like Gum

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION
113 C North 13th Street Newark, N. J.



You can't hide a poor complexion

COSMETICS were never intended to conceal facial blemishes, and the woman who tries to cover up blotches, blackheads, redness, roughness, etc., with a coating of rouge and powder, will find the last state of her skin worse than the first.

A dull, splotched, or otherwise unattractive complexion is frequently due to the wrong method of cleansing. The pores have become clogged and they are unable to function properly. Such a skin needs to be stimulated by the pore-searching lather of a pure soap and warm water.

You will like Resinol Soap for this purpose—because it is different. The first time you use it, the distinctive, refreshing Resinol fragrance it gives out will convince you that it contains unusual properties. Its soft lather almost caresses the skin as it sinks into the pores and gently rids them of their impurities. Then it rinses so easily, too—leaving your skin soothed, refreshed and soft and pink as a baby's.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes. Ask your druggist about these products.



Free—Send this coupon today

Dept. F-4, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

"I should like to be out of the world," Margaret answered. "I should like to live alone with you, in some remote place, and bear your sons, and look after them and you myself."

Garry smiled at her sidewise. "You'd so soon be bored."

Margaret gave a little cry of grief. "I would not. Garry dear, I'm not all bad."

He comforted her swiftly and she fell asleep in his arms. He woke her up to tell her that they could go on again. They drove down the pass into the valley and slept a night in a small inn, waiting for the train.

It was two days later when they stood in Mrs. Bradley's sitting-room. The maid had shown them in. The door opened and Margaret turned round to greet Maurice's mother.

A curious face. Flat across the high cheekbones, very thin, very dark, and harshly lined. An intelligent face, but not kindly, Margaret read it. The thought that Garry was going to deliver himself into this woman's hands made her feel sick.

"Kind of you both to come," Mrs. Bradley was saying.

Garry said quietly, "I had to come to explain to you."

Margaret wondered how you explained to a woman that you were responsible for her son's death.

Garry told the story simply, leaving his wife entirely out of it. He said that he and Maurice had quarreled. Had struggled on the edge of the new cut. Maurice had fallen and he, Garry, had been saved.

Mrs. Bradley listened with her sunken eyes, dark in a dark face, fixed on him. As the story proceeded she seemed to shrink in her chair. Her spirit, shrinking from the man who had killed her son, contracted her flesh. Both were revolted and horrified. With something like relief, Margaret saw horror give way to grief. Mrs. Bradley rocked herself in her chair and cried, "My son, my son."

When at last she lifted her head, it was to strike, but she struck at Margaret, not at Garry, though she spoke to him.

"You quarreled over your wife," she said.

Margaret answered quietly: "I am responsible. Maurice was in love with me. I —I behaved badly."

Garry looked at her with anxiety in his eyes. Margaret knew he was afraid she would involve herself in his story. He did not want her in it, but she must come in. If Garry was to be punished, he was being punished for her sin. A desperate longing to reveal the whole truth seized her. The words that might have eased her of an intolerable burden of silence were cut short by Mrs. Bradley's bitter speech.

"I don't suppose you've been what's called a wicked woman," she said. "I'm sure you weren't my son's mistress. You're worse than that. You're cold and wanton. You're what no decent woman can ever tolerate. I know you. I know my son, too. He was weak and he was self-indulgent, but he was never unkind. So I know he was not unkind to you but that you tricked him and fooled him. And in the end he died of it, and you—are alive."

She paused, and looking at her Margaret thought that this woman knew all about that last interview between her and Maurice. She knew what had been said. She knew everything. All Margaret's longing for complete confession left her, and she wanted nothing except to guard Garry from the knowledge that this woman had. She looked at Maurice's mother with fear in her eyes and the eyes of Maurice's mother looked back at her in contempt. It seemed that she was going to spare Margaret out of contempt.

She turned to a tight-lipped Garry. "Take your wife away. I dare say I could punish you for what you did to my son. I'm not going to."

Margaret House and her husband went away, shutting the door between them and that bitter, unhappy woman. They went like beaten children, but back in their bedroom at the hotel it was Garry whose fortitude broke and Margaret who comforted him.

"It's all over," she said. "It's all over, my dear."

"That was ghastly for you," he said. "You don't mind what the poor woman said to you? She was half crazy. You don't mind?"

"You don't believe I'm what she said?" Margaret asked queerly.

"Believe it? You're my wife. I adore you. You're worth everything that's ever happened to me, or will."

Margaret said: "I will be worth. I will. I love you so."

"You were brave, my sweet."

"No, I was not brave. I was afraid. But I love you. Is it enough?"

"I want only you."

The homely sound of the rain on the windows comforted Margaret. She said: "Let's go home. Let's go now, on the night train."

Garry took her in his arms again. "It's going to be so dull for you up there. It'll be months and months. Can you stand it?"

"I can stand anything with you—now. I know what I want to do."

That was true.

They would comfort each other in the desolate spaces of those hills, like two children shut up in a garden, and when the spring came again they would be whole again.

And that was true too.

Garry laughed and kissed his wife.

"Love! Hurry, we've got to pack. Let me help you. I want to help you!"

We Bag the Ovis Poli (*Continued from page 99*)

one. We zigzagged to and fro, floundering in snow and slipping. The altitude was high, 16,000 feet, and it cut our breath badly. At last, after an hour and a half of hard work, we reached the summit and peered over. To our sorrow we found that the Poli, for some reason unknown to us, had moved and were slowly filing up a shoulder nearly eight hundred yards away. They were not really frightened; they were apprehensive. As it was now four-thirty and there was no chance to try another stalk, we settled ourselves on the ridge for what Rahima called a "lookum see." Through the field-glasses and telescopes we could see the sheep plainly. They were very handsome as they stepped delicately along, now stooping to nibble a tuft of grass, now halting to glance around and sniff the wind.

A knife-like wind had risen and we were getting the full force of it. To make the climb we had stripped off our heavy coats. We were soaked with sweat and were soon chilled through and through.

All night long the wind blew down the valley, singing and whistling around our camp. Our light canvas tent bellied in the wind, and time and again we thought it would blow over.

At four-thirty we got up. The snow had stopped but the country was sheeted in white.

About six o'clock we saw our game. Unfortunately one of the men had turned a bend of the ravine too quickly and they had glimpsed him.

As soon as they were out of sight, we started to follow them. The altitude rapidly increased, and soon we were at least 17,000 feet high. We snatched gasping at every mouthful of thin air. After looking around for ten or fifteen minutes, the *shikarries* decided that they had gone beyond the next range, and suggested that we start down the slope. Fortunately at this moment Kermit picked them up with the field-glasses. They were on the opposite side

of the valley, perhaps a mile away from us.

The sun on the snow had made a heavy mist that hung curtain-wise across the valley. At last we reached a little ravine flanked by a steep ridge from which we felt we would get a shot at our game.

After watching carefully for about twenty minutes we made sure the rams were not where we had last seen them. Suddenly the fog began to thin, and we saw the sheep diagonally opposite us in the Russian Pamirs.

Running as hard as we could over the snow we came to a point which would give us a clear view of them when they passed. Suddenly the sheep came into view from behind a huge buttress of rock. They were in single file, the big rams leading. They were about twenty-five yards away, going at a plunging canter through the branches. Their great spiral horns flared out magnificently, their heads were held high.

We began firing at once at the two leaders. First one and then the other staggered and lost his place in the line. Though hard hit they pulled themselves together, joined the herd, and all disappeared over a near-by ridge.

Working our way down to the valley, we found our yaks, so frosted with snow that they looked like animated birthday-cakes. The two native hunters with them had seen the rams cross the ridge and were confident they were mortally wounded.

The next morning we found them but the wolves had so devoured them that they had completely destroyed the body skins, which made the rams of little value for exhibition purposes in the museum. The horns of one measured fifty-one and a half inches, and of the other forty-nine and a half. If we were not fortunate enough to get adult males with large heads, these big heads could be mounted on body skins of animals who were adult but whose horns were smaller.

There seemed to be no more Poli in this nullah so we decided to move our camp. We marched during the morning over the desolate plain which stretches south from the Little Kara Kul. To the east towered Mustugh Ata.

Almost immediately after we crossed the divide, one of the Kirghiz made out a herd of Poli feeding on the dry grass tufts in one of the bottoms. A short, easy stalk brought us to a point above them on the hillside.

Something had alarmed them and they were making off at a decorous canter across the valley. The herd was composed of young males and females. We wanted one or more of each for the museum, so we fired, killing one and hitting two others. The herd broke into a gallop and disappeared. We trotted across the valley, and found that the animal we had killed was a young male.

Next day about noon, we made out in a valley a large herd of females and near them four rams. After studying the latter our men said they had heads measuring forty inches or better. We could see that they were adults.

There was no time to lose, for the sheep had seen us and were running. Kermit started shooting at once and as I came running up, dropped one. A few seconds later I hit another who rolled down the steep slope like an enormous rabbit. We knocked over a third, but he picked himself up again and went off.

We scrambled down the steep hillside and found to our disappointment that the horns of Kermit's animal were just short of forty inches and mine still smaller. They were, however, adults in body and the skins could be used by the museum for mounting the two large heads.

In another hour we were back at our *yurt*. We had our sportsmen's trophies, the two big heads. We had our group of Poli for the museum. The essential part of our work with the Poli was done. We stood around the small fire in the *yurt*, the melting ice and snow dripping from our beards and clothes. Rahima, who had a healthy respect for winter in the Pamirs and passes of the Himalayas, summed up his views by saying:

"All right, good morning, going!"



He didn't hurt a bit!

Your dentist is an important guardian of your health. Consult him twice a year. He can keep your teeth and gums healthy, prevent decay and ward off serious sickness that often originates in the mouth.

4 out of 5 *wait too long!*



As you mingle with crowds remember that four persons out of every five who pass the age of forty may contract dread pyorrhea either through carelessness or ignorance.

At the first sign of tender bleeding gums go to your dentist for an examination and start using Forhan's for the Gums.

If used regularly and used in time Forhan's will prevent pyorrhea or check its progress. Ask your dentist about Forhan's for the gums. He will undoubtedly recommend it as your regular dentifrice. It contains a percentage of Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid which has been used by dentists for the last 15 years in the treatment of pyorrhea.

It cleanses the teeth and at the same time protects you against pyorrhea which claims four people out of every five.

You can't afford to gamble with your health and happiness. Don't wait for pyorrhea's symptoms. Stop at your druggist's for a tube of Forhan's and start playing safe today! All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. · Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE · · *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

A Slave to Dope *by Daphne Lucas* (Continued from page 45)

things and remain unhurt. Also I told myself that the third powder should be the last that I would take.

The third powder was not so satisfactory. The effects lasted for a shorter time. The level of my work was not so good. It left me jaded, with irritable nerves.

And then I was faced with the inevitable problem.

How was I going to get more dope? It wasn't any good to ask my friend. Besides, I didn't want to see her.

I got her on the phone and after a good deal of trouble she consented to see me. She gave me an address where, she said, I *might* get what I wanted, but she warned me also that it was a criminal offense to buy or sell heroin or cocaine and that if I didn't look out I might find myself in the hands of the police.

I knew why she told me. She was afraid for herself as much as for me and with the suspicion native to the dope-fiend she already credited me with treachery.

This disintegration of natural and instinctive confidence is one of the most terrible consequences of dope. You not only lose the perception of truth in yourself; you are unable to distinguish it in other people.

The address she had given me was that of a small shop in Soho where they sold foreign newspapers, cigarets, et cetera. I told the woman behind the counter where I came from. She looked hard at me, and I gave a little nod. As I say, there is a Freemasonry of dope and she recognized me quickly. I followed her into a back room, where she sold me six powders —enough, she said, to last me for a week.

She asked me ten dollars for the stuff and I was surprised at the moderation of the fee. Most people think it is very difficult to get hold of heroin, remembering the stringent laws there are against it. But once you've joined the secret society—for it is a secret society—so long as you have the money, you can get it easily enough.

I went again and again to that dirty little shop in the back street. Sometimes she asked me more than I could possibly find and then I would descend to tears and threats and ravings until she would give me just enough to carry on, and I would come back the next day with a trinket of my own or someone else's.

Oh yes, I managed to filch quite a number of small valuables from my unsuspecting friends —a watch, a bracelet, a ring, a string of beads. But before that I'd parted with all my possessions—all that I could part with. I had even pawned my bedclothes and my carpet.

I had my first shock when I discovered that my imagination no longer responded to the spur, and that my nerves rather than my brain became stimulated. The slightest noise sounded hideously exaggerated. I screamed if a bell rang; the creaking of a door was agony.

I grudged the money I had to spend on rent and food; I was indifferent as to clothes. I told myself I looked quite presentable, but in one of the moments when I was sufficiently interested to study myself in the glass I saw the face of an elderly hag.

The tears coursed down my cheeks, and it was at this moment that my faithful little maid of all work came in and gave me notice. I asked her what was wrong, why she wanted to leave me. She said she couldn't stand the dirt and disorder in which I lived. She further told me that I hadn't bathed for a week and that I didn't look after myself properly.

This was hard hitting and pierced even my drugged consciousness. I wept—tears mean little to the drug-taker. I told her she misjudged me, that I was overtired.

"You don't work," she said bluntly. "You're letting yourself go to rack and ruin, miss. If there's no one else to tell you, I will."

There were other troubles. The bank rang up and told me I was overdrawn. I got panicky at this and went round to see one of the papers I used to write for. I wouldn't take any heroin, but when I got to the office I suddenly collapsed.

I went home, but my store of dope was finished; how was I going to get more? I rang up some of my friends and told them the tale that I was ill and had to keep my mother; and I managed, somehow, to get a hundred dollars. I sent my mother twenty-five and regretted it as soon as I had done so. I spent all the rest, except for a few cents, on dope. Heroin didn't affect me very much by this time, so I tried cocaine.

Now and again I got glimpses of the sort of creature I had become, but it was only in flashes I admitted it. When my mother came, however, I was forced to face facts.

She accused me right out of using dope. I refused to admit this was true. She asked me why I looked so dirty, why my place was in such disorder. She begged and prayed me to come home with her, and when all other means failed, she told me that she had had a cable from Jim, the man who wanted to marry me. He was arriving in London that night, and she had given him my address.

I cried at that. There still remained some emotional sincerity in me, and a good deal of vanity. Oddly enough, dope never impairs your vanity; you don't believe, save in rare moments, that you are unattractive, unkempt, that your face has got lined, your eyes dull.

But when I heard that Jim was coming something, something stirred in me; I exerted my will. I persuaded the charwoman to come back and clean the flat, and I did something more. I locked myself in the bathroom and forced myself to take a bath.

I shall never forget the touch of the water on my limbs. It was as though every nerve was bare, and the agony made me scream out. I almost fainted with the pain, but even for that momentary contact with ordinary decent soap and water I felt mentally cleaner.

I gave myself a good pinch of cocaine after the bath, and my brain got in good working order. I put on a pretty frock, a favorite of Jim's, made in pannier style, with a wreath of flowers on the corsage.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Jim arrived, taller, broader, infinitely more manly than he had ever been. He took me in his arms, kissed me over and over again.

Oh, the anguish of my discovery! I could not bear to have him touch me; it wasn't that I didn't love him, but that my flesh, soaked with the drug, shrank from normal contact.

I buried my face in my hands and cried and cried, and in that moment of abasement I touched the depths of spiritual degradation.

I dried my tears and repowdered my face and we went off together to dinner. I made up my mind that on that first evening I would not touch a grain of dope.

I got on fairly well through dinner. I forced myself to eat the food, though it was quite tasteless. It is only the most highly flavored dishes that a drug-taker can appreciate, and wine is like water.

After dinner we began to dance; and then suddenly in the middle of the floor I felt myself grow cold, I couldn't breathe, there was a darkness before my eyes.

"I'm not well," I said. "Jim, you must take me home quickly."

At that moment I would have bartered my whole life and any hope of the future after death for a pinch of cocaine.

I can't remember that journey back to the flat, but I learned afterwards that I sat looking like a corpse while Jim stared at me, heartbroken. I still had sense enough to try to keep from Jim the knowledge that I took drugs. I pushed him into the sitting-room and went through to the bedroom where I kept the stuff. But he came after me, and I just had time to sniff up the powder when his hand was on my shoulder.

"What are you doing?" he said sternly.

"Doing?" I repeated, shaking off his hand. "Nothing very dreadful—only taking a dose of quinin."

"Quinin?" He stared at me, then swiftly made a dive for my hand in which I still held the precious little pill-box, full of those white, glistening, innocuous-looking particles, familiarly known as "snow."

He looked at it, tasted it—and the truth was out. He opened the window and flung the box into the street and took me back into the room.

I had a bad ten minutes. He wouldn't listen to explanations or denials. He said he had suspected the moment he saw me. He said he loved me no matter what I had done, but he was going to cure me.

I smiled up at him sweetly and slyly. I promised glibly I would reform and all the time my mind was working as to how I could get another supply.

I made an excuse to leave him and ran down into the courtyard on which the flat looked and searched in the dust for the precious pill-box. He found me there and dragged me back again.

The old hunger was back upon me. I fought, I raved, I even struck him in my mad longing for the dope. But he persisted and somehow or other he kept me alive all that night.

The next morning he sent for a doctor, and there followed six weeks of such blinding agony as I could not wish any human being, however low, to be called on to endure.

He would not let me go to a nursing-home; he had a nurse installed and together he and she fought for my reason and my life, and gradually I ranged myself with them.

I learned to control the terrible hunger that racked my brain and darkened my sight. And little by little I was able to bear normal and healthy things. I could wash my face without screaming, I could bear to have my hair combed and brushed.

It was not until some months later that I felt I could say I had been cured.

I was in my little sitting-room, which he had filled with flowers. I was alone and I looked curiously, and with affection, on my familiar surroundings. I began to take an interest in the future and wondered when I should be able to write, and commenced to turn out my desk.

And then my eyes fell on a little pill-box tucked away in the corner—forgotten, overlooked. There was something uncannily familiar about it. My fingers trembled as I took off the lid—to discover a white powder made up of innocuous-looking particles.

It was cocaine—cocaine, that would give me the most wonderful feeling of health and strength, stimulate my nerves, excite my brain. Instinctively I took a pinch. And then—and then I knew the moment of decision had come. I had to make up my mind whether I was to be a slave forever, or a free woman.

The perspiration broke out in great beads on my face. The longing for the stuff took hold of me with actual pressure. My mouth grew dry my throat seemed to close up. In utter despair I fell on my knees and sent up a voiceless prayer to something outside myself.

Slowly and terribly the moments passed; and then, gradually, the strain eased, the ghastly torment left me. When Jim came back he found me shaking like a leaf and crying.

But I had won my first great struggle. And since then each effort has been easier.

Does the longing still come back to me?

Often—yes, terribly often; but resistance grows with resistance and I pray that the day will come when I shall be tempted no more.

Then, but not till then, I shall marry Jim.

But though hope is at the end of the journey, it seems a long, long time. Yes, it is out of my suffering that I tell those who, like me, have been the slave of a drug, to fight and fight until the way is won from the dungeon of dead things back to the light of living human day.

I shall win through—I *must* win through . . .

And yet there are moments when my spirit falters . . .

Song of Life (*Continued from page 39*)

contralto voice of Ida. In invective, in hilarity, in rolling thunders of laughter, in the hissing voice of gossip and the bellowing voice she used against Red's shiftlessness.

Her vitality was something as amazing as it was unquenchable. She did, for instance, the family washing, including bed sheets, Cissie's finery, Red's denim overalls, wringing them free of water with one wrench of her powerful arms. She was up with the dawn and it was her boast that never in all her life had she known a sick-a-bed day.

And eat! Nothing tickled Red more than Ida's unashamed appetite for the strong foods that men like.

"Eat 'em alive, girl. I'll bet on you."

"Only live once, boy, and you just know I'm going to eat 'em alive while the going's good. If you don't like me big, you know darn well honing myself down to the bone isn't going to help none. Look at Cissie there. That child's made out of a slab of spare-rib. Can't fatten her up, neither. Only live once, I say."

"Thassa girl," roared Red, who loved to see her topaz eyes full of the glitter of her astonishing health. "Thassa girl. Give her some more of them beans on biscuit, Cissie!"

Ida could outstrip Red, no mean eater himself, in helpings of white beans that had been baked for five hours in a great brown casserole with strips of salt pork across the top, pouring them, hot, bursting, and pork-saturated, over as many as three steaming biscuits split into halves, which she opened on her plate with the pry of a knife as if they had been oysters.

"My honey don't mind me fat, do you, boy?"

"Wouldn't have her an inch lighter if she cost me her weight in gold!"

"Listen to that! Cost you! Heh—I've got a swell chance, haven't I, to cost you anything? Not a day's work has he turned in six months and sits back there talking about cost as if he had something in his pockets besides hands."

"Yaw—yaw—listen to her jaw."

"Yaw—yaw—if you did listen, there would be a hustler instead of a loafer sitting on my right." Stabbing up a great biscuit with the tip of her fork and opening it on her plate so that it steamed up. "Have another one of these biscuit, Cissie. Hand one to her, Red. Honest, that child don't eat enough to keep a bird alive."

"Here, you," roared Red and reached over from where he sat at table toward the oven for a fresh pan of them. "Eat one of them big biscuit, you little peewee, you, or I'll bite off your head!"

"Ida, make him quit!"

"Lay off teasing that child, Red. Come on, Cissie, fix a new needle in the phonograph and put on 'Red Hot Mama.' I don't mind doing the dishes with something to tickle my feet while I'm doing them."

The kitchen, littered with sewing-machine, phonograph, carpet-back rocking-chair and the huge range that breathed like a dragon, clattered with the life of the household. Neighbors dripped gossip there. Lonnie in her lifetime had snored behind the door. Two tortoise-shell cats, great oversized ones with distended hips, were forever being shoved off tables and out of work-baskets. The Hassebrocks, roaring with good humor and a coarse kind of excess vitality, spread their dining-table beside the monster stove. In a corner of the room, in a child's rocking-chair that had been cut down to fit her size, Cissie still snuggled of an evening, curling into the tiny cushion and sometimes falling asleep there, while Red dozed in the carpet rocker with his head back and his hands lightly locked in his lap, and Ida puttered and did the hundred things a woman can find to do about her kitchen.

But usually in good weather, mild winter evenings and stifling summer ones, Ida and Cissie, now that she was seventeen, rigged themselves up for the neighborhood commotion of movie, barbecue, dance or stroll along the post-office front or sometimes into the woods beyond. Usually Red remained at home and snored beside the stove or bit of garden, or if he went along to a motion-picture, breathed with equal lust through that.

A truck garden, a precarious one at that, a flock of about fourteen scrubby sheep, the occasional lodger, Red's intermittent income from farm-hand service, Ida's few weeks a year in the tobacco factory kept them, including old Katie, body and soul together. With the occasional indulgence, too, of a home-made radio, a dollar watch for Red, a red celluloid bracelet for Cissie.

Later, Ida also had to have a red bracelet. They were a curious pair of chums. Cissie when she was seventeen and Ida after she had been married to Red for eighteen years. Two children, with Ida far and away the younger in sophistication and greedily dependent upon Cissie for much of the lurid and incredibly worldly wisdom that crept into even this tucked away penny-in-a-pocket of a town.

They were as giggling a pair as any two out of boarding-school. Full of secret little gossipings. Given to rushing off in corners to swap confidences and private remarks that were cryptic to the outsider, but full of portent to these two. Exchanging looks in public that sent them off into gales of laughter for which they had secret reasons. An inseparable pair, even to the point where they often danced together of an evening up above the post-office.

But for all her weightiness, not a village lout but was glad to have a dance with Ida. With the not uncommon paradox of the cumbersome, she was light on her feet. And the joy of motion made her irresponsible in a gay, contagious sort of way. She laughed as she danced. Her cheeks flamed. Moisture came out and made her face gleam. Irrepressible passion for life animated her.

The boys liked Ida. Chaffed her. Confided in her. Pleaded through her for Cissie's favor. The women dreaded her quick tongue, but knew that her remorse could flow like milk and honey.

When Ida danced across the floor, Red, who had no flair for this sort of recreation, leaned up against the wall and touted her as she passed.

"Attagirl. Thassaway! Mow them down. Step easy there, Spud, that's my gal you're dancing with."

And then, when Cissie, who was like the dragon-fly on water, came skimming past, out went his foot to trip her. Sometimes he succeeded and there was a pell-mell of everybody's laughter. Ida's loudest of all. How she could laugh! Her great second scallop of chin, her high, strong bosom and heavy red cheeks rippling with it.

She was the terrific, the inevitable, the irresistible life of any party. Life of the community, because where Ida was there reigned jocundity, repartee and gibe.

Red, who was actually only two months younger than Ida, but easily looked five years, that upstanding he was and knitted and firm-fleshed and personable, used to stand with the rest of the loiterers on the edge of these occasions of dance or barbecue or shucking party and laugh at her antics.

She could hurl out a remark of local and blasting significance that would send the luckless victim toward whom it was directed scuttling from her presence. She bandied and aided and abetted lovers; she was quick and loud in her praise and equally loud and declamatory in her disapprovals.

She was a person, Ida was. She delighted Red. In his big, handsome, indolent way, content to have her drudge for him, even to lug and do manual labor for him when she would, without too much remonstrance, she fascinated him with her vitality.

He yowled with laughter at the spectacle of her dragging one of the young village giants across the floor by the ear, as if he were so much



She Dreaded Daylight

SHE used to dread daylight because it exposed so mercilessly the fact that her hair was turning gray. Yet she would not color her hair—because she knew of no way to do so and still hold the beauty of its lustre and the soft charm of her face. Women who colored their hair always looked it Even more than daylight, that effect was to be avoided

But now her hair is no longer gray—and she courts its inspection. What changed her mind about coloring her hair was Notox—and an understanding of its unique principle—canitic coloration. This is a scientific replication of the plan nature uses in coloring hair. A single hair is like a very, very fine colored silken thread, with a half-transparent, polished coating. This lustrous covering itself is colorless. And so the color in nature-colored hair is that of the inner thread of fibres, seen through the outside covering. Gray hair is hair in which the inner thread has lost color, due to an affection called canities.

Until Notox was invented there was no means of removing the blight of canities in the only proper way—recoloring the inner thread of fibres inside the hair. Restorers, crude dyes merely painted over the outside of the hair, blanketing the lustrous surface of the hair, and coarsening it.

How different from theirs and identical with nature's coloring plan is Notox!

Notox recolors only the inner thread. It replaces color exactly where it used to be. Notox is a truly scientific coloring.

That is why Notox is so natural in appearance that even the shrewdest inspection fails to detect it. That is why so many hundreds of thousands of women are using Notox regularly.

Advantages of Notox

Notox is safe for both the hair and scalp; cannot be detected; reproduces any natural shade of hair; is permanent. Friction, heat, or sunlight will not change its color.

Notox requires only a single application. It takes from 20 to 30 minutes for color to develop. As the hair grows out, attention to the new growth is required every five or six weeks.

Notox permits permanent waving, marcel waving, water waving or curling; it is unaffected by shampooing, fresh or salt-water bathing, Turkish baths, or perspiration; it can be applied by yourself or by your hairdresser.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: *Notox is the coloring that banishes gray hair in the safe and natural way. Its basic ingredient is an entirely new substance. The principles of its manufacture and use do not exist in any other product. They are furthermore fully protected by patent.*

Notox is sold only in packages bearing the Notox trademark. In beauty shops, see the seal of the Notox package broken before application. Notox is made by Inecto, Inc., New York; and Notox, Ltd., Toronto.



NOTOX is sold and applied in beauty shops and sold in drug and department stores. The makers of Notox will, upon request, recommend a shop where you may have Notox expertly applied.

Free Trial Sample

If you are discontented with your hair, send in the coupon and a free trial sample will be sent you, in a plain wrapper; together with the Notox Beauty Analysis Chart. Pin a few strands of newly cut hair to the coupon to enable us to provide you with the right shade of Notox.

NOTOX

Colors Hair Inside, as Nature Does

INECTO, INC.
33-35 West 46th St., New York City
Gentlemen: Attached are a few newly cut strands of my hair. Send me a trial sample of Notox and Beauty Analysis Chart CY-1.

Name.....
Address.....City.....

meal in a sack and depositing the bashful bumpkin before Cissie, whose grace he coveted.

He loved to sit by in the kitchen with his stockinged feet propped against the stove and listen to the powerful hilarity of her laughter mingling with Cissie's little ringing bell of a giggle, as the two of them swapped who knows what brand of secret lore, in the bedroom adjoining.

She was so powerful. She was like the prow of a ship. And she was such a child. She ate, she played, she slept with the gusto of one. Sometimes, lying beside her on their rickety iron bed in the center of the room they shared, the house, the night, the universe seemed to him to be filled with her. With the vitality of her. She was so strong, even in sleep. She was so everything in a more intense way than most people. So good-natured. So eager. So doting on those she loved. Even to old Katie, who still yapped at her like a wolf for marrying Red. Ida could lift her out of her chair and carry her across to the house for Sunday dinner, as if she were so much kindling-wood.

And Red—she babied him, even while she heaped him with abuses. She berated him for his shiftlessness and brushed out his red hair until she made it stand on end. She yelled insolent commentaries after him for two hundred yards down the road as he started off fishing, and the sizzle of the bacon rind he was fond of, and which she was already frying for his return, flew with little explosions up into her face.

And then sometimes, right on the heels of his departure, which she had riddled with invectives, let a neighbor so much as volunteer to tend to old Katie, and down the very road that he had trod, went Ida and Cissie shortly after, swinging between them a basket containing picnic rations for three. Again, they crept upon him from behind, so that as he sat on a fallen tree dozing over his pole, he would all but fall in the water.

Sometimes they tiptoed up from an opposite bank of the creek, stoning him.

Always they met in the unison of hilarity.

For half a mile around the quiet countryside, with the ribbon of water running through it, their laughter beat and scrambled the silence.

Frequently between them, Red and Ida made a basket of their hands and carried Cissie all the way home.

She was like a puffball. So light. Her laughter floated up like bubbles.

They loved the lightness of her, swinging her between them.

It is probable that even before consciousness of it smote Red, Ida was aware of the thing that was happening.

Certainly long before there was as much tangible evidence as the batting of an eye, Ida, with an intuition that rammed into her like a dagger, knew! Knew, the year Cissie turned a lovely seventeen, that Red was aware of her in a new, a sudden, a terrifying way.

There was almost an adolescence to his awakening to the beauty of the young maturity that was Cissie's. Inexplicably that year, Red, who had mauled her and teased her and pestered her for a period of seven years, became suddenly a gawk in her presence.

There was never a moment when consciousness smote Cissie. She continued to try to shinny up his great flank like a squirrel for a place on his shoulder and to want him to carry her at the end of a rigid arm like the kitten, but now, if she as much as touched him, or importuned him to join hands with Ida to make the basket to carry her, he growled and shook her off and roared like a bull.

Ida continued to laugh just as loudly. Just as boisterously. To berate, to abuse, to condone, to slap, to play, to fondle, to threaten.

But suddenly, frighteningly, Ida's heart was a bonfire. Months of a raging conflagration that went on inside of her secretly, searingly, almost unendurably.

Red was in love with Cissie!

There was no doubt of that. After all these years, Red was in love with Cissie. That was a consciousness to carry about with you. To drive you mad! To cause your flesh to tingle as if every pore were an electric bell, ringing. Of pain! Red was in love with Cissie. Poor Ida. The thought became a hoop rolling through the days. Rolling and burning through the heart. Red was in love with Cissie.

Sometimes at her work, Ida would call out suddenly as if a sharp pain had stabbed her and then clap her hand up against her mouth.

Red was in love with Cissie. Ida's Red.

The senses would not seem to take it in, and yet there were the evidences. The evidences, infinitesimal to any except Ida's tortured naked eye, and yet as enormous in truth as the thunder that follows lightning.

Red was in love with Cissie.

He stumbled in to bed at night, always late now, to take his place beside Ida on their crazy old craft of a pallet, and lying there beside him, pretending to be asleep, the room to her was filled with the red hoops that rolled through her eyeballs. Red was in love with Cissie.

Sometimes after he slept, in a heavy, child-like manner he had, with his face in the crook of his arm, Ida would raise herself on an elbow to gaze at the troubled sprawl of him in the faint pallor of the clear nights that hung over the valley.

That was her Red lying there. Big, handsome baby boy. Ida's Red, who was almost as much a part of her being as the breath that poured out of her, and the tears. A rope bound them—a rope of what to Ida amounted to ligament and fiber of her being; and a thread was leading him away. Silken thread of Cissie.

Those were some of the fantastically hurting thoughts that twisted Ida's face almost beyond recognition as she leaned there in the dark. Over him. Her Red. And the tears that she cried were tears of pity for him as much as herself.

And the growing, the damning evidences that made her so sure were these; evidences that seemed to cut her in two of the pain.

Suddenly here was Red, who had romped through Cissie's childhood with her, shying away now from so much as the slightest contact with the little edges of her skirt. Reddening up and swearing if she plunged a hand in his pocket for the licorice drops she was apt to find there.

Poor little Cissie, with all her astonishing knowledge of some of the vicious truths that found their way and practise into the town, she was as innocent as a babe where Red was concerned.

That made it heart-breaking, too. Cissie, little innocent Cissie, against whom the tides were lashing. She fought back against these new and unaccountable brutalities of Red and often ran to Ida weeping with them.

And then one night there occurred the first bit of tangible evidence. After Ida had sat late over her lamp, sewing a little underthing for Cissie, the sole garment, except frock, that she wore against the slim sheaf of her body, she tried it on the girl before she sent her over to her cot at the foot of Katie's bed in the shanty. Cissie slept at the beck and call of the old invalid, awakened five and six times a night by her querulous call for water.

Red came in just as she was climbing back into her dress from having tried on the underslip, and so she took refuge behind the great bulk of Ida, peeping around her like a saucy bird as she darted her arms back into the slip of calico dress.

Time had been when Cissie would have stood out of her dress without shame before Red. Now all that was changed. That was the frightening part; that was the part, those days as she laughed loudest, that lay like a clod at the terrified heart of Ida.

Late that night, when Red undressed in the kitchen before he came lumbering in to bed, he lifted the little underthing, a coarse one of percale, but already kissed with the print of Cissie's body, out of Ida's work-basket on one end of the sewing-machine. From the bed, through the crack of the door where it stood open, Ida could see him standing there with that fribble of garment clutched in his hands as if he would wring it in two pieces. Clutched—clenched . . .

Red! Poor Red! Poor Ida! Poor, poor Red!

And the further heart-break of it to her was that with the sin of lust for Cissie growing in his heart, Red, who had no logic, only an automatic code of social behavior toward the enormously personable woman he called wife, began to soften in his manner toward her.

For every time he sat between them in the little trumped-up barn of a motion-picture theater, for instance, he let his hand steal clumsily toward Ida's, because it lusted to be in Cissie's.

In just such a proportion as he yearned for the child, he became demonstrative toward the woman. Suddenly, and quite without precedent, since their courtship days at least, Red was tender, solicitous, amorous toward Ida.

If he followed Cissie across a field, just for the ecstasy of seeing her sprite of a body dance this way and that, he was sure to run a lumbering hand of caress across the hulk of Ida when he returned home. That almost killed her. She began to treasure his gruffnesses toward her. She cried inside of her, if he stooped for an object she had dropped, or went off to do a day's farm-hand work when ordinarily he would have let her pick up the few needed dollars at the tobacco factory, or do an odd day's housework for the family named Idleweiss, with whom she had lived before her marriage.

It was as if the great hulk that Red had created with his indulgence, was about to topple and crush him. Furtively, as she lumbered past him in the felt slippers she wore for housework, the tail of his eye was now newly conscious of the waddling hips. The high bosom, usually spangled with the moisture of exertion. The great, robust, good-featured face and the lips that at meal-time were usually greasy from creature enjoyment.

Red had built this vastness with his boisterous indorsements of her vitality. Suddenly, as Cissie became more and more a dancing sprite across his consciousness, the bulk of Ida grew in his disturbed brain even beyond her proportions, so that to touch her was to shudder. Secretly. Ashamedly. Heartachingly.

And Ida knew! That was the marvel of it. Every time she crossed a room, or walked ahead of him at twilight with her hand in Cissie's, Ida knew. The tent and the sprite walking along there ahead of him, and Red was tied to the tent with rope and a little silk string was leading him.

When they were both in their thirty-sixth year and Red was still straight as an arrow and swift enough, when his rheumatic knee and his indolence let him be, Ida was a hulk. They had let it happen in their coarse-grained, hilarious fashion, because there was that in her enormous vitality of spirit, of good humor, of appetite and desire that had amused him.

And now what they had created was about to destroy them. And there was no rancor against Cissie. Cissie was a symbol. Cissie was merely the sprightliness of youth, dancing in Red's heart.

The devices of Ida against the pain and the terror were transitory and ineffectual. For a while she began secretly to cut down on her food, explaining at meal-time that she had already partaken her share. Cissie was at first concerned at any omission in Ida's appetite and prepared special dishes to tempt her. But for two weeks Ida held out, nibbling scarcely enough to keep a ewe alive. Then because of the years of overindulgence, a black kind of faintness began to overtake her. Hunger pangs. And Ida, who seldom knew fatigue, would drop into a chair in the middle of the morning, exhausted. That would never do! Red might notice, and besides, one of her chief weapons in this grim battle of hers was the exuberance of her vitality. And so Ida, who had been naturally boisterous and of high

Your Sheerest, Gayest Gowns

Your filmiest, daintiest things . . .

Wear them now without hesitancy or a moment's doubt



This NEW way solves women's oldest hygienic problem as the women of constant social or business activity would have it solved . . . exquisitely, and by ending the uncertainty of makeshift methods . . . ending, too, the bother and embarrassment of disposability.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

FRESH, charming, immaculate, *all day and every day* beyond all doubt or question—this *new* way is bringing it to millions.

In your life, it will make a great and refreshing difference. It will end the doubts and uncertainties of the old-time sanitary pad. It gives back the days women used to lose.

Eight in every 10 women in the better walks of American social and business life have adopted it. Doctors urge it. Highest authorities approve it. Virtually every great hospital uses it.

These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in wartime France first discovered it. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads. Kotex also deodorizes by a new secret disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—*and in your health.* 60% of many ills, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

On sale everywhere

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. *Today* begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed free on request. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Easy Disposal
and 2 other important factors

(1) No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



(2) Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



(3) Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue



Ignorance of physical facts

never brought happiness

UNLESS there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment on a subject such as feminine hygiene. The recent advances in this branch of hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the *evil of poisonous antiseptics.*

Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient and true surgical cleanliness.

Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But no longer need a woman risk the effects of dangerous poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home. For now she has *Zonite.* This powerful antiseptic-germicide is a remarkable achievement to contemplate. *Though absolutely non-poisonous,* Zonite is more than forty times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen and far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the human body.

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful antiseptic which, in its many uses, is harmless to human tissue! Dentists are using it widely for preventive oral hygiene. Suggestion: ask your physician's opinion of Zonite.

Send for dainty booklet on feminine hygiene, frankly written. Zonite Products Co., Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream.

At your druggist's in bottles, 25c, 50c and $1.00



ZONITE PRODUCTS CO., *Women's Division*
250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked. ☐ Feminine Hygiene ☐ Antiseptics in the home

Please print name (G-17)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

spirits before, became now shockingly hilarious. Nervously, conscientiously, hilarious.

All day and half the night her high laughter clattered through the house. There was never a moment that she would let herself run down.

There was never a moment, now that Red was awake to Cissie, that desire for her was not burning through his spirit and his flesh.

The town began to notice. Let Cissie so much as walk out of an evening with one of the hands from a near-by farm, or with a young lout of a fellow called Jo, whose father owned a considerable acreage up behind a cider-mill, and Red was like one possessed.

Restlessness made a bashing bull out of him. He could not remain seated for five minutes in a given spot. He listened to what the loiterers around the post-office and the cider barrels were saying, with his eyes fixed and burning in the direction in which Cissie had disappeared. Often he followed, pretending to amble away aimlessly, but breaking into a run after he was out of sight of the villagers. One evening he missed the trail of Cissie and Jo and ran hither and thither like one crazed, cursing and sobbing to himself.

He was as nearly frenzied as a man could be. Frenzied with desire. Frenzied with jealousy. With remorse. Frenzied with love for Cissie and tenderness for Ida.

A dilemma that kept him in a fever. How did some men throw off the old so casually and then on with the new? Red was bound in such a manner that with every wrench to be free, ligaments of his heart seemed to twist.

The loiterers in front of Grody's began openly to laugh at him. And Cissie, innocent as a babe of this sirocco she was causing in the heart of this man, began to twit him too for following her about.

"Go 'long, you, old Red, you. Go 'long," she said to him one evening before darting off for a walk with a youth from the town called Deborah. "What you always following me around for, Red? Go 'long, you!"

Ida knew! The loiterers around the general store knew! Red knew, too, and yet he could not calm himself while she was out of sight. There was a bonfire in his heart.

One evening, while Cissie was hanging over a picket gate talking to one of the rare lodgers who came their way, a young radio salesman from Cincinnati, Ida went out into the woodshed to get a bottle of chicken medicine to be administered by dropper for a little brood she was nursing along, in one of the unused rooms of the house. Lying stark on the black dirt floor of the shed, so that she almost stumbled over him, was Red, with his face pillowed in his arms, kicking with the toes of his shoes against the ground and sobbing. Audibly, but in the tearless fashion of dry, locked torment.

When Ida backed out of there noiselessly, she wanted the earth to open and swallow her up. She had looked upon something so terrifying, so private, so out of the innermost recesses of human passion that it was almost like—like daring to look squarely up at a fork of lightning.

Red, lying in there with the heart bleeding out of him for Cissie.

Hours later, when Ida crept back there for the bottle and the dropper, she had to grope for them along a ledge in among a cobwebby bottle of horse liniment, a can of axle grease, the chloroform bottle that had snuffed out poor Lonnie, and such obnoxious objects as a decaying chicken's foot, a rusty hinge, and one of Red's discarded old pipes, rimmed in grease.

That was the evening of the day that the young radio salesman, who traveled about the country in a little tin car, decided to put up for the night at the Hassebrocks'.

He was a slim young fellow of no particular face, a belted-in coat, a blue soft collar and a polka-dot bow tie. Slicked-haired, a yellow right third finger, and the pert, aggressive air of a salesman who has to talk rapidly and keep his foot between the door as the housewife holds it grudgingly open.

He was a bit more urban than most of the run of fellows who came through Doyer, and he smiled on Cissie as all the youths who came to Doyer were beginning to smile, now that she had turned a lovely seventeen.

And Cissie, who was saucy and full of the drolleries of a natural coquetry, smiled back. That was how, at the dusk of day, as she hung on the picket fence swapping incredible vaporings with the youth with the pinch-back coat and no particular face, she happened to start with him for a walk which led first through the village and then on across a meadow on the way to a wood.

Poor Red, stumbling after. Some of the dirt from the black floor of the shed still clung to his brow. He tried to loiter a bit at Grody's, his eyes roving pitiably after the pair as they plowed through the tall grasses of meadow, on toward the wood where the afterglow of a sunset still showed through the tree boles. He tried to loiter longer and to swap talk, but as never before, his brain was on fire, and one of the country bumpkins, a day-laborer who worked at road-building, openly derided and gave courage to the others to follow quick suit. It was the first time they had ever dared to put it into words.

"Better hurry, Red. He's the best one that has come her way yet. He looked like he could eat her with a spoon. This one is going to get her! He's the best yet . . ."

That was true. That was true. There never had been a fellow come to town looked at Cissie the way this one had.

Red's breathing, from that thought, became like the panting of an engine. Like the snorting of a bull.

"Watch out, Red. She'll be stolen before your very eyes one of these days."

That was true. That was true. Just to behold Cissie was to become mad with desire . . .

"Lookie, Red! Look out there at them skittling toward Lover's Lane. That little fellow works fast, I'll say."

That was true. That was true. Only six hours in town and almost every moment of them twitting around with Cissie. That was true . . . Them kind of fellows work fast.

"Watch out, Red! Them little-devil kind are slippery."

"Curse you!" shouted Red to the loiterers. "Curse you!" And plunged his way after them. Past shame now. Frantic. What if Cissie were to slip away—through the meadow—through the woods—on through to—to some beyond that did not include him? That made a bonfire of him, all right. What if Cissie were to slip away? Curse them for saying so. Curse that fellow in the blue collar . . .

They were two specks now moving through the stripes of the trees, with a sky like blood-red curtain for background.

Here was a new sensation for Cissie. This smarty Cincinnati fellow, obviously smitten. It brought out all her latent coquetry. A young fellow with slick, quick, urban ways. The enormous and plated overassurance of a person with something to sell.

The cock-sure bravado of the man accustomed to have to talk fast, convincingly, and in the face of the housewife's impending slam of door, and Cissie a little intoxicated with the quickened tempo he brought to things.

It was summer and twilight and there were birds twitting themselves to sleep in a great commotion all through the small woods, and when they walked, they created quite a flurry among them of flying from bough to bough; and just out of sight and just within sound, there crept Red. Noiselessly, except for his breathing, which to himself seemed a gale but to Cissie and her companion was unheard.

How she played! Like a kitten. It made Red want to cry.

"You're a pretty little thing," said the fellow-with-no-particular-face and made a feint for her waist-line.

"And you're a fresh little thing," cried Cissie. She had a thin treble voice that had a tremolo in it. A tremolo that to Red was like the throb of a bird-throat when you hold a thrush in your hand and bend back its head.

"Kiddle-iddle," cried the youth-with-no-face, and tickled her little heart-shaped chin with the long nail of his third finger.

"Kiddle-iddle," cried Cissie and made a pretense of tickling back. If she had touched him, Red could not have stood it.

"Kiddle-iddle!"

The laughter of Cissie. It cut Red in two as he stood there behind a tree, wilfully inflicting upon himself the pain of this scene.

"You're a card, Cissie. You're a red hot little mama!"

"Oh, oh, oh! I'm a red hot little mama."

"Kiss me!"

"No!"

"Why?"

"Dassen't."

"Dast, too!"

"Say, bossie, how do you get thataway?"

"Whataway?"

"Spoony."

"'Cause you're such a sweet little red hot mama."

"You're a little cutey, too, calling me a red hot mama," said Cissie and pursed up her nose until it crinkled and then began waggling a nonsensical finger at him.

It was coquetry out and out, and the youth-with-no-face-in-particular caught excitement from it and made a dive for her and grabbed her by the edge of her skirt and jerked her to him and for the moment his eyes focused with her nearness.

"I'll steal you."

"All right, who said you couldn't?"

"Mean it?"

"You said it."

"That big guy that's crazy after you. There'd be hell to pay with him if I did try it."

"Who?"

"That big guy that follows you around. The fellow you work for."

"Red?"

"Yeh."

"Him?"

"Yeh, him. Don't throw me those innocent eyes or I'll pick 'em up and make cuff links out of them."

"Red? He's just my——"

"He's just crazy for you, that's what he is. No guy with good sense is going to make up to you with that guy around. Not if he wants to keep his brains where they belong, instead of leaving them strewn along the roads of Doyer."

"You mean . . . "

"I mean he's jealous of you. Aw, no, you don't fool me with throwing innocent eyes again. That guy'll knock the head off of anyone who touches you. Come on, be a good girl and tell me just where you and him get off."

"Red? Him?" cried Cissie, and went off into one of the freshets of her laughter. "Me and *Red?*" Old hairy ape of a *Red*. "Why, he's Ida's! He's just like—like my pap would be if I had one. He's Ida's—he's just my pap—of a old hairy ape——"

"He's crazy for you. He's red-eyed for you."

Cissie doubling up with laughter, and hugging her arms across her frail little body with hilarity.

"Me and Red. Me and hairy old ape of a pap. Where do we get off? Say, you're crazy with the heat," cried Cissie. "He's married to my big old fat, sweet old fat Ida. Say, you're crazy, you are," cried Cissie, throwing him the challenge of a tagging movement with her hand. "He'd give me the shivers and the jimjams if he was anything but Ida's. Thank you, keep the change, no hairy old horrors for me! Dare you to steal me! Dare you to steal me! I want to be stole," sang Cissie and danced away. A sprite among trees. Wind-tossed. Youth-tossed. Beauty-tossed.

Hairy old ape. There behind the trees he was, his lower lip pursed out, hanging down, seeming to grow.

Hairy old ape! Youth had slapped him a ringing blow across the heart. There she was out there.

Youth! A sprite among the trees, answering back the call of youth to the fellow-with-no-face-in-particular. The song of life,

Shocs that Make You *Feel* and *Look* Your *Best*



NINE out of ten people suffer from weak arches and have impaired their graceful carriage and the trim appearance of their feet by wearing improperly made shoes. Many do not know what is wrong. Others hesitate to apply the right remedy because they do not know they now can obtain stylish shoes that provide proper support *Proven Arch Shoes of attractive appearance to harmonize with every costume – with utmost comfort for active feet.

Medical Profession and Foot Specialists Prescribe Proven-Arch Shoes

Proven Arch Shoes prevent and correct foot troubles. Built for normal feet to conform exactly to the correct shape of the human foot. Give support where most needed to eliminate foot pains and aches. Permit natural unhampered spring in walking or dancing. The most comfortable shoes you ever could put on. Wear them to enjoy good health, calm nerves, a happy feeling of capability and the utmost in long shoe life and hold-their-shape quality.

How to Obtain Foot Comfort and Style

The Proven Arch style book tells you everything you need to know to avoid or correct weakened arches. Foot posture, carriage, lotions, antiseptics, cleansing, nail trimming and shoe fitting, all are explained so you can understand and benefit from the advice given. The latest Proven Arch styles are fully illustrated and described. Read this book, select a pair of Proven Arch Shoes and experience how they soothe and strengthen tired, aching feet. For your feet's sake and your comfort and health get this Free book and try a pair of these common sense, modish shoes.

Mail This Coupon *for* Free Style Book

FREE



Certified Shoe Corporation,
6th St. & 10th Ave., Rockford, Ill.

Gentlemen:
Send me the Proven Arch style book "Care of the Feet" that tells how to care for and correct weakened arches, relieve foot aches and pains and keep my feet trim and comfortable.

Name_____

Address_____

BLACKHEADS

cannot be hidden. Get rid of them now by regular treatments with

Resinol

40,000 Opportunities in Hotels



Nation-wide demand for men and women—Hotels, Clubs, Tea Rooms, Restaurants. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and help you get a position. Big pay—fine living—quick advancement—our methods endorsed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for free book—"*Your Big Opportunity.*"

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room D-212 Washington, D. C.

TAKE A LUDEN'S — MILLIONS DO

Here's *Quick* relief

from autumn colds, husky throats and tired voices. Refreshes the mouth, too. The exclusive menthol blend in the yellow package.

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢



Learn At Home Interior Decoration

Which would you like? A profitable little business of your own—a dignified high-salaried executive position—or a pleasant, part-time interest that pays well in money and happiness?

Interior Decoration is a fast-growing, fascinating profession which offers unusual rewards in happiness and splendid income to those who succeed. And now it is easy to learn Interior Decoration at home. Prominent successful New York Interior Decorators teach you up-to-date professional practices through a new and remarkably simple method.

FREE BOOK—Beautifully illustrated—describes the wonderful opportunities in Interior Decoration and this easy professional home-study course. Also special offer to new students. Mail post card or letter for this interesting book—*now.*

National School of Interior Decoration
Dept. 349 2 W. 47th Street New York City

"Marvelous! You say it took only 3 minutes"



"Yes, and see how white and smooth my arm is. Not a trace of hair. I've tried other methods but I give all praise to Del-a-tone." For nearly twenty years Del-a-tone has been enhancing beauty and true feminine charm; a record unmatched.

Nothing Like It!

Just 3 minutes after applying Del-a-tone to arms, limbs, back of neck or face, rinse and behold the loveliest of white, hair-free skin.

Removes Hair

DEL-A-TONE

CREAM or POWDER

The quick, effective results are the same, whether you use the old reliable Del-a-tone (powder) or the newer Del-a-tone Cream prepared, ready for immediate use. It is the only pure, snow-white, fragrant depilatory cream that removes hair in 3 minutes.

At drug and department stores or sent prepaid anywhere in U. S. A. in plain wrapper for one dollar —a big economy. State whether you wish Del-a-tone or Del-a-tone Cream. A trial package of Del-a-tone or Del-a-tone Cream will be sent prepaid in plain wrapper for 10c.

THE DELATONE COMPANY

Dept. 59 721 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

FRECKLES



OTHINE

Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine —double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

it was there to be sung and Cissie was trying to sing it. Her way. Everyone had to sing it —his way.

Hairy old ape could not sing it to youth! Hairy old ape, that's what he had been to Cissie, all the while that his old blood had been swinging in his veins for her. The swinging and the singing that should have been for Ida. Ida! Ida! There was that in Red made him suddenly like a small boy wanting to race from a world of strangers home to the bosom that held the mystery of maternity for him.

Red wanted Ida! Red had been cut across the heart. Red had been lashed into a bitter, stinging realization that made him, as he dashed homeward through the meadows, cry great isolated tears that ran down his face and splashed onto his bare chest where the army shirt fell open.

Red wanted Ida! He wanted to crawl up to her feet like old Lonnie might have done and lay there with his face against them.

There was that sweetish odor when he entered their room. Where— before? There was something a little sickening to it, that smote him at the pit of his being. Ida, great welt of her, was lying across the bed with a white cloth tied over her mouth and knotted at the back of her head. What? Toothache! She had it sometimes. Poor old darling Ida. It was blessed, like recovering from a great fever, to come home to her. Ida. Haven of Ida. He wanted to creep into the cove of her arms and lie there just silently to her heart-beat.

"Ida!" cried Red and went up to her almost with the whine of a dog. There was a lamp burning on the table beside the bed, with its shade tilted back like a hat from a hot forehead. Behind the wash-stand all the photographs of the pretty picture girls, their arching necks and their bare shoulders, came out in the light. And in that same light, above the handkerchief tied about her mouth, there was something about the eyes of Ida! *There was something about the eyes of Ida!*

"Ida!" called Red as if he were summoning her from a distance, and went up and shook her shoulder. What kind of toothache was this that made her seem receding that way?

And what kind of Red was this, was what Ida, who could no longer speak, was asking herself. Why—why—what was this look in his face? Why—Red had come back to her! Red was needing her. Red had been hurled out of somewhere—hurled out of the paradise of Cissie. Red had come back and was needing her!

And Ida could not talk. Funny, too, while she was shouting so loudly down inside of herself. She was sliding off somewhere. She must crawl back. This was the way Lonnie must have felt that day in the shed when she wanted back. That had been the only way to do it. Lonnie's way. It was the only way she knew about. Once a man had hanged himself from a rafter in a deserted barn down the road. But that was unthinkable. This way was easy, except now—suddenly, Red showing up this way. Ida wanted to come back. Ida wanted to crawl back, up the ledge. Red was standing there needing her. Life was suddenly so sweet —Ida must come back to him. Ida wanted to talk, to take his head between her hands, and she was locked into the silence that was sucking her under.

"Ida!" screamed Red and held the lamp high. "Ida!"

It was so black. The rushing, sweetish, sickish silence was like a stream bearing her away.

Suddenly, terribly, to Red standing there with the lamp held up like a torch, she seemed gone, except for her eyes that he could feel against the flesh of his breast, like two wounds.

The Understanding Heart (*Continued from page 107*)

pen? My ink-well is, as usual, empty and a mausoleum for defunct flies."

The affidavits appeared in duplicate. Judge Kenly paused with pen uplifted. "How come?" he queried.

"Some more of Mr. Garland's fast work, Judge," Bentley informed him. "One set of affidavits, together with the record of the sworn testimony adduced here this morning, goes to the Parole Board. Mr. Garland will deliver those documents. The other set goes to the governor. I deliver them. I expect to induce the governor to request the Parole Board to take up the Mason matter immediately; meanwhile he will have had a chance to skim through the mess of papers I've handed him and get all the angles of the case straightened out, so that when the Parole Board recommends a pardon, the pardon'll be all made out an' waitin' for the victim. We don't figger on leavin' Bob Mason in the jug a minute longer'n necessary."

"You and Garland set a fast pace, Bentley," the district attorney declared, "but I'll try to keep up with you. The judge and I will see if we can't set a record for bringing the Grand Jury together in a hurry and getting an indictment against Jethroe. An indictment should tend to congeal this important matter in the minds of the governor and the Parole Board."

"That's right," said Bentley soberly. "You get that indictment out, Jim, and then when I go down to see the governor at Sacramento I'll continue right on to San Francisco—it's only ninety miles farther—snatch that skunk Jethroe out of his office, put the bracelets on him and yank him back to Siskiyou. I want to confine that animal for at least twenty-four hours in the worst room in my hotel."

"In that event," the judge suggested, "plan to arrive here on Saturday morning. I'll be away on a fishing trip and not available to set Jethroe's bail until Monday morning."

"Spoken like a man," Bentley declared. He glanced triumphantly around the courtroom and it was plain that a plan of more than usual agreeableness was hatching in his honest brain. "When Uncle Charley Canfield died," he announced, "I sort o' figured the old man would have in his ee-state some assets so plum illegal they couldn't be introduced in court. So I went over to his shanty and confiscated said assets in the name of the law. Feller citizens, if you-all will repair to my humble abode I'll slake your thirsts with four or five mint juleps made from Uncle Charley's grade-A, eight-year-old moonshine—and believe me, Uncle Charley was an artist. I asked the missus to have them juleps ready by ten-thirty."

Judge Kenly removed his leg from the arm of his chair and reached for his hat. "Thank heaven," he murmured, "this session of my court has been informal. If the church party ever hears of this I'll get a run for my money at the next election."

Fifteen men descended upon the Bentley home and found chairs and table on the secluded back porch. "Hey, ma," the sheriff shouted, "the customers are here!"

Mrs. Bentley promptly appeared with the juleps, and while the visitors solemnly toasted the lady and proceeded to make short work of the first julep to make way for the second, Garland went to the sheriff's telephone, called up Monica Dale and acquainted her with the result of his operations to date. He was rewarded by her announcement that he was a sweet Tonv. When he returned to the back porch the second round of juleps was well on its way to oblivion. Judge Kenly raised his glass as Garland returned.

"Success to crime," he declared.

"Mud in your eye," Garland replied.

"You fellers quit your chatterin'," Bentley commanded. "You make more noise than a colony of crows. Gents, I'm givin' a toast. Here's to Monica Dale, the only woman on

earth that ever made a fool out of yours truly. God bless her!"

"Amen!" came the husky chorus.

"And here," said Jim Kerby, the memory of his great loss still upon him, "is long life and happiness to a most successful and gallant horse-thief."

"Somebody's been talkin'," Bentley protested, and grinned broadly. "Well, I guess it won't hurt me once old Bob gets in the clear again, as he's sure bound to, but—you listen to me! From now until I die there'll be folks in this county mean enough to say Bob never stole Baldy a-tall, but that I give him the horse to make his getaway and the proposition back-fired owin' to the act of God."

Anthony Garland then related the amusing details of Mason's escape and the sheriff was compelled to put up with a deal of merry chaffing. After the third julep one of the jurymen, an old placer-miner from Scott Valley, commenced to weep, so Bentley announced he had done enough law-breaking to last him for years and ordered everybody to disperse.

That night Garland went to San Francisco and next day appeared before a meeting of the Parole Board.

He remained in San Francisco a few days visiting old friends and started back to Siskiyou on Friday night. As he came down the ramp of the ferry at Oakland pier and strolled toward the train, a heavy hand fell on his shoulder; turning, he found himself gazing into the humorous face of Sheriff Bentley.

"Hello, old settler," Garland greeted him. "Homeward bound, too?"

"Surest thing you know—and not empty-handed, either." His great paw reached out and grasped by the arm a stout, well-dressed man who walked beside him. "Mr. Jethroe," he boomed, "meet my friend and associate in crime, Mr. Anthony Garland."

Jethroe favored the ex-ranger with a wintry nod and a brief stare.

"Fast work," Garland murmured approvingly.

"Well, when you got a thing to do the thing to do is to do it, son. The judge told me I'd better round up the Grand Jury the day after you left, so I done it, and once we got 'em in the jury room it didn't take 'em long to bring in the indictment. The minute the indictment had been drawn up and signed by the foreman, he took it over to Judge Kenly, Jim Kerby issued the warrant and I come down and served it. Mr. Jethroe's a bit mystified and says it's all a horrible mistake, and mebbe it is. If so, I reckon he'll straighten us all out on that point pretty pronto."

"I suppose you're in on this conspiracy, Garland," Jethroe charged harshly. "I understand you used to be a lawyer."

"You bet I am, Jethroe—up to my eyebrows."

"Well, when I get through with you——"

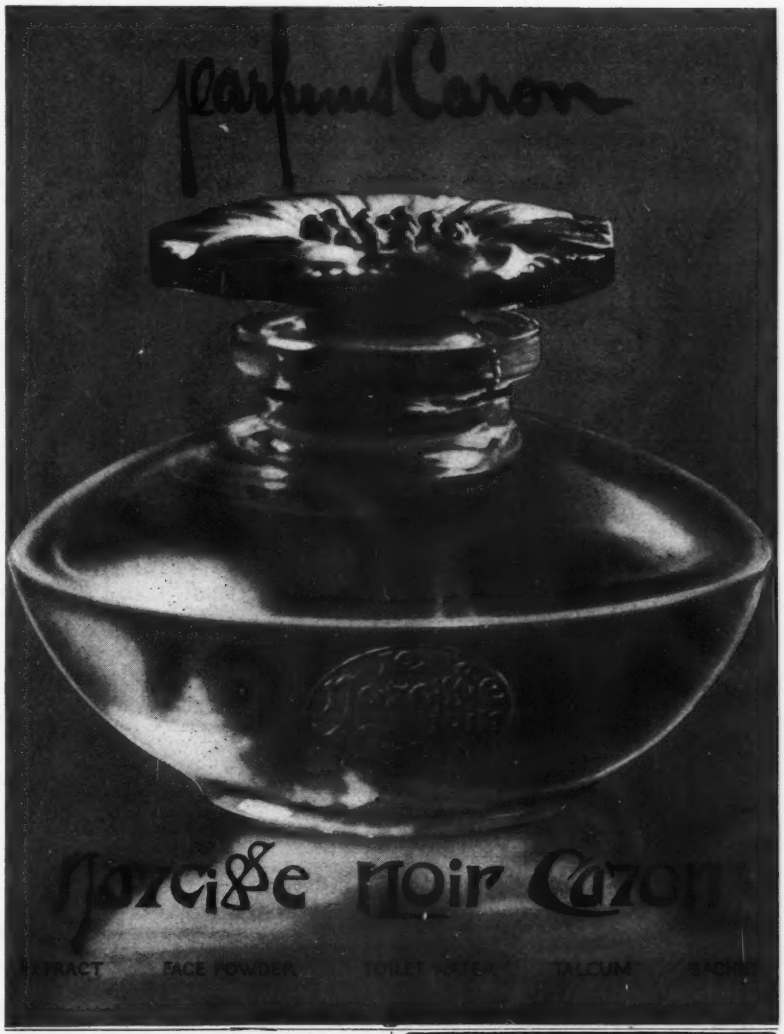
"You'll be a much older man than you are, not quite so fat and with much of the conceit and arrogance missing from your cosmos," Garland interrupted him.

"Here's our car, Garland," said Bentley. "Mr. Jethroe's bought a drawing-room for him and me an' we're travelin' in style."

He winked, helped Jethroe up the car steps and disappeared with him into the vestibule. Garland, a little saddened at sight of Jethroe's pale, unhappy countenance, went at once to his own berth and turned in.

They were at their destination late the following afternoon, Saturday, and McNaughton, John Thurlow's successor in charge of the Hercules operations at Dogwood Flats, in response to a telegram sent him by Jethroe when Bentley served the warrant, met the party at the station with an automobile.

"The judge has gone fishing, Mr. Jethroe," he informed his chief, "and nobody appears to know where. I haven't been able to find him and induce him to set the amount of your bail. I have the fifty thousand dollars your lawyer telegraphed the bank here for that purpose, however."



Subscribe to Cosmopolitan

through any authorized agent of the

PERIODICAL SERVICE CO., INC.
West Broadway at Lyndale,
Minneapolis, Minn.

This company has representatives throughout the U. S. who are authorized to accept yearly subscriptions to COSMOPOLITAN at the regular price and terms as printed on their order forms.

Cosmopolitan, 119 W. 40th St., New York

Tea Room Managers in Big Demand



Hundreds of new Tea Rooms, Cafeterias, Motor Inns and Coffee Shops now opening are calling for trained managers. Shortage acute. We receive daily calls for Managers, Assistant Managers, etc. Big salaries paid to trained executives. Fortunes are being made in this big new industry, whether you open a tea room of your own, or manage one already going. We teach you entire business in a few weeks, at cost of but a few cents a day. Send for FREE BOOK. *"Pouring Tea for Profit."*
Lewis Tea Room Institute Dept. D-216, Washington, D.C.

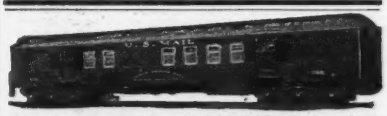
WHY BE DEAF?



Stop Head Noises—Ringing Ears
I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years with my Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you how I became deaf and how I can make you hear. Send name to



Geo. P. Way, ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUM COMPANY, Inc.
40 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.



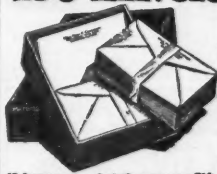
$158-$225 Month- RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS Work for "Uncle Sam" Men, 18 up. Travel—See your country. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write IMMEDIATELY for free list of U. S. Government positions now open to men and women 18 up. Do it today sure.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE Dept. W-220 ROCHESTER, N. Y.



LEARN CARTOONING At Home–It's Easy

Just think—$50 to over $250 a week paid to good cartoonists for work that's fun! And YOU can easily learn cartooning at home—no matter if you've never touched a drawing pencil. Write for interesting FREE Book describing our easy simplified method. Also details of special Outfit Offer to new students! Send postcard today to **Washington School of Cartooning, Room 499-D, 1113–15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.**

200 Sheets 100 Envelopes $1.00 POST PAID



High grade, clear white bond paper—unusually smooth writing surface. Size 6 x 7 inches with envelopes to match. Has that crisp, crackly "feel" that identifies it to everyone as superior quality stationery.

Name and Address Printed Free

on every sheet and envelope in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste.

Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift with your friend's name. Attractive 3 letter monogram if preferred.

Just send $1.00 (west of Denver and outside U.S., $1.10) and this generous supply of stationery will come by return mail, postage prepaid. Securely packed in a sturdy blue box. Please write or print clearly. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

National Stationery Co., 1206 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois



Clear Up Your Skin

Freckles are a handicap, both to good looks and social popularity. Get rid of them. They are needless. You can remove them secretly, quickly, surely—and no one will ever know how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream, *double action*, not only dissolves away freckles, but whitens, refines and beautifies your skin. After using this snowy-white magical cream, your skin will be soft and white, clear and transparent. Results guaranteed.

At all druggists 50¢ and $1. Try it tonight.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES WHITENS THE SKIN

FREE COUPON

The Stillman Co.,
14 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
I would like your FREE booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets," telling all about make-up and skin treatment used by stage stars.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... **State** .....

NON-POISONOUS ANTISEPTIC
Moon-Tabs
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Positively, the most effective antiseptic ever created for Feminine Hygiene. Women who try it will use no other—they recommend it to their friends. Immaculate cleanliness insured with this odorless, soothing antiseptic. Will not burn or injure delicate membranes. Destroys all offensive odors and relieves irritation. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. $1.00 per package. If your druggist cannot supply you, send direct to MOON LABORATORIES, 625 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. *Write for fascinating* FREE *Booklet, "Peace of Mind."*

FOR Feminine Hygiene

CORNS

For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

At drug and shoe stores everywhere

For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

Stop Earache!

EARAKINE



Relieves pain. Softens the wax. A reliable harmless product. All druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. C. S. Dent & Company, Detroit

Jethroe's face went pale green; he turned to Bentley with a look of terror and helplessness. "You're not going to put me in jail until the judge returns, are you, Sheriff?" he pleaded.

"*Seguro, amigo,*" the genial Bentley replied. "You didn't have no scruples about sendin' Bob Mason to the pen, did you? You lied to make sure he'd git there, didn't you? At least, the indictment says you did—or hints it, at any rate." He paused dramatically. "I'm Bob Mason's friend," he said with flat finality, and with a hand on his prisoner's arm propelled him gently toward the waiting automobile. "Most generally men of your caliber manage to beat the game, but while I got the power I aim to give you a small taste o' what you gave Bob Mason. An' quit your whimperin', you fat, overgrown baby."

"But you decline to tell me the details of this charge of perjury," Jethroe wailed. "I ought to be told in order——"

"Well, dog-gone your soul, man, can't I make you suffer one night without gittin' scolded?" Bentley's voice was childishly plaintive. "You're used to gittin' everything you want the minute you want it!"

"I have secured a copy of the indictment, Mr. Jethroe," McNaughton told his chief, and handed the document to Jethroe, who perused it eagerly as the car sped up-town to the county jail.

"Bad news?" Bentley queried amiably as his prisoner, ushered into the jail office, sat down heavily. Jethroe made no answer. "It looks like a hard hand to beat, if you ask me," the sheriff continued. "It certainly looks like I'm goin' to have to take another trip to San Quentin or Folsom with a felon."

"I have no doubt you'll enjoy the journey," Jethroe rasped.

"Well, once in a while I do git a kick out o' this sorry job o' mine," Bentley admitted grimly. "Well, I got you registered in my hotel, Mr. Jethroe, so if you'll pick up your bag—sorry we ain't got a bell-hop—the jailer here will show you to your room. 'Tain't what you're used to, but it's the worst we got. Jim," he said, turning to the waiting jailer, "you don't happen to have picked up a couple of Indians or drunken sheep-herders while I been away, have you?"

Jim confessed he had a miner with delirium tremens and a Modoc buck in for assault.

"Turn 'em in with Mr. Jethroe," Bentley ordered. "The gentleman's right low in his sperrits and will be wantin' company to keep him amused. He ain't had a chance to do his daily dozen today so mebbe he'd enjoy wrastlin' with that miner. Don't tell me the feller ain't violent, Jim!"

His mocking chuckle followed Jethroe through the door into the jail corridor.

On Monday morning at ten o'clock Bentley brought Jethroe into court to plead to the indictment against him. The latter's attorney, one James P. Rigdon, had already arrived in town to represent his client, and when Jethroe, as a matter of course, pleaded not guilty, Judge Kenly set the date of his trial two weeks from date, denying Rigdon's plea for thirty days in which to prepare his case.

"Under ordinary circumstances I would grant your request, Mr. Rigdon," the Court assured the latter, "but this is no ordinary case. A citizen of this county is now reposing in the state penitentiary, partly upon the strength of testimony given by this defendant in his trial, and the indictment charges that this testimony was false in every particular and that the defendant knew it was false.

"Two weeks is ample time for you to prepare an attack against the validity of this indictment and consult with your client. Motion denied."

Rigdon then made a motion to have his client admitted to bail, and Judge Kenly set the bail at twenty-five thousand dollars cash, which was immediately furnished. Ten minutes later Jethroe walked out of the district attorney's office with his lawyer, a free man for two weeks.

Bentley walked into Jim Kerby's office the moment Jethroe and his attorney came out. "See here, Jim," he announced, "I want to remind you that man Jethroe ain't no mean opponent. He's the sort of man who pits his bank roll against the law and wins oftener than plain men like us care to see happen.

"We got to put that hardware clerk, Edward Binney, under surveillance. Jethroe can fight the evidence in that record book the hardware people keep, even if we have the book in our possession, provided he gets Binney out of the way. Jethroe will then swear his signature is a forgery, and unless Binney is on hand to swear, regardless of the written record, that Jethroe is the man he sold that pistol to and that he knows Jethroe well and has for years, we're liable to git a hung jury.

"This Binney is only a clerk and if Jethroe dangles ten thousand dollars under his nose and gives him a ticket to Europe, where are we at? That's the only chance to win Jethroe has and he's smart enough to know it. He can afford to pay the price. The job would be cheap for him at a hundred thousand."

"I'll have a subpœna served on Binney immediately."

"That won't keep Binney from changin' his mind once he's on the witness-stand. You got an emergency expense fund you don't have to account for, haven't you, Jim?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, let me have five hundred dollars and I'll send a smart man down to San Francisco to look after Binney and see that nobody tampers with him."

"Who'll you send?"

Bentley smiled like a mischievous boy. "How would that ex-ranger, Garland, do?"

"The very man," Jim Kerby agreed, and handed over the money.

That night Garland went to San Francisco and served Edward Binney next day with a subpœna as a witness. And when he had served him at his place of employment, he lingered long enough to acquaint the clerk with the most minute details of Bob Mason's case. Having, as he believed, enlisted Binney's sympathies and earnest cooperation, his conversation next shifted to firearms. He examined a number of shotguns, sporting rifles and fishing-tackle; he expatiated upon the delights of a camping trip in the mountain fastnesses of Siskiyou, for deer and bear and fish, until Binney's face glowed as, in his mind's eye, he wandered through the wilderness with Anthony Garland.

Presently Garland suggested such a trip, with Binney as his guest.

"Can't very well get away," Binney protested, "although I'm due for a vacation."

"Whisper in the boss's ear," Garland suggested. "You have an excellent excuse. You've been subpœnaed as a witness in this case and he will have to let you go in two weeks. Suggest to him that you have a fine opportunity to investigate some virgin hunting and fishing territory while you are away, and without cost to you. Such information as you will acquire on this trip is always an asset to a firm that handles sporting-goods."

Under the strong spell of temptation so skilfully woven by the adroit Garland, Binney took the matter up with his employer at once, with the result that he went north to Siskiyou with Garland that night. Sheriff Bentley met them at the train with two saddle-horses and a pair of pack-mules, laden with blankets, provisions and other necessary equipment.

That night, while an emissary of Henry Jethroe was questioning Binney's wife as to his whereabouts, Garland and his protégé slept in the timber far down on the Klamath River, while Sheriff Bentley celebrated this master-stroke by taking his missus and the girls to a motion-picture show.

The foreman of the jute-mill at San Quentin came out of his office and his stentorian voice rose above the whir of machinery.

"Mason!"

Bob Mason abandoned his task of putting

wire straps around a bale of gunny sacks and approached the foreman.

"You're to report to the warden's office, Mason," the latter ordered.

"What for?"

"I dunno. Guess the old man figures you'd ought to do a little stretch in solitary for jumping your job with the road gang."

When, five minutes later, in answer to his timid rap at the door of the warden's private office, he received a summons to enter, Bob Mason found facing him Anthony Garland and Sheriff Bentley. Both were smiling broadly at him. With the hesitancy and timidity that is born of the strict discipline of prison life, Bob merely nodded to his friends and turned respectfully to the warden.

"Prisoner Mason reports, sir."

"Oh, yes, Mason, I sent for you—and by the way, you're Mr. Mason this morning, not Prisoner Mason. Here's an unconditional pardon from the governor of the State of California, together with a letter from the governor to you. I imagine he's telling you you have been the victim of a horrible mistake. Put your cap on, man. You're free."

Bob reached for the large envelop the warden held toward him, but he was not destined to receive it—yet. There was a sudden impact against his broad breast and something was thrust close up under his nose—something warm and soft and human—a child's face.

"Here's your son, Bob dear," Monica Dale's voice informed him. "I thought he ought to be the first person to welcome his daddy. Take him in your arms, silly. I went all the way to Reno and borrowed him from your sister. She was ill and couldn't come. Oh, Bob, my dear, dear friend!"

And somehow Bob Mason found them both in his arms, with two pair of arms around his neck. Hungrily he drew his son's face up against his rough cheek and held it close; his eyes closed, but through the tight lids the dogged tears seeped forth as Monica drew his head down on her breast and kissed him and held him to her great, understanding heart. Presently Bob Mason opened his misty eyes and smiled a twisted smile.

"There, there, dear," Monica soothed. "Take a look at him, Bob. Isn't he a bustiferous boy?"

"He—he looks like—his mother," the man murmured, and kissed the flesh of his flesh and the blood of his blood. "Poor little Kelcey." From a long scrutiny of his little son's face, he turned to Monica and swept her to him with a long right arm. "You don't mind—do you, friend?" he said to Garland and kissed her.

Bentley and Garland now came forward and wrung his hand; the warden followed suit and once more presented the document that restored Robert Lee Mason to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Bentley was quite beside himself with delight.

"It's a long lane that ain't got a blind pig at the end of it these days, son," he assured Bob. "We've worked fast, but still you been eatin' state rations a sight longer than any of us found agreeable."

He picked a large suitcase off the floor.

"I got your prison clothes' measurements from the warden a week ago," he rattled on. "Tony and Monica picked you out a suit of hand-me-downs and a coupler shirts and some underwear and socks and a pair of shoes and a necktie and the kind o' hat you used to wear, and if you'll hand that surprised child to Monica and go dress yourself, son, we'll all get out o' here a-whoopin' an' a-shoutin'. Here're your duds, boy. Beat it to a dressin'-room somewhere. This prison smell o' chlorid o' lime makes my eyes watery. I—I can't stand it—even in my—own dog-gone—jail."

Monica Dale walked up to him and put her arms around his burly neck. "You're a dear human being," she murmured and kissed him on both cheeks. "I treated you terribly once. Won't you forgive me?"

"You go to thunder!" he protested. "You're a connivin', sly slick young woman, that's—what you—are, and—you made a star-spangled monkey out o' me an' made me—like it. Here, you leggo. I git mos' kissed to death by them four girls o' mine. Well, seein' as how I can't seem to git shet o' you no other way—gal, you're sweet kissin'! Yes, I ain't holdin' no grudge. I been too busy to think about it. Apologize to my horse when you see him again an' I guess the record'll be clear."

He blew his nose into his red bandanna handkerchief with a report like a rifle-shot; his smile was curiously vacuous.

"This is mos' certainly a proud day for me," he finally ejaculated. "When a feller's life business is puttin' folks in jail he sure does relish an opportunity to git 'em out. Being sheriff's got its drawbacks, but I'm bound to admit there's times when I wouldn't trade my job for all the land in Sacramento Valley."

Bob looked up from his perusal of the pardon. "You remember that tale Uncle Charley told—about Kelcey? You didn't have to drag her into court to get this for me, did you?"

Garland shook his head. "It isn't in the official record. The public knows nothing about that, Bob. We found the loaded gun and the six empty cartridges; we traced the ownership of the gun to Jethroe, we landed him high and dry for perjury—and the flabby big bluff broke down when he saw he hadn't a chance to appeal from the verdict or beat the case. Before the trial had been completed his lawyer called on Jim Kerby and offered to plead guilty provided Jim would intercede with the judge to get Jethroe a light sentence. So Jim got a confession out of Jethroe on the witness-stand. It seems he'd had the gun in his desk at Dogwood Flats and Bardwell knew he had it there and helped himself to it.

"Jethroe's out on bail, pending sentence. Judge Kenly agreed to defer passing sentence upon him to give him time to clean up his business affairs; then he's going to sentence him to this horror for a period which, allowing for credits due for good behavior, will mean that he will have to be in the penitentiary a period equal to that served by you. And of course, socially and in a business way, he is ruined—while you are not. You've been vindicated, but that can never happen to Jethroe."

"Why did he do it to me?" Mason queried. "I never did him a moment's harm."

"He wanted you out of the way so you would sell him Honey Valley cheap—and if you wouldn't do that he figured on using the valley for his purpose anyhow. You wouldn't be there to protect it."

"I'd ought to kill him for that, Garland, but killing folks never settles anything. I've lived to learn that." He picked up the suitcase. "Thanks for these clothes. You're all mighty kind and thoughtful." He looked toward the warden. "I suppose I can dress in the change room, sir?" he suggested. "And I'm good for a shave in the barber shop, I suppose?"

The warden nodded and Bob took his departure; and when, an hour later, he rejoined them, he looked that which he had once been—a prosperous rancher. Only the scars on his face and soul remained to remind him of man's inhumanity to man. He picked his boy up in his arms and stepped out into the world, prepared to accept with his usual equanimity whatever of good or evil, sorrow or joy that world might have in store for him.

His trial for perjury over, his conviction now a matter of official record Henry Jethroe still on bail and paroled in the custody of his attorney, returned to San Francisco to place his vast business affairs in order. One day a week later his secretary brought in John Thurlow's card.

"Wonder what that fellow wants," Jethroe complained. "Well, might as well see him. Show Thurlow in. Well?" Jethroe demanded coldly when they found themselves alone.

"I loathe talking to you, Jethroe. You're such a rotten beast," Thurlow replied easily. "Read it and weep!" And he tossed over to Jethroe a typewritten document of two pages.

BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.
America's Leading Diamond Importers

For over 50 years the house of **Jason Weiler & Sons, of Boston,** has been one of the leading diamond importing concerns in America selling direct by mail to customers and dealers alike all over the world at savings of from 20 to 40%. **Here are several diamond offers—direct to you by mail**—which clearly demonstrate our position to name prices on diamonds that should interest every present or prospective diamond purchaser.



1 carat $145.00

This full cut **one carat diamond** is of fine brilliancy. Mounted in latest style Ladies' 14K solid gold ring. If this Diamond Ring can be duplicated elsewhere for less than $200.00 **send it back** and your money will be returned at once without a quibble. Our price direct to you **$145.00**



Ladies' Diamond Ring $95.00

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of rare brilliancy set in 18-K Solid White Gold ring beautifully carved and pierced **$95.00**



Ladies' Platinum Diamond Ring $235.00

Fine, full cut blue-white diamond of exceptional brilliancy securely set in solid platinum ring, which is richly carved and exquisitely pierced in a lacework effect . . **$235.00**

A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

¼ carat . . .	$31.00	1 carat . . .	$145.00
⅜ carat . . .	50.00	2 carats . . .	290.00
½ carat . . .	73.00	3 carats . . .	435.00

If desired, rings will be sent to **any bank** you may name or any **Express Co.** with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS FREE CATALOG
"HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

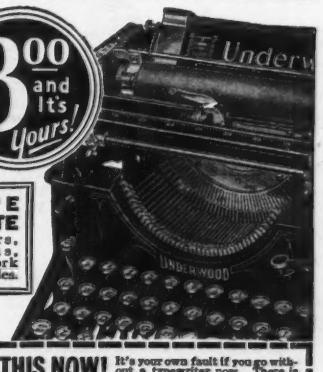
This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. **Tells how they mine,** cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities, $20.00 to $20,000.00, is considered an authority.



Write for your copy today FREE

Jason Weiler & Sons
369 Washington St., Boston, Mass
Corner of Washington and Franklin Streets
Diamond Importers since 1876
Foreign Agencies: Amsterdam and Paris

$3.00 and It's Yours!



TYPE WRITE Letters, lessons, homework and stories.

CLIP THIS NOW! It's your own fault if you go without a typewriter now. There is a bargain price on this Underwood! Totally rebuilt; new type; new platen; new finish; and a five-year guarantee. Easiest terms ever—$3 and it's yours.

FREE BOOK! Typist Manual and complete catalog explains whole plan. To first fifty who answer, Instructions free in touch typewriting. Mail now to the Shipman-Ward Mfg. Co., 2076 Shipman Bldg., CHICAGO.

Name.....

Address.....



Lips!

There is nothing more intriguing, fascinating, bewitching than full curved, soft, luscious, delicately colored lips.

Kissproof Lipstick

Will make your lips more hauntingly beautiful than they have ever been before and KISSPROOF is WATER-PROOF. One application lasts for hours, no need for constant touching up. The color is an artist's blend—not red—not orange, but a shade so utterly natural it flatters every complexion. Get KISSPROOF to-day. Accept no substitute. Be sure the case is stamped "Kissproof." At all dealers 50c.



If your dealer cannot supply you send direct or use coupon for free samples.

Given

DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 1176
3012 Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send free samples (enough for one week) of Kissproof Lipstick and Kissproof Compact Rouge. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

For reliable information about schools and colleges consult
THE COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
119 West Fortieth Street, New York City.

X-BAZIN

Famous French way of Removing Hair



50¢
AT ALL DRUG STORES AND TOILETTE COUNTERS

When Beauty makes up

—she removes unwanted hair cleanly, from the underarm, limbs, forearms and beneath the bob. For this purpose, she finds in X-BAZIN a harmless, effective and convenient method. This daintily perfumed depilatory is as necessary on the modern woman's dressing table as lipstick or powder.

X-BAZIN is the dainty feminine way to remove hair and does not coarsen later growth as shaving does. Made in powder or cream. Try the cream—it's new, delightful to use!

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc.
241 - 37th St. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Send 10c for sample

The latter read it and looked up. His face was pale and disturbed. "Very well, Thurlow, what's your proposition? I know you have one and I know now that you know I am prepared to listen to it and be reasonable."

Thurlow folded the document and replaced it in his inside coat pocket. "I happened to remember," he began musingly, "that the day I called on Uncle Charley to trade him out of his land, he told me all about his matrimonial adventure and the fact that he had never been finally divorced from his wife. That halted the deal, because under the California law his wife's signature would have to be on the deed with his; otherwise the lack of it would cloud the title. When I explained this to the old man he informed me that when he and his wife parted he gave her certain stock in a mine. and for and in consideration of this she signed a legal document releasing him from all claims, then or thereafter, as his lawful wife. Yes, Uncle Charley was crazy—like a fox! He took no chances on that damsel.

"The document I have just showed you is, of course, a certified copy of the original on record in Siskiyou County, so it looks to me as if your friend, Mrs. Uncle Charley Canfield, stands as much chance of breaking Uncle Charley's will as a six-legged calf does of dancing the Charleston. In the quaint patois of our times, the lady is out!"

"I'm satisfied she is. But I am not satisfied that the public administrator is, or some one of Uncle Charley's relatives. I believe the alleged will of Uncle Charley's is too weak to stand on its own legs under a vigorous attack."

"I think so, too. However, granting that, in the long run, that mining property comes into your possession, how about Honey Valley?"

Jethroe shrugged. "I'll have to be patient about Honey Valley, Thurlow. If I get Uncle Charley's land at my price, I can afford to hold it as an investment and wait on Honey Valley. Honey Valley will not always remain Mason's property. Besides, he's human. He will not bite off his nose to spite his face. Every man has his price and I can afford, provided I get the Canfield property, to pay Mason a very fine price for his ranch. I've got a notion he would like to sell Honey Valley right now, take his money and go to some new country. I hear that he's been pardoned."

"It is more than likely that his principal ambition at present is to kill you the first time he finds you in Siskiyou County. Jethroe, I don't think Bob Mason could be convicted in his own county for killing you. Take my tip and stay out of Siskiyou."

"If I had taken all the tips the so-called wiseacres of this world have been giving me all my life, I'd have got nowhere. I must go to Siskiyou presently to receive my sentence. I suppose you know I've been convicted of perjury. A mere annoyance. I expect to receive a suspended sentence."

"You're much too optimistic. You'll do time, never fear."

"You think so, really?"

"I do. Jethroe, whether you realize it or not, you're all washed up in Siskiyou. As controlling owner of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company you ought to consider very favorably selling all of the company's equipment at Dogwood Flats to me, or, rather, to a company which I shall organize to take it over. Frankly, I intend to bid against you for that Canfield property—and before I bid, Honey Valley will be mine. I have the inside track on you, Jethroe. Better be warned and quit."

"I'm not very good at swallowing bluffs, Thurlow. I wish you a pleasant good-afternoon."

"Thank you, Jethroe. It will be a pleasant afternoon. If Mason kills you, I'll send a wreath of poison-oak to your funeral."

Anthony Garland returned no more to the San Dimas, although he wrote Monica daily letters. He was faced with the problem of making a living immediately. The practical aspects of his situation outweighed the sentimental.

It was Sheriff Bentley who solved his problem. The day following his return in Uncle Charley's old car, Bentley dropped into a chair beside Garland on the hotel porch.

"Son," he said, "you're the hero of the hour. Every paper in the country is carryin' a big story of how you come down out of the brush in your forest-ranger's uniform, undid a wrong an' restored a decent citizen to his friends an' the community at large. They're all talkin' about you an' down to my jail the gossip is somethin' terrible. I got two alleged murderers down there an' each of 'em sent up word this mornin' by me askin' if you'll accept a five-hundred-dollar retainer an' fight their cases for 'em. You've caught the popular fancy, son. I've even heard some talk o' runnin' you against Jim Kerby for district attorney.

"You say the city licked you, son, but maybe the rural districts will prove kinder," he resumed. "Anyhow, the competition won't be so keen up here. Why don't you put out your shingle in this town an' fly to it, Tony?

"I'm here to tell you, boy, that while I'm sheriff of this county I can throw you enough criminal business to take care of your overhead. Durn their hides, if they don't hire you to defend 'em once I get 'em, they're crazy—an' what's more, I'll take one blanket away from 'em an' feed 'em beans straight until they listen to reason. Eight out of ten I put in my jail are friends of mine, you know."

Anthony Garland looked across the quiet street, where, under the shade-trees, men and women stood, engaged in an exchange of homely gossip. It was a friendly town, and, although it would never develop into a large town, it was the center of a county of untold wealth.

His glance traveled over the low roofs of the houses across Shasta Valley and came to rest on the hoary crest of Mt. Shasta. It was near sunset and the long, level shafts of the dying day had just commenced to turn the eternal snow on the peak to a pale pink, which gradually deepened to tourmalin, which in turn gave way to rose. It was the alpenglow; and suddenly the thought came to Anthony Garland that here, in this quiet little community, he was to find the alpenglow of a day that had been long and not too filled with happiness. District attorney, eh? Well, no, not that. Membership in the state legislature would suit him better—governor—congressman—why not United States Senator? —in time! He liked public service.

True, if he espoused such a career he must put from him all thought of fortune, but —well, his wants were simple and few. He had fought the world and had not found it too kindly, and in the peaceful places he had found rest and comfort. He turned to Bentley and threw his right arm across the great shoulders.

"Zeke, you're one of the best. Thank you with all my heart. I'm going to drop anchor in Siskiyou."

A few days before the date set for his sentence for perjury at the county-seat, Henry Jethroe motored up from San Francisco to Dogwood Flats. It had been his custom to visit the Hercules operations once a month. He had a furnished bungalow at the Hercules headquarters for his exclusive use, and after bathing and shaving there he strolled over to the company's office in the rear of the general store. McNaughton, Thurlow's successor, met him and for an hour they discussed the company's operations.

"By the way, Mr. Jethroe," the superintendent announced presently, "that fellow Mason has gone back to live at his ranch in Honey Valley. He's been in here a couple of times to purchase supplies and each time he has inquired as to the approximate date we expected you to arrive. He said he had a business matter to discuss with you."

"He lies. He has no business matter to discuss with me."

McNaughton was a reasonably astute man. "I thought he should have said he had a personal matter to discuss with you, Mr. Jethroe. I wouldn't be surprised if Mason feels he has some unfinished business to take up with you."

"I don't want to see the fellow. He's dangerous. If he comes around asking for me, don't tell him I'm here. Understand?"

"Are you afraid he may take a shot at you, Mr. Jethroe?"

"I'm afraid he'll do anything."

Outwardly, Jethroe was still his old natty, debonair self. Inwardly, however, he was quaking; a cold fear clutched at his heart, he felt slightly nauseated and he had lost considerable weight, due to nervous indigestion, the result of apprehension and worry. McNaughton could see that Jethroe had very nearly reached the breaking-point. One fierce strong blow dealt him now and he would grovel. The new superintendent, looking up the road, saw that blow coming in the person of Bob Mason, leisurely approaching on horseback.

There is a latent instinct for drama in every human being. There was a drama to be enacted here—and McNaughton had a perfectly human relish for that sort of drama.

He turned and glanced at Jethroe. The latter's head was bowed as if in deep thought as he entered the general store, bound for the company's office in the rear. McNaughton did not think the man had seen Bob Mason.

"I'll not stand for a killing," the superintendent decided, "but if this poor devil Mason cares to tell Jethroe what he thinks of him, or even give him a thrashing, who am I to interfere with his justifiable pleasures?"

He stepped into the store, took a small pistol from a show-case in the hardware department, broke a box of cartridges, loaded the weapon and slipped it in his pocket. Then he strolled out into the road to accost Mason.

"Howdy, neighbor," he hailed the rancher.

"Good afternoon, Mr. McNaughton. I understand your chief is here."

"Yes, he's here, Mason."

Their glances met in silent interrogation and Mason permitted himself a small smile.

"I'll not stand for a killing, Mason. There's no profit for you in that course," the superintendent warned him. "Not," he added, "that I don't think he merits it. I've heard all about your issue with him and I admit he wants killing, but bad as he is, he's my superior officer and I'll have to protect him from that. You got a gun or a knife on you, Mason?"

"Search me if you doubt my word that I have not, McNaughton. And I haven't come to kill him. I've triumphed over him, and my old cell at San Quentin is waiting for him. Time was, under similar circumstances, when I'd have tunneled him without mercy, but I'm scarcely the man I used to be."

"What do you want to see him about?"

"Idle curiosity. I never had a good straight look at Jethroe. And I thought, if I could get close enough to him and he looked man's size, I might muss him up some. That would make me feel good—and I haven't felt good for quite a spell."

The quaint bluntness of that speech appealed to McNaughton's sense of humor as well as to his dramatic instincts. He sympathized deeply with this despoiled mountaineer; did he but stand in Mason's shoes, he would have yearned to muss Jethroe up a trifle himself.

"Give me your word of honor you won't kill him or cripple him and I'll not interfere," McNaughton pleaded.

Bob Mason extended his hand. "Word of honor, McNaughton."

The imp in McNaughton came to the surface shamelessly. "Very well. Jethroe just went into his office in the rear of the general store. He's scared to death right now."

Mason rode over to the store, dismounted, dropped his reins and strolled through to the office in the rear. He saw Jethroe kneeling on one knee in front of the company's huge safe, his back turned toward the gate in the office railing. The store also housed the Dogwood Flats post-office, a small room with

A NEW MAN

To feel oneself a new man with each new day is part and parcel of physical well-being. But daily revival is impossible if the dregs of yesterday are permitted to poison the cup of life today. It is a law of right living to have no regrets rankling in head or heart, and no toxic burdens lingering in the body.

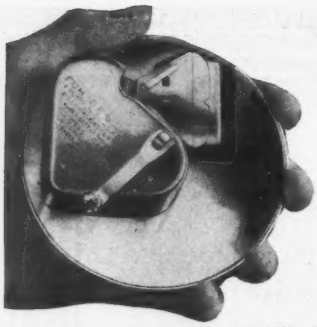
The gentle discipline of ENO'S Effervescent Salt will help to keep both mind and body clear for action. The dash of ENO, taken in a half glass of water in the morning, promotes intestinal regularity. It helps to remove yesterday's waste out of the way of today's work. And yet, ENO is not revolutionary in its method. It is gentle and persuasive, assisting nature, not bullying her. The dry mouth and throat luxuriate in it, and the inner organs accept it gratefully, because it gives them just the help they welcome and need, perhaps more than you suppose. There isn't a trace of anything harsh or hasty, either in what it is or what it does.

ENO, *the World-famed Effervescent Salt,* is obtainable from all druggists at $1.25 and 75c a bottle

Prepared only by
J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, England

Sales Agents:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.
171 Madison Avenue, New York
Toronto *Sydney* *Wellington*

TRADE ENO MARK
THE WORLD-FAMED
EFFERVESCENT SALT



Shave New Way -No More Blades

THINK of getting the keenest, quickest shaves of your life, 365 days a year—and never spending another penny for blades again! That's what the amazing new invention of a St. Louis man is doing for men all over the U. S. A.

KRISS-KROSS—the super stropper and blade rejuvenator is really sensational. Strops on diagonal just like master barber. Automatic—decreasing pressure. Notifies you the exact second blade has keenest edge steel can take. Prolongs life of any-make blade for months and even years! Simply startling!

Now—to introduce KRISS-KROSS—the inventor offers you a new kind of mystery razor—FREE. Really 3 razors in one. Adjustable feature cuts beard resistance 45%. Nothing like it ever before!

Find out about these remarkable inventions today. (Never sold in stores.) Get details of Free 3-way razor. No obligation. Send coupon today!

AGENTS: $150 Week and Up

Make big money as KRISS-KROSS representative—$75—$200 a week. Generous profits. J. C. Kellog made $200 in 7 days. H. King made $66 one day. We show you how. Send coupon for details. Check bottom line. Mail at once!

RHODES MFG. CO., Dept. M-931 1418 Pendleton Av., St. Louis, Mo.

Rhodes Mfg. Co., Dept. M-931
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Missouri
Without obligation please send details of your amazing KRISS-KROSS Stropper and FREE mystery razor.

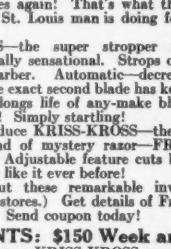
Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

( ) Check here if interested in KRISS-KROSS money-making.

For reliable information about schools and colleges consult
THE COSMOPOLITAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
119 West Fortieth Street, New York City.



Join the Rainbow Club

COME learn our secret for successful money-making—for all girls and women.

Ruth Groelle of Wisconsin joined us to add to her Hope Chest and trousseau and you too—whether you are business girl, school-girl, homekeeper, "shut-in"—if you have not money enough for your needs, may find a dependable source of income by writing for our money-making plan.

Fill in and mail coupon today.

Helen Willard, Director Rainbow Club,
Good Housekeeping Magazine,
119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me, without obligation to me, how to make some money in spare time.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

CRC-926

eight-foot walls and no ceiling, built in on the left of the general office, and Davis, the assistant manager of the store, who was also the postmaster, was standing just in back of Jethroe speaking to him as Bob Mason entered and leaned against the office rail without bothering to make his presence known to either.

"I've always used the company's safe for my stamps and money-order blanks, Mr. Jethroe," the postmaster was saying.

"I know, but government business is not the business of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company, Davis. The post-office department pays us a nominal rental for that little office and furnishes you with a small safe. You should use that and not have your stamps and money-order blanks cluttering up the company's safe. What's this bundle doing here?" He looked at it and read: "Property of Zeb Thornby. Who's he?"

"He has a little ranch over south of here about five miles. He brought that envelop in a couple of years ago and asked me to put it in the vault for safe-keeping."

"You shouldn't do that," Jethroe protested. "Why accept responsibility for other people's valuable papers? They don't pay you for it, do they?"

"No, sir, but they trade at the store and we've got into the habit of granting them little favors like that. They'd think I was unneighborly if I refused."

Jethroe was skimming through the envelops. "Property of Mrs. Jane Gruber, property of Anse Hastings, property of Dean Burwell—I should say you're doing quite a business. Hello—property of Ashforth Dale. What the devil is this doing here? Dale has been dead more than two years."

"By gravy," the postmaster declared, "I plumb forgot about that. I must take it up to Monica Dale the first chance I get."

Jethroe weighed the envelop in his hands. "I wonder what's in it," Mason heard him murmur.

"Probably a lot of old receipts, notices of completion of assessment work, filings on claims—a will, maybe, Mr. Jethroe."

Jethroe stood up and half turned. Mason saw him scrutinizing the dusty envelop; presently he put it in the inside breast pocket of his coat. "I have to run up to Bogus to see Miss Dale today," he announced, "so I might as well bring this up to her. You still got that gray horse I used to ride?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, have him saddled and brought around here right after luncheon, Davis, and I'll ride up to Bogus."

He knelt again and commenced rummaging in the vault, the postmaster continuing to stand behind him and watch his operations with respectful solicitude.

Mason strolled out of the store, mounted his horse and rode over to the blacksmith shop, where he conversed with the smith until he saw Jethroe hurrying across the lot between the general store and his bungalow. Instantly he whirled his horse and dashed toward him at a gallop; Jethroe, hearing the sound of hurrying hoofs, looked over his shoulder, recognized the rider and started to run.

He reached the gate in a fence of five-foot pointed palings surrounding his house and slammed it shut behind him; he heard the click of the latch and realized that before Mason could open the gate, enter and come pounding after him up the garden path, there would be ample time to reach the house . . .

Something whirled through the air; a rope settled around his torso, pinning his arms to his sides with cruel force. He was sprawling on his back, being dragged steadily backward. He commenced to scream—curses and furious commands to be let alone.

In vain. He felt the strain on the riata slacken for an appreciable instant and scrambled to his feet. Instantly the rope tautened. He turned. A rawhide riata extended from him, over the top of the gate and on to the pommel of a saddle. And under that saddle was a small, wiry, mountain cow-pony, calmly backing up and slowly dragging Jethroe toward the gate. Bob Mason was strolling toward him.

"You're in a hell-fired hurry, Jethroe," he said unsmilingly. "If I hadn't had my rope ready, waiting for you over at the blacksmith shop, you'd have beaten me to the house. And of course I wouldn't be impolite enough to force an entrance. You could shoot me for that and you would, you scaly scoundrel."

He unlatched the gate, called to his horse to come in and when the rope slackened, lifted it clear of the palings. Instantly Jethroe tried to slip the noose over his shoulders. "Back, Toby, back," Mason called, and the pony backed easily; the noose slid up over Jethroe's chest and tightened around his throat.

"Now what would you do if my horse took a notion to run away?" Bob queried plaintively. "Don't struggle, man. I'm not going to hurt you—yet. Just answer me a question. The rope isn't so tight it's cut off your wind. Whoa, Toby! Steady, boy." He walked up to Jethroe and eased the noose a trifle. "Tell me, Jethroe, what business have you to discuss with Miss Monica Dale?"

"I want to talk to her about buying Honey Valley."

"She doesn't own it any more. She has deeded it back to me, now that I can use it again. If you want to buy my ranch, talk to me."

"Do you want to sell Honey Valley?" Jethroe gasped.

"No."

"Well, then, we have nothing further to discuss."

"Are you still going up to Bogus?"

"No, it seems I haven't any business there now, Mr. Mason."

"I heard the postmaster tell one of your roustabouts to have your gray horse saddled right after lunch; that you were going up to Bogus. You take it from me you're not welcome on Bogus."

"Well, I'm not going." Relief showed in the white face.

Bob Mason grinned triumphantly. "Well, I am, and you've got an envelop in your breast pocket belonging to Miss Dale. Give it to me, you polecat."

Jethroe wet his lips. He saw no gun on Bob Mason and it occurred to him that the man was not on murder bent, otherwise he would even now be dragging him across country behind that devilish horse. Also, his superintendent, McNaughton, was approaching leisurely across the lot. He could afford to temporize, to be defiant even.

"If I have an envelop in my pocket belonging to Miss Dale, you may safely leave it to me to see that it is delivered to Miss Dale. I know of no reason why I should entrust her property to you, Mason!"

"I'm going to take the rope off you, Jethroe."

"Do, please. You had no business to put it on me, damn you."

With both hands Bob unloosed the noose around Jethroe's neck and while he was lifting the stiff rawhide riata clear of the latter's head, Jethroe struck him furiously, left and right. The man was no weakling and under the impact of both blows, Bob Mason incontinently sat down.

"How many Jethroes do you see, Mason?" McNaughton called pleasantly. His lust for drama was being richly satiated, albeit the play had taken an unexpected turn.

Bob Mason swayed from his hips a little and then rolled over on his back. It was a perfect knock-out, and while he lay there helpless Jethroe kicked him brutally in the side.

Before he could repeat the kick, McNaughton sprang at him and shoved him away. "Not according to the rules, Mr. Jethroe," he reminded his superior sternly. "You knocked him out, didn't you? That was fair enough. He'd already manhandled you and ruined your clothes. But a couple of kicks like that may kill a man—and I can't permit that. Mason promised me he wouldn't kill you."

"Tell somebody to drag him away," Jethroe panted, and turned to reenter the gate. But

McNaughton's hand fell heavily on his shoulder.

"Just a minute, Mr. Jethroe. You kicked him when he was down and that entitles him to another round. That's the second time you kicked that man when he was down. And he's getting up now. There, he's on his feet again. Tie into him now, Chief, and tuck him away again. And when you've knocked him out the second time, keep your feet in your pocket."

He placed both strong hands between Jethroe's shoulder-blades and propelled him forward into Bob Mason's groping arms.

Through the little settlement rang the joyous cry: "Fight! Fight!" From store and shop and shanty men, women and children ran and while Bob Mason, refraining from striking a blow but holding his enemy in a tight embrace until his head should clear, struggled to retain his prey, the men of Dogwood Flats came running to the scene.

"It's a grudge fight," McNaughton warned. "I'll fire the man that interferes and if I can't fire him I'll lick him. Stand back, men. Don't crowd them."

"Thanks, McNaughton," the mountaineer panted over Jethroe's huge shoulder. "I'm beholden to you for that."

Jethroe was fat, but under his fat he had muscle. Once, in his college days, he had been an all-around athlete of no mean pretensions and although years of easy living had softened him and robbed him of his wind, he was still good for a few minutes of whirlwind action. With rapid, furious, short-arm punches he broke the clinch—punched himself out of it as a trained boxer does, then stepped back to measure his man. He missed and in that instant was off balance for the fraction of a second. Mason leaped clear of the ground and struck his opponent with his knees; Jethroe went down on his back and Mason beat him until he was exhausted, smashed his face in, left him lying there a bloody, bruised, unconscious mass. Then he stooped over Jethroe and removed the envelop from his coat pocket.

Monica Dale came out of her cabin as Bob rode into the yard. Without a word he handed her the envelop and bent low in his saddle, watching that sweet face, knowing that on it he would read whatever of joy or sorrow that long-delayed message might contain.

"Well, here's the deed to Uncle Charley's hill section," she announced calmly. "Duly signed by Uncle Charley before a notary public at Siskiyou Center—and the deed runs direct to me! I suppose father concluded to do that to save the cost of probating his estate. He was an old man and realized he might not live a great while longer."

"That's a great help," the man commented casually. "We ought to let Uncle Charley's widow know about that right off. The news will save her a heap of trouble and worry. What that old girl needs right now is a job."

"She has it. She went back to it a week ago. My attorney, Mr. Anthony Garland, sprang on her an old document she had forgotten she had signed when Uncle Charley swindled her before she could swindle him. Her suit has been thrown out of court. Judge Kenly told her she didn't come into court with clean hands."

She tossed the envelop on the bench under the sugar-pine and came to the side of his horse, took his right hand in hers, kissed it and laid her soft cheek against it for an appreciable moment. "You know what I feel, don't you, Bob, old friend?" she murmured.

He nodded grimly. Yes, he knew how she felt and the knowledge stabbed him. She felt sorry for him—sorry because she knew he loved her—sorry because she could not return his love. To her he must always be the dear old friend of happier days.

"Don't feel sorry for me," he murmured huskily. "I want you should be mighty happy. I—I'm—headed for Montague tonight. Do you want me to take that deed down to Tony and tell him to file it for record?



ETIQUETTE DEMANDS
THE PERSONAL LETTER

At times, people wonder if a telephone call, a postcard, or a printed sentiment will "do." When in doubt—the rule is—*Write a Personal Letter.*

To help you find a letter paper fine enough to represent you, we have prepared a most attractive and usable SAMPLER ASSORTMENT of Montag's newest Fashionable Writing Papers.

Sent postpaid for 25c. Booklet, "*The Etiquette of Attention*", included free.

MONTAG BROTHERS, INC., Manufacturers. Address ATLANTA, GA.—Los Angeles or New York.

Montag's
FASHIONABLE
Writing PAPERS



BATHASWEET
The Favorite Luxury of Gentlewomen

To step into a bath that smells like a flower garden—into water so soft and limpid it seems to caress the body! Bathasweet brings this luxury to you. A sprinkle of it fills the room with fragrance, makes the water soft and soothing, and leaves about you that indefinable, "scentless" perfume that is the very height of daintiness. **25c, 50c, $1.00** and **$1.50** at Drug and Dept. Stores. *Send for free can.*

THE C. S. WELCH CO. Dept. C I NEW YORK CITY

BUNIONS
PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. Pain stops instantly. Hump vanishes as though by magic. You can have shapely feet and wear smaller shoes with comfort. More than 100,000 test cases prove this.
SENT ON TRIAL
To prove instant relief, I will gladly arrange to send you a box of PEDODYNE Solvent to try. No obligation. Just say—"I want to try Pedodyne." Address
KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. K671
186 N. La Salle Street Chicago, Ill.

Cuticura Talcum
Unadulterated
Exquisitely Scented

SLENDER ANKLES CAN BE YOURS! $3.75
People Admire Dainty Ankles
Thick or swollen ankles can quickly be reduced to dainty slender shape by new discovery of special processed rubber.
Lenor Ankle Reducers
Ankles Actually Look Thin While Getting Thin
Different in reducing action from all other reducers. Slip on when you go to bed and note amazing results next morning. Reduces and shapes ankle and lower calf. Slips on like a glove. No strips of rubber to bind and cause discomfort. Nothing to rub in or massage. Enables you to wear low shoes becomingly. Worn under stockings without detection. Used by prominent actresses. **Send $3.75** and we will send you Lenor Ankle Reducers in plain package subject to your inspection. Give size of ankle and widest part of calf.
LENOR MFG. CO. Suite C.9.
503 Fifth Avenue, New York



DENT'S
TOOTHACHE GUM
STOPS TOOTHACHE
Relieves pain instantly. Cleanses and protects cavity. Retards decay. Destroys odor. Does not spill or dry up like liquids. All druggists or by mail, 25c. Made for thirty-five years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

Cleans where brushes cannot reach



THE toilet bowl should be kept especially clean in hot weather. Use Sani-Flush! Even the trap, unreachable to any brush, is cleared of all sediment and foul odors.

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl. Follow directions on the can. Then flush. That is all you have to do. All marks, stains, incrustations vanish. Sani-Flush leaves white, gleaming porcelain clean as new.

Sani-Flush cannot harm the plumbing connections. Keep it handy in the bathroom always.

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I can hear you with the MORLEY PHONE. It is invisible, weightless, comfortable, inexpensive. No metal, wires nor rubber. Can be used by anyone, young or old." The Morley Phone for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write for Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It describes causes of deafness; tells how and why the MORLEY PHONE affords relief. Over one hundred thousand sold.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 755, 10 S. 18th St., Phila.

MASCARILLO



Darkens and Beautifies Eyebrows

An absolutely harmless preparation for retouching and beautifying eyebrows, eyelashes, beards and hair. NOT A DYE. Prepared in all shades. Meyer's Mascarillo has been Standard for over 50 years. For sale at Drug and Dept. Stores or sent on receipt of $1.00. Generous sample sent on receipt of

10c

CHARLES MEYER, 26 EAST 12th STREET NEW YORK CITY

LAW

STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Be independent. Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept 955-L Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

The sight of it will surely make that good man feel mighty pert."

"You do like him, don't you, Bob?" the girl cried eagerly.

He reached over and permitted his scarred, hard hand to rest on her bright head.

"Yes, honey girl, he's got as much man in him as any of us males ever have. I don't reckon any of us are ever quite worth a woman like you. Most women, now, they just rattle and prattle and perk and make a man think a lot o' things that aren't so, and all the time they're saying to themselves, 'What is there in this for me?' But you're different. When you've got something to say, you say it and a fellow knows you mean it—but mostly you talk best an' say more when you don't say anything. I'm right fond of you, Monica. Whenever you need a friend to go to hell for you, send for Bob Mason."

He bent over and kissed her white forehead just where the red-brown hair was parted. Presently, with the deed in his pocket, he rode silently down through the charred timber to Tantrum Meadows. Monica, gazing after him, thought of his wrecked life and wondered what success would attend him in his efforts to gather the broken pieces and make of them once more an orderly and pleasing pattern. He had his boy, he had his father love, he had his bitter memories; Monica wondered if he would ever marry again, ever realize the quiet, peaceful, sanely ambitious domesticity men of his kind require. Well, bitterness dies and love goes on to the end, gaining strength if worthy. Monica felt that somewhere, sometime this childhood friend would come to a peaceful haven.

Although Tony had telephoned her every day, it was a month before she saw him again. He appeared at the lookout one afternoon, mounted on his Morgan horse, which he had left with his successor at the Tantrum Meadows station, and accompanied by Uncle Charley's two little pack-mules with their pack-saddles. Following an affectionate greeting, he stood gazing long and earnestly at her. Finally he said:

"I've sold you out, sweetheart. Lock, stock and barrel."

"What do you mean?"

"There's a new lookout coming to Bogus—a woman with a child and a sickly husband. I've sold them everything you own here, except your clothing and your horse and dog. I've even sacrificed your books, because, when we have our home built, it'll have a nice oak-paneled library and we'll not want any second-hand books in it. I didn't charge them very much and I took a note for what I charged them. They're very poor and none too happy and I knew you wouldn't mind, because you're a rich lady now."

"But, darling dear, I haven't seen any money."

"You will very shortly. I wired Thurlow the latest aspects of the situation and he called on Jethroe in San Quentin. proved to him he was out of the running as far as further operations in the Dogwood Flats region were concerned and secured an option to purchase Jethroe's control of the company at a nominal figure. He has secured some financial backing, and, regardless of how he has accomplished it, he is now the president and general manager of the Hercules Hydraulic Mining Company. Bob has sold the reorganized company his Honey Valley ranch for a hundred thousand dollars and I've sold your section for a flat million."

"Give me the money, Tony," the girl demanded humorously.

"I haven't got it. I've merely traded with Thurlow, as your attorney, and have assured him that you would ratify the trade."

"And if I should not, Tony?"

"In that event, you can keep your troublesome real estate and I'll marry you just the same."

She laughed jubilantly and Tony resumed.

"Thurlow offered some cash and some royalty. You might make two millions on that basis, but I thought you had experimented sufficiently with the uncertainties of existence and it was high time you played safe. Of course, under ordinary circumstances, this sudden wealth of yours would have been an embarrassment to me. I wouldn't care to have anybody—most of all you—think that mine is pantry love, but——"

"Silly! Nobody knows better than I that you loved me for myself when it seemed we'd both be so poor we couldn't afford to marry."

"And of course," he added solemnly, "this million makes you all the more attractive to a struggling country lawyer." He took her hand. "I received a two-thousand-dollar retainer yesterday from a new company that's angling for a power site down on the Klamath River. Already I have a modest little office and some cheap furniture, mostly paid for, and I know a little furnished house we can get until our future plans have matured. So I thought I'd be brave and come up and ask you to marry me and name a definite date. Come on, now, gal. No beating about the bush with Squire Garland. Bob Mason is going down to the Argentine to make a new start in life and he and Bentley are quarreling already as to who has the better right to give the bride away. I imagine Bob will win—and as he's anxious to be on his way, I don't think you ought to keep him waiting."

"When can I leave Bogus, dear?" the girl queried.

"In five minutes, if you'll hustle. Your successors will arrive late this afternoon. While I'm saddling your horse, you pack what you want to take with you; then I'll load it on Uncle Charley's critters and we'll drift."

Within the hour they left Bogus, the little pack-mules picking their way gingerly down the trail to Tantrum, Monica's old Airedale padding soberly behind them. The girl looked back once at the lookout just before a shoulder in the trail obscured it forever. "I have escaped—at last," she murmured, and then her moist gaze shifted down into Tantrum Meadows, up the slopes of the hills beyond and across the tumbled, timber-clad crests that stretched in every direction to the horizon. From the madroña-tree over Uncle Charley's grave the blue jay screamed harshly.

"No, we'll not forget you, Uncle Charley," the girl murmured. "We'll come back some day and keep our word with you to carry you back to Winchester and leave you there with the heroes and the ages."

At the Tantrum Meadows ranger station Tony unpacked the mules and turned them loose; his horse 'ie presented to his successor on the job, and Monica, not to be outdone in generosity, presented him with hers. "On one condition," she told the ranger. "Once a year Tony and I are coming back to the San Dimas and then you can lend us the horses for a little while. You know how it is with hill people. They must return to the hills."

In Uncle Charley's old flivver they left the San Dimas, Tony at the wheel and Monica beside him, the old Airedale standing on the baggage in the tonneau and barking his appreciation of the change. Late in the afternoon they crossed the ridge to the west and the green meadows of Shasta Valley lay outspread before them; afar they saw the roofs of Montague clustering in the plain.

"There lies our world—and not so immense and not so contemptuous as it used to be," Tony murmured, pointing. "It all depends on the mental angle from which one views it, and if one is happy——"

He stopped the car and gazed off toward the east. Behind the blue foot-hills Mt. Shasta lifted its hoary crest, and slowly up that region of eternal snow the alpenglow was creeping. Monica drew her lover's head down to her shoulder and kissed the tanned cheek.

"And tomorrow, dear heart," she murmured, "early tomorrow, the same old glow will go creeping upward again; and when we see it we shall see the promise of another day!"

THE END

The Story of Marcus Loew

(*Continued from page 53*)

house and felt the glow and importance of being part of the landed gentry.

This new serenity was short-lived. It was first disturbed when he was visited in his dressing-room one night by a merchant of unimposing aspect who said he was one Marcus Loew and explained that he owned and managed the property next to Warfield's up in 111th Street.

He further explained that, whereas he was making a nice profit out of his own venture, Warfield's was being so mismanaged that it would show only a loss at the end of the year. It was none of his business, Loew admitted, but he hated to see so helpless a baby being robbed of his penny.

Warfield was grateful but baffled. What could he do? He could fire his agent, but the next might serve him as badly.

I suppose we all feel large and capable and expansive whenever we see anyone floored by some problem which would be no problem at all to us. Here was an artful comedian who could hold an audience in the hollow of his hand but who could not manage a small Harlem flat-house without a nervous flutter bordering on mental collapse. It made Marcus Loew feel positively fatherly. So he agreed to take over the management of Warfield's white elephant and make it do tricks. And that casual agreement began a partnership eventful to both men and curiously potent in the twist it has given to the course of events in the American theater of the past twenty years.

For when the house in 111th Street began to bring in profits, there was born in Warfield's mind the fixed and unshakable conviction that Loew was a wizard of finance and that Loew and no one else must manage all his affairs as long as they both should live. And since Warfield walked in ways where he was daily beset with impulses to invest in this showman's booth or that and since now he was chronically unable to trust the honesty and sagacity of anyone except his new-found friend, it was inevitable that he should gradually but firmly push Marcus Loew into the precarious trade of buying and selling laughter.

In that gossipy village called Broadway, there have sprung up three consequent legends about Warfield which would be repeated to you glibly by any ticket speculator or any newsboy selling the morning paper to the emptying night clubs. One is that he is the richest actor in the world. This is probably true. For his Loew stock today is worth several millions. All his art and all his success in the twenty years under Belasco did not yield him the profit which accrued from his childlike faith in Marcus Loew.

Another legend is that he is penurious. I can offer no testimony on this score, beyond making the faint suggestion that it is one which is likely to attach to any actor who pays his bills. The players are so scatter-brained and improvident a lot that when any one of them so far violates the tradition of the craft as to buy a bond, there is immediately born a conviction that he is an inveterate miser.

The third legend is that Warfield is a shrewd business man, at which, when it is repeated to him, Marcus Loew almost dies laughing.

Warfield ushered Marcus Loew into the theater by way of the penny arcade. The Warfield mind had been brought to bear upon this fruitful institution by a sample of the species which caught his eye in Pittsburgh. He had watched the sheeplike herding of the coal city's folk into the one which Harry Davis opened there as an adjunct of his shooting-gallery.

For a penny you could hear "Louisiana Lou" wheezed out on a half-winded phonograph, its tubes the while adjusted to your ears. For a penny you could see a prize-fight or an electrocution or even a gingerly disrobing, thanks—



By Appointment to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales

EDINBURGH

Where the descendants of the proud Highland Chieftains still sport the Tartan, famous in song and story.

Yardley's
Old English
Lavender Soap

THE LUXURY SOAP OF THE WORLD

QUALITY IS ITS DISTINGUISHING NOTE. EXTRA fine materials treated with the experience of over a century, go to its making. It purifies and refines the skin and enhances the beauty of the complexion. Luxuriously perfumed, it is one of the most delightful of personal luxuries.

Box of Three Large Tablets $1.00, or 35c the Tablet. Obtainable at all good stores.

YARDLEY
8 New Bond Street, London
NEW YORK: 15-19 Madison Sq. N. TORONTO: 145 Adelaide St., W.

YARDLEY EST 1770 LONDON



Remove Hair

below the surface of the skin with De Miracle, the original LIQUID. Ready for instant use, no mixing, will not coarsen hair. Used by beautiful women for more than 20 years.

60c, $1, $2—Everywhere, or direct from De Miracle, 138 West 14th St., New York

De Miracle

OVERWEIGHT?



EVERY person who is overweight should cut down his consumption of starchy foods. Diabetics, too, must carefully regulate their starch intake. Sanitarium Gluten Flour, 44.81%, is the one food that meets these requirements. From it may be prepared delicious bread and muffins that contain only half the starch of ordinary breadstuffs. It also contains four times as much protein for blood building, making it a boon to the anemic. Used at the Battle Creek Sanitarium and other institutions. At authorized stores, 5 lb. bag $1.60 (recipes on bag).

Hundreds of leading bakers supply genuine Sanitarium Gluten Bread made according to our formula

FREE The new edition of "Healthful Living," the great book on the Battle Creek Diet System, is a scientific exposition on the regulation of diet for invalids as well as for those in good health. Written by the world's greatest authority on diet. 48 pages, illustrated in colors. Not for sale at any price, but sent free for return of coupon below. Everyone, sick or well, should have it for reference.

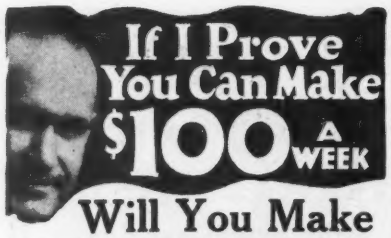


Battle Creek Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send free and postpaid a copy of "HEALTHFUL LIVING." ☐ Send name of authorized store featuring Sanitarium Health Foods.

C 96

Name.....

Address.....



If I Prove You Can Make $100 A WEEK

Will You Make This Full Test?

I want to lay before you some hard-boiled facts that prove this is a real opportunity for you to secure the good things of life—your own car, your own home, fine clothes, the respect of your friends and a solid prosperous future!

I don't care who you are—what you have done in the past—what your experience has been—or how much you have earned. I don't even ask you to quit your present job. If you will simply make the free test given below, I am convinced—from what other men like you have earned—that this will pay you more money than your present job. All you need is honesty, ambition, willingness to learn and give yourself a fair trial. And your first week will give you a glimpse of your whole future on this job.

GET THIS FREE BOOK

This is not a correspondence school or ordinary selling proposition. You enter a dignified profession. You represent a company known from coast to coast. You render a service vitally needed by every property owner. This free book explains every step of the way. It shows you how Gill averages $600 a month—how Payne averaged $20.17 a day his first 217 days—how Hansan, an old man, made $63.70 in one day. And it outlines a plan whereby you can do as well or better. Is your future worth a 2c stamp? Are you ready for a test of your ambition, your courage, your curiosity? Then meet that test by mailing this coupon for this free book—DO IT NOW! C. R. Coppock, Manager, Dept. 1200, P. O. Box 983, Dayton, Ohio.

——————$100 a Week——————

C. R. Coppock, Manager,
Dept. 1200, P. O. Box 983, Dayton, Ohio.

Yes, send me your free book without obligating me.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Young outdoor men wanted



To a few sturdy young men—lovers of fresh air and sunshine—who want to get away from the grind of indoor work—John Davey's national organization, The Davey Tree Expert Company, offers an exceptional opportunity. Constantly increasing demand will create a limited number of openings. Those young men selected will be thoroughly trained by the Company and given a permanent position if they make good. If you are single, between 20 and 30 years of age, free to travel, healthy, industrious, having a good practical education, and able to furnish satisfactory references, you have a good chance to qualify. Pay is good at start, advancement assured on merit. We want only men who desire permanent employment in a growing organization and will accept only clean, sturdy young men, thorough Americans, not afraid of vigorous outdoor work. Write for additional information and qualification blank to serve in place of personal interview. The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc., 647 Federal Bldg., Kent, Ohio.

if that is the proper word—to the mutoscope, a device by which a packet of pictures is flipped before your eyes as a sleight-of-hand man flips a pack of cards.

Such was the arcade, and if it had a faintly malodorous reputation, it was because the arcade did somehow suggest in its appearance and its atmosphere the furtive peep-shows for men which quacks were always opening in those days in the name of medicine and health. Also because the arcade, with its missing facade, did suck in all the driftwood from the human stream on the sidewalk. And because, after all, the spectacle of a man turning a crank the while his bent head is buried in a mutoscope does inevitably smell of mischief.

But it was none of these things which had really fired Warfield's enthusiasm. The aspect of the arcade in Pittsburgh which had truly fascinated him was the half-hour during which he stood watching the reaction of the crowd to one slot-machine over which the scrupulous Davis had printed conspicuously the warning, "Out of Order." Around it the stream of idlers eddied uncertainly; but, just as some of us cannot resist risking a finger-tip to see if Wet Paint really is as wet as advertised, so man after man in this crowd ventured to test that incapacitated slot-machine.

To Warfield, there was something peculiarly attractive about a business in which a machine went right on making money even when it was out of order. With shining eyes and the same infectiousness that has held many a more difficult audience spellbound, he hurried back to New York and looked for Marcus Loew. The first result was a new penny arcade, opened in Union Square.

In that first step, the partners were Marcus Loew, David Warfield, Adolph Zukor and the late Mitchell Mark—Zukor who today heads the Famous Players, that is, and Mark, the man who later built the Strand Theater on Broadway, from which all the more sumptuous movie houses the world around have since been modeled, including, of course, the tremendous Capitol Theater, which is the largest of the Loew houses in America at this writing, and of which the orchestra sends its music through the air each night to lumber camps in the Canadian woods and fishing-smacks along the Chesapeake.

Later Loew, with Warfield at his elbow, struck out in a company of his own, with four penny arcades in New York. From the first of his slot-machines, through easy, unpremeditated stages that have presented themselves at intervals during the past twenty years, he now heads a system that produces all the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Cosmopolitan pictures, that manages the small-time vaudeville and that owns or controls something like 350 theaters in a chain stretching from California to Egypt. The boss of the works, wearing the half-anxious, tentative look of one who wonders what is going to happen to him next, sits breathless at Pembroke.

If one could tell the whole story of Pembroke, the historian of some distant age could turn back to its pages and have some notion of how fabulous, how faintly monstrous was the America which turned the corner of the nineteenth century and started down the uncharted highway of the twentieth.

He could see, in that perspective, how precipitous, violent, volcanic were its dislocations. "Pembroke" would tell him all of that. It was built to meet and express and nourish the delusions of grandeur with which a little adventurer named Joseph Rafael De La Mar used to stifle the misgivings of his lonely heart.

Dutch he was, this adventurer, with a strain of Spanish Jew in his blood. He had sailed the seas and dived for treasure and visited a hundred lands before one accident turned his feet towards Idaho and another brought him into possession of mineral veins there so rich and abrupt that money seemed to pour in as from the rubbing of some lamp. In the delighted Sunday newspapers of a generation ago he was usually called "The Man of Mystery" and whenever feature writers were at a loss for a topic, they could always fill in with a good readable piece about Captain De La Mar.

They never tired of recounting his wooing of a fair druggist's daughter just because her lovely face recalled the one painted by Bouguereau in his "Aurora," nor of the great house in Madison Avenue he built for her delight and cluttered with such treasures as the "Aurora" itself and the famous Yerkes bedstead and the original "Greek Slave" over the comparative nudity of which the America of our aunts and uncles suffered an attack of national hysterics.

But poor little Captain De La Mar was maddened by some letters he found one day in his lady's escritoire and Aurora was banished so that she never inhabited the big town house and it's the National Democratic Club now.

Then he built Pembroke as a home for his daughter, a stupefying Italian palace of white marble, sprawled rigidly on a ridge of high Long Island greensward, visible for miles across country, its myriad windows blinking with the light cast up by the sea. An army could be garrisoned in it. An army could be fed from its gardens and drooping orchards, the finest in that corner of the world.

But the old man did not live to enjoy it and there was not even time to uncrate the "Cupid and Psyche" portrait of his wife and child which the wistful Captain had had fashioned—out of ten tons of white marble—under the impression that it would be a nice little thing to have around the house.

The child inherited that house, of course, but, since she had her own ideas of what a house should be, she balked at the prospect of living in this one, and so it happens that it is occupied now by Marcus Loew, late of Avenue B. Pembroke, built by a runaway cabin-boy and taken over by the consequences of a slot-machine—surely America is endlessly entertaining to the passer-by.

The first time I ever saw Marcus Loew he was aprowl in the grandeur of Pembroke, taking his cigar in the sun-parlor, which was all rosy with the reflections from the sun as it set across a wintry sea. It would take a good deal more than that grand new house to make him pretentious. I could not swear he was in carpet slippers and a plaid smoking-jacket, but that was the general effect. He rather suggested that endearing comedian, the late Barney Bernard, who was so delightful as Abe Potash in the plays born of Montague Glass.

We migrated from the sun-parlor to the great reception hall with the Alma-Tadema murals at either end, with the famous De La Mar pipe-organ visible through pillars of marble and the vast stone floral urn in the center reduced, by contrast, to the dimensions of a flower-pot.

But it does not linger in my mind because of anything De La Mar could buy or Tadema paint. I remember that amazing chamber because of what Marcus Loew did to it. He put it where it belonged. He called it the sitting-room.

He had paid something like a million dollars for this shack and was even then hiding from a man who wanted to buy it for five million. He just did not feel he could decently afford to live in a five-million-dollar house and dreaded being reminded that that was precisely what he was doing. Here he had the house he liked. Here his children and grandchildren could abound. Here, with his golf and his billiards, he could spend his declining days. There was nothing on earth to make him sell—except the habit.

It is the same habit that turned a Penny Arcade into 350 theaters and then drove their embarrassed master into the motion-picture business just to keep those theaters from standing empty.

In the October number Alexander Woollcott *will tell the amazing story of the entrance of* Marcus Loew *into motion-pictures*

I Can't Breathe

(*Continued from page 43*)

be happier later on if he was doing something he really liked. I didn't know what to say, but finally I said I wanted him to suit himself and money wasn't everything.

He asked me where I would like to go on my honeymoon and I suppose I ought to have told him my honeymoon was all planned, that I was going to California, with Walter, but all I said was that I had always wanted to go to California and he was enthusiastic and said that is where we would surely go and he would take me to Hollywood and introduce me to all those wonderful people he met there last winter. It nearly takes my breath away to think of it, going there with someone who really knows people and has the entrée.

We danced again tonight, just two or three dances, and then went out and sat in the tennis-court, but I came upstairs early because Aunt Jule had acted kind of funny at dinner. And I wanted to be alone, too, and think, but the more I think the worse it gets.

Sometimes I wish I were dead, maybe that is the only solution and it would be best for everyone concerned. I *will* die if things keep on the way they have been But of course tomorrow it will be all over, with Frank I mean, for I must tell him the truth no matter how much it hurts us both. Though I don't care how much it hurts me. The thought of hurting him is what is driving me mad. I can't bear it.

JULY 18

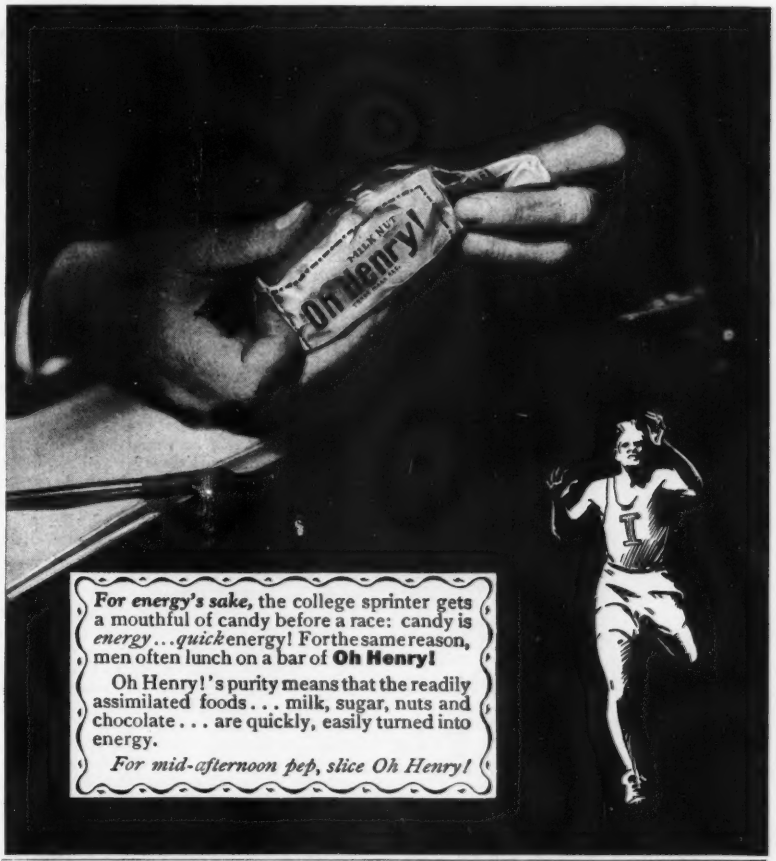
I have skipped a day. I was busy every minute of yesterday and so exhausted when I came upstairs that I was tempted to fall into bed with all my clothes on. First Gordon called me up from Chicago to remind me that he would be in New York the day I got there and that when he comes he wants me all to himself all the time and we can make plans for our wedding. The connection was bad again and I just couldn't explain to him about Walter.

I had an engagement with Frank for lunch and just as we were going in another long distance call came, from Walter this time. He wanted to know why I hadn't written more letters and sent him more telegrams and asked me if I still loved him and of course I told him yes because I really do. Then he asked if I had met any men here and I told him I had met one, a friend of Uncle Nat's. After all it was Uncle Nat who introduced me to Frank. He reminded me that he would be in New York on the 25th which is the day I expect to get home, and said he would have theater tickets for that night and we would go somewhere afterwards and dance.

Frank insisted on knowing who had kept me talking so long and I told him it was a boy I had known a long while, a very dear friend of mine and a friend of my family's. Frank was jealous and kept asking questions till I thought I would go mad. He was so serious and kind of cross and gruff that I gave up the plan of telling him the truth till some time when he is in better spirits.

I played golf with Frank in the afternoon and we took a ride last night and I wanted to get in early because I had promised both Walter and Gordon that I would write them long letters, but Frank wouldn't bring me back to the Inn till I had named a definite date in December. I finally told him the 10th and he said all right if I was sure that wasn't a Sunday. I said I would have to look it up, but as a matter of fact I know the 10th falls on a Friday because the date Walter and I have agreed on for our wedding is Saturday the 11th.

Today has just been the same thing over again two more night letters, a long distance call from Chicago, golf and a ride with Frank, and the room full of flowers. But tomorrow I am going to tell Frank and I am going to write Gordon a long letter and tell him, too, because this simply can't go on any longer. I can't breathe. I can't live.



For energy's sake, the college sprinter gets a mouthful of candy before a race: candy is *energy . . . quick* energy! For the same reason, men often lunch on a bar of **Oh Henry!**

Oh Henry!'s purity means that the readily assimilated foods . . . milk, sugar, nuts and chocolate . . . are quickly, easily turned into energy.

For mid-afternoon pep, slice Oh Henry!

SHORT-STORY WRITING
Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dr. Esenwein Dept. 45 Springfield, Mass.

WANT WORK AT HOME?
Earn $18 to $60 a week Retouching photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish Working Outfit Free. Limited offer. Write Today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. T. 3600 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO.

Suppose You Were Offered Diamonds at 60% of Market Price
Suppose a reason you rarely think of makes possible here radically LOW PRICES, EVEN FOR FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS. Thousands of representative people, bankers, lawyers, merchants, others—continually reap this real advantage. Everything sent for Examination. This ¼ century, oldest, largest diamond banking institution in the world, rated over $1,000,000.00, CONVERTS INTO CASH the DIAMONDS ON WHICH MONEY WAS LOANED and NOT REPAID. Loan values, a fraction of market values, the price basis. Diamonds too from big cash deals direct with European cutters. Must sell NOW.
WHY PAY FULL PRICES
Send for Unpaid Loan Listings
Costs Nothing to See this ¾ less 1/16 carat, snappy, accurately cut solitaire for $69.50. Try to match at $115.00. Sent on approval. No red tape. Latest list explains Examination offers. Accurately describes every diamond, watch, etc. Explains Guaranteed Cash, Life Insurance Policy Loan Guarantee. Also Unlimited Exchange privileges. Write now—edition limited. No obligation to buy. List is free. Post Card will do.
$69.50 ¾-⅞ Ct. Try to Match at $115.00
JOS. DE ROY & SONS 1048 De Roy Bldg. Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburgh, Pa.

Music Lessons
WITH AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL
At Home
A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.
Any Instrument Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our Free Catalog with details of course you want. Send now.
UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
315 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

MAKE $5.00 A DAY For Work that is Play In Spare Time at Home
Handcolor our Christmas greeting cards by process that looks like artist's work. *No experience needed.* Learn in one evening. Instructions FREE. Miss Dora Spurr, Tujunga, Cal., writes: "Can color $10 worth in a day." Miss Clare Huepper, St. Louis, made $240.00 at Christmas and big earnings other months. Robt. Jarvis, Springfield, Mass. colored $325.00 worth at Christmas and nearly as much at Easter. 40,000 others making spare time money this way. Sometimes whole families do it. A family may make $300 a month. FREE BOOK "Pleasant Pages." EXPLAINS and reproduces 145 original Christmas cards *especially adapted to hand-coloring.* Sent without obligation. Proves this *best* spare time money maker for those with high ambitions and no capital.
FREE Book shows what 10,000 others earn and what you, too, can earn.
If You Want QUICK MONEY Send $1 for Trial Box
Then you can start in *at once.* Trial Box contains assortment of beautiful Christmas Cards, all big sellers. Also, complete easy instructions how to color, brush, colors, and sample colored card When colored, these sell for $3 to $4—big profit! Act QUICK—Christmas is biggest season and cards are selling fast already!
Little Art Shop, Inc: 524 La. Ave., Washington, D. C.
Send for FREE BOOK

Come up to Asheville N.C.
In the Land of the Sky
Where every day is playtime and the Opportunities for Investment know no Season
Write for descriptive Literature
Asheville Chamber of Commerce
Asheville, N.C.



No skin so smooth a sharp razor won't leave

INVISIBLE NICKS

. . . heal them quickly!

Only this way will your shave feel as velvet-smooth as it looks.

There is nothing better than Ed. Pinaud's Lilac to quickly heal those unseen cuts. At the very first touch your face tingles. And stimulated circulation brings first-aid to the countless invisible nicks.

But it does more than heal. It leaves your skin cool and refreshed—like a cold plunge on a sultry day. Used regularly Ed. Pinaud's Lilac actually toughens the skin without making it in the least coarse!

You'll like its clean, lilac odor! At all drug and department stores. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud, Incorporated, 90 Fifth Ave., New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

Lilas de France

JULY 21

I wrote to Gordon yesterday, but I didn't say anything about Walter because I don't think it is a thing a person ought to do by letter. I can tell him when he gets to New York and then I will be sure that he doesn't take it too hard and I can promise him that I will be friends with him always and make him promise not to do anything silly, while if I told it to him in a letter there is no telling what he would do, there all alone.

And I haven't told Frank because he hasn't been feeling well, he is terribly sunburned and it hurts him terribly so he can hardly play golf or dance, and I want him to be feeling his best when I do tell him, but whether he is all right or not I simply must tell him tomorrow because he is actually planning to leave here on the same train with us Saturday night and I can't let him do that.

Life is so hopeless and it could be so wonderful. For instance how heavenly it would be if I could marry Frank first and stay married to him five years and he would be the one who would take me to Hollywood and maybe we could go on parties with Norman Kerry and Jack Barrymore and Buster Collier and Marion Davies and Lois Moran.

And at the end of five years Frank could go into journalism and write novels and I would only be 23 and I could marry Gordon and he would be ready for another trip around the world and he could show me things better than someone who had never seen them before.

Gordon and I would seperate at the end of five years and I would be 28 and I know of lots of women that never even got married the first time till they were 28 though I don't suppose that was their fault, but I would marry Walter then, for after all he is the one I really love and want to spend most of my life with and I wouldn't care whether he could dance or not when I was that old. Before long we would be as old as Uncle Nat and Aunt Jule and I certainly wouldn't want to dance at their age when all you can do is just hobble around the floor. But Walter is so wonderful as a companion and we would enjoy the same things and be pals and maybe we would begin to have children.

But that is all impossible though it wouldn't be if older people just had sense and would look at things the right way.

It is only half past ten, the earliest I have gone to bed in weeks, but I am worn out and Frank went to bed early so he could put cold cream on his sunburn.

Listen, diary, the orchestra is playing "Limehouse Blues." The first tune I danced to with Merle Oliver, two years ago. I can't stand it. And how funny that they should play that old tune tonight of all nights, when I have been thinking of Merle off and on all day, and I hadn't thought of him before in weeks and weeks. I wonder where he is, I wonder if it is just an accident or if it means I am going to see him again. I simply mustn't think about it or I'll die.

JULY 22

I knew it wasn't an accident. I knew it must mean something, and it did.

Merle is coming here today, here to this Inn, and just to see me. And there can only be one reason. And only one answer. I knew that when I heard his voice calling from Boston. How could I ever have thought I loved anyone else? How could he ever have thought I meant it when I told him I was engaged to George Morse?

A whole year and he still cares and I still care. That shows we were always intended for each other and for no one else. I won't make *him* wait till December. I doubt if we even wait till dad and mother get home. And as for a honeymoon I will go with him to Long Beach or the Bronx Zoo, wherever he wants to take me.

After all this is the best way out of it, the only way. I won't have to say anything to Frank, he will guess when he sees me with Merle. And when I get home Sunday and Walter and Gordon call me up, I will invite them both to dinner and Merle can tell them himself, with two of them there it will only hurt each one half as much as if they were alone.

The train is due at 2:40, almost three hours from now. I can't wait. And what if it should be late? I can't stand it.

The Satyr

(*Continued from page 65*)

wondering gaze. Then she smiled. "But Fontana is an antique! He is older than father!" She paused; and then, in a full clear tone, she added: "Love me as much as you can, and don't worry about the *maestro*. You have something that he hasn't, and can never have!"

Those first years of his marriage! He thought of them now as one thinks back to times of poverty when one is rich, or to perilous adventures when one is safe from danger.

A little room—the dining-room of the poor little flat they rented in an old apartment-house inhabited by clerks and fairly prosperous laboring men! He and Matilde sitting there at night, while he wrote under the yellow glow of the lamp, his manuscript accumulating on the white oilcloth that served as table-cover! What dreams, what hopes had taken shape in that poor little room!

It was his most famous works that he had written there, only—they had passed unnoticed. One of his novels that was now circling the globe, selling by the thousands in several countries at once, had lain neglected for years. At the time, apparently, it had never occurred to anyone to read it. His plays, worked out in that same room where the smell of hastily prepared food hung about in the cupboards and curtains, were now bringing in a generous income to their author. They too had slept long in the archives of theater managers.

And while he wrote, Matilde, on the other side of the table, writing too—not on large sheets of paper, but in a little brown notebook. Searching around a bit in his library he would surely come upon some of those little memoranda of Matilde's:

	frs.	*cts.*
Coal	1	50
Sugar	0	37
Coffee	0	70
Bread	1	25
Meat	2	0

When she stopped writing and began adding up the columns, she too would frown, just as he did while unraveling in a plot some intrigue of fashionable society. But Matilde's scowl came from the desperate effort she was making to bring her totals down to the little budget their resources allowed.

Then the babies came—two in a row! Montalbo had to work later at night. And Matilde? He felt the mingled stirrings of tenderness and remorse as he thought of the endless sacrifices those years had demanded of his courageous helpmeet. She had given up wine, then coffee, proclaiming emphatically that they were bad for the health. Without them, there was more milk for the babies! Then she discovered that meat too was bad for her. And while he ate his steaks and drank the Burgundy she always found a way to provide—for how could he write if he didn't have food?—she pretended to have no appetite and ate whatever was left, or else cheaper things.

Little by little, however, the earnings of his pen increased, and just as he had become convinced that he was doomed to eternal haggling with publishers who despised his stories and to unending struggles with a public that persisted

in forgetting his name, success suddenly came—and celebrity! Triumph followed triumph.

Montalbo, just turned forty, had become the favorite of two continents and seen the gentle rain of riches descending on him turn into a veritable cloudburst, when Matilde, much older than her years, and still preserving an almost plebeian mien that assorted oddly with the youthful stylishness of her husband, passed out of his life. The beautiful house Montalbo had bought for her near the Parc Monceau, the servants he now hired to relieve her of the slightest exertion, the dashing pair of horses that were kept for her own special use, all these seemed like so many arguments to prove to Matilde that she could go now—that her task was done. As he looked back, Montalbo doubted whether disease had been the real cause of her death. It was as though she had died to leave the man she loved entirely free to pursue his now triumphant career.

And free he had been—free to follow the fame that was walking beside him as a tireless guide, free to know all the pleasures that celebrity can bring. His surroundings could not have been more luxurious. He had money in every great bank in the world. When his name was spoken in a crowd, everyone turned to stare. As for the critics, he even complained that he was not more frequently attacked—he craved a little shade to rest his eyes in the dazzling, unbroken glare of his renown.

And love, too, was now entirely at his command. In full maturity of mind and body, handsome, rich, distinguished—Montalbo had more than enough to excite the interest of numberless admiring women. In fact, more than all his literary triumphs, it was the legend of his "successes" that most aroused the envy of rival novelists and poets. On this subject, however, Montalbo preserved a discreet silence.

But the quiet, unadventurous years of his marriage had left him somehow extremely susceptible to feminine charms and prey to an insatiable thirst for wild, intoxicating experiences. After writing of so many imaginary passions in his novels he was keen at last to live one! Was he not free to follow every caprice? With his wife, every cause for scruple had died. Unrestrained, he could make his way from "affair" to "affair" with the exhilaration of a youth who finds in scandal itself only a subtle flattery to vanity.

His new mode of life could not fail to encounter outraged anger in his family. His aged father-in-law, Duprat, had died in the throes of alcoholism, proclaiming to all who were willing to listen that the famous Montalbo was a pot-boiler and a charlatan, and that he had murdered his wife to devote himself to a dissolute life. The children, it is true, loved him, but with the affection of youngsters for an older brother whom they respected for his years but despised for his prodigality. Nevertheless Montalbo's generosity where his children were concerned knew no bounds.

"Money is the means to freedom," he would say on making them some handsome gift. "Only he who can give money away by the fistful is really free."

Of his two children, his son was of a grave methodical nature like Matilde's, with small interest in anything but the so-called "exact sciences." The boy had become an engineer and had gone to a French colony in Asia, where, alone and unmarried, he was pursuing his one ambition of making, through land developments, a fortune even larger than his father's. It was his daughter who had inherited his own exuberant vitality and lively imagination. He had made a match for her with a young army officer of distinguished family and she and her husband were now living in garrison at a provincial town.

With his family thus well "established" what more had Montalbo to ask for? He could say to himself in moments of depression: "Everything I ever wished has come to me. Not a single one of my boyhood ambitions has failed to come true!"



The real guardians of the mouth

Six small mouth glands should be working day and night. Keeping these youthful, vigorous is even more important than brushing the teeth. The numbers show where the mouth glands are, three on each side.

You can keep the MOUTH *of* YOUTH



Renew each day the vigor of the tiny mouth glands. *They protect your teeth . . .*

YOU can restore the Mouth of Youth with its healthful beauty—you can keep it always if it is already yours. Only wake to action the six little glands of the mouth!

Unless these mouth glands stay young and active—decay begins. Lack of exercise will slow them up. Too little chewing—soft, modern foods—will cause them to age.

Pebeco was perfected not only for brushing the teeth, but to keep the mouth glands active as in youth. You can taste the important salt in Pebeco which stimulates the mouth glands and keeps the Mouth of Youth.

Brush your teeth with Pebeco. As its pure salt crystals dissolve, refreshing fluids cleanse the whole mouth, renewing the lovely Mouth of Youth.

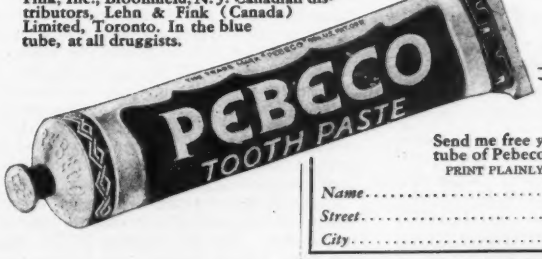
No wonder youth laughs and smiles so!

Your teeth are white and shining, your mouth and breath are wholesome all day long, if you use Pebeco. "I use Pebeco," says a well-known horsewoman. "I like its sharp, clean tang, like galloping with the autumn winds against your face."



Even when we are quite young, the Mouth Glands begin to slow up!

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Canadian distributors, Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto. In the blue tube, at all druggists.



FREE OFFER

Send coupon today for generous tube

Lehn & Fink, Inc.,
Dept. N-3
Bloomfield, N. J.

Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

PEBECO *keeps the Mouth of Youth*



After Sun, Wind and Dust — *Murine*

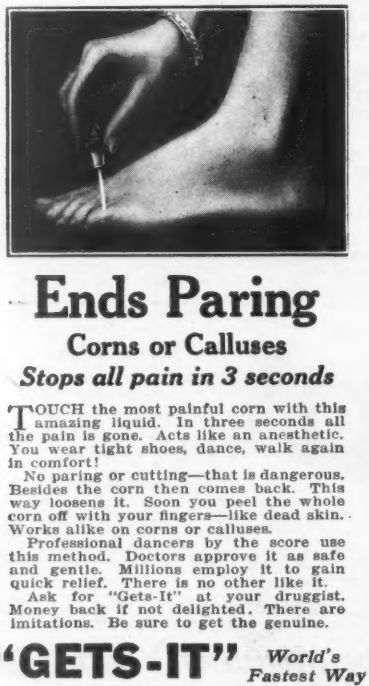
When EYES become blood-shot from the irritating effects of wind and dust, use **Murine.** It quickly relieves this unattractive condition, as well as eye-strain caused by the glare of the sun. ***Murine*** is particularly soothing and refreshing after motoring or outdoor sports.

If used night and morning, ***Murine*** will soon promote a clear, bright, healthy condition of the EYES. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request

The Murine Company
Dept. 22 Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



Ends Paring

Corns or Calluses

Stops all pain in 3 seconds

TOUCH the most painful corn with this amazing liquid. In three seconds all the pain is gone. Acts like an anesthetic. You wear tight shoes, dance, walk again in comfort!

No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or calluses.

Professional dancers by the score use this method. Doctors approve it as safe and gentle. Millions employ it to gain quick relief. There is no other like it.

Ask for "Gets-It" at your druggist. Money back if not delighted. There are imitations. Be sure to get the genuine.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

And yet, was he happy? The oftener Montalbo asked himself that question, the more certainly he could find but one answer:

No! He was not happy . . .

The great man spent an hour or so every morning with his secretary, Louis Crovetto, a young Marseillais of Italian parentage who gave his services to the famous author more out of hero-worship than for any tangible reward he received. The boy had come to Paris for the sole purpose of meeting the poet. Won by such honest enthusiasm for his writings, Montalbo adopted a kindly, paternal attitude toward the young aspirant to literary fame, who soon became a member of the author's working staff. Montalbo's chief affliction was the deluge of letters and post-cards he received from all over the world.

Luigi, as the poet called his secretary, disposed of this overwhelming task each day—and with characteristic Italian resourcefulness. He had worked out a very good imitation of his employer's signature, and a number of "observations"—supposedly the poet's original remarks. Crovetto would not have dared to insert one of these epigrams in his own first novel, for fear of being indicted as a "fossil" by critics of the rising generation. "Signed" by Montalbo, however, such replies aroused intense enthusiasm in their recipients, who deemed them "very profound" and "characteristic" of Montalbo's extraordinary genius.

While Crovetto attended to the correspondence of a social or personal nature, Montalbo entrusted his business letters to his old friend Soudre.

How had Soudre come to be on such intimate terms with the great man of letters? Montalbo could scarcely say, yet without this man he had never yet made a truly important decision in connection with his complicated affairs. Vaguely he remembered a certain morning when an amusing fellow, chattering incessantly, and with an air of great authority, had presented himself under pretext of reading to the "*maestro*" "a passage or two" from his own great (but unpublished) novel. What the novel was, Montalbo was destined never to know, because Soudre had never yet finished with his introduction of himself. Yet Montalbo had liked the man, who had repeated his visits so persistently that the poet had grown accustomed to him, coming to depend on his presence much as he did on that of his young secretary.

The history of this new friend Montalbo pieced together little by little from Soudre's innumerable anecdotes. Apparently the man had been an attorney in a small provincial town. At his wife's death he had yielded, without further resistance, to a demon of literary ambition which had been possessing him all his life, and betook himself with his manuscripts and an only daughter to Paris.

Faustina, a girl of eighteen, was an enterprising creature with most of the virtues of the ambitious poor—she knew, for instance, how to dress exceedingly well on exceedingly little money. Her youthful graces, at any rate, were only the covering for a temperament as restless and avid as her father's. Montalbo, who took some pride in his acumen as a psychologist—believing that his books were justly admired on this ground at least—thought he discerned something of this resemblance one day as he was watching the girl's eyes while she stood absorbed for a moment in thought. But when she turned her gaze upon him, he had come to a different conclusion—that Faustina was, after all, much like young girls he had described in his novels, simple-hearted creatures, easily imposed on, capable of the greatest sacrifices for the parents to whom they unquestioningly submitted their wills.

Certainly her presence in the house, whither Soudre often brought her, seemed very pleasant to the poet. The girl did not, strictly speaking, possess great beauty, and yet, wherever she went, she seemed to stand out from the other women about her. It was on her the glances of the men always converged. She had a talent for home management comparable only to her father's special gifts for handling "large affairs" of a business nature—gifts too much neglected by those who might have used them to advantage (so that he was forced to employ them in spheres quite beneath his true deserts). Certainly most of his comfort, much of the freedom Montalbo enjoyed from the irksome details of housekeeping, he owed to her; just as he had to confess that, thanks to Soudre, his income was always increasing without worry on his part.

Naturally this state of affairs made him respond even more generously than he would otherwise have done to Soudre's periodic requests for financial aid. "Parasite" said envious tongues, accusing the poet's factotum of bartering for his "influence" and even of selling introductions to the famous man. Eventually Soudre had abandoned his rôle of man of letters and assumed the genial self-confidence of the successful financier.

When, at the first breath of autumn, Montalbo went to his *château* on the Loire, Soudre and his daughter were usually invited to accompany him. On some mornings, while Soudre and Montalbo talked business, Faustina and Crovetto, equal in years and in youthful spirit, would be roaming about through the gardens, like two characters from one of the author's novels. And in the winters, father and daughter would take a trip to the Riviera as a surprise to their famous friend, who would put them up with him at his luxurious hotel. Montalbo was always glad to see them. Now that his family had scattered, he needed companionship.

But Crovetto was growing restless. The young man began to crave the society of the comrades of his own age whom he had abandoned for a while. About the same time, as it chanced, Soudre became absorbed in some new enterprises and came less and less frequently to the author's house. Faustina possessed innumerable friends and had an unquenchable thirst for diversion. She was always going to concerts, teas and balls.

A general desertion! Montalbo became suddenly aware of his tedium and his solitude—things which he had never experienced before. All his life long he had worked, for long hours each day, in the silence and isolation of his study. But now he had said most of what he had to say. He was writing less; and the hours suddenly grew longer. There was an empty space in his life. He must fill it! But how?

When his pen first began to grow more idle and his days of rest more numerous than his days of work, the gallant adventures which had added the piquancy of scandal to his great renown had sufficed to amuse and divert him. But now this form of recreation was failing him too. For one thing, its charm had gone. He was finding it monotonous.

When people marveled at the youthful appearance which belied his actual years, the great man always took occasion to expound the theory which governed his life.

"Being young is an act of will," he would say. "Anyone who really wills to be young, is sure to remain so. Determination is the important thing. The kingdom of youth is within us! Old? I shall never be old. When I am eighty, I shall put on a blond wig and elope with a chorus girl!"

Though, to be sure, behind this philosophy of gaiety lurked a somber mood. For him human existence was really a gray-tinted canvas, and mankind's greatest gift lay in knowing how to cover it up under bright and pleasure-giving colors, so that the children of men might ignore its inner tragedy, mercifully deceiving themselves and one another.

"Illusion and desire," he would say, "are the two themes, the only themes, played by the orchestra which each of us has in his soul. When the musicians reach the end of the one score, we must hurry to put the other on the racks in front of them—otherwise . . ." Otherwise! The fact was that the great man had lately made a dreadful discovery. Those

two tunes he had been hearing over and over again. Neither one of them now had for him the slightest charm of novelty. Alas! Every one of his adventures in emotion, begun with bated breath and the thrill of mystery, ended either in the banalities of a sidewalk music-box, or in a grotesque discord.

But one day, in a fit of ill-humored discontent with the conditions of his life, Montalbo hit upon a remedy. "Youth is an act of will," he reminded himself, and he repeated the apothem: "Youth is an act of will—and I will to be young! From this day on I shall avoid every contact with age. A simpler life hereafter! I shall have quite enough to do in forgetting my years. Come, let's go out in search of youth!"

As a specialist in romantic psychology, Montalbo had many a time taken the human heart to pieces to see its inner mechanism. And he had made a list of observations as to the beginnings of love. "Sometimes it is at a first glance that a woman and man become aware of their mutual attraction. Then again they are friends for years, only to discover some day to their amazement that the bond between them has changed—that it is love."

In this long catalog, there was one mode of amorous development for which the poet had a particular liking. Several times in his own life he had experienced it, subsequently taking pleasure in retracing it in the characters of his novels. A man treats a woman with indifference for months, perhaps for years. Then at last, one night, he sees her in his dreams. Thereafter she appears to have changed, to be different from other women, to be beautified. He goes on dreaming about her, and then, suddenly, he is in love!

It was the night following his resolve to go out in search of youth that the novelist saw a woman in his dreams. And the woman was Faustina, daughter of the invaluable Soudre!

This, the first episode in his quest, struck him as something comic. Youth, yes, well and good—but he had never thought of going to such extremes! Why, the girl was nineteen! Give her five or six more years, and he would still be old enough to be her grandfather! And yet—after this dream of his, Faustina was no longer in his eyes the girl she had formerly been.

Until then he had accepted her rather absently, as a matter of course. But now he began to discover in "the little Soudre," as he used to call her, a certain arresting charm. He even marveled that an observer of his much touted keenness had not earlier become aware of the girl's attractiveness.

His dreams continued. Every morning Faustina took on a new beauty, a new grace in his eyes. The difference in their ages came no longer to shock the novelist so profoundly. In the biographies of many famous writers he found instances of happy adjustments of even greater discrepancies in age. Why so extraordinary that he should fall in love with "the little Soudre," if doing so brought happiness to his now lonely existence? Old? After all, he wasn't so old! Sixty something! Nothing much for a man rich enough to avail himself of all modern resources for the care of health! Nothing much, either, for a celebrity!

Step by step his good sense retreated, drawing back, with protests ever feebler, into the depths of his being.

His characteristic vehemence soon betrayed the turn in his feelings to anyone who had an eye to see. He moved jauntily about in a certain childlike joy, as though the very air were singing to his ears, as though the daylight about him had suddenly become suffused with rosy colors.

The first person to perceive what was going on in Montalbo's insides was Faustina herself. The great man had no need to speak. The look in his eyes, the tones of his voice, his attentiveness to her slightest wishes were enough. The notion had surprised her at first. Then she smiled quietly to herself. The impossible was about to happen! Even her father,

FREE:

A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



Four Simple Ways to improve your skin —NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C. B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep—at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply *must eat* each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). *Then* use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple, common sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blotches, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind- and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her, but insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arm, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

WOMEN of *Thirty*

and over . . . read this!

Here is a NEW *simple* METHOD *to keep lovely skin. Blemishes vanish, actually—often in two short weeks!*

THOUSANDS of beautiful women have used it, for ten years or *more*. An "all-purpose" beauty aid that *corrects—beautifies—protects.*

Praised by famous stage beauties, skin authorities. *For today, every truly charming woman knows this:*

Lovely skin is *so* important. And now, women past 30 can have it—can appear 10 to 20 years younger. Blemishes *can* be banished. Quickly, surely, that lovely, satiny softness can be attained.

Read the common-sense column at the left—it tells you *how*. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

You and your friends will notice a remarkable improvement within **two weeks. And remember: You need only one cream—Ingram's!**

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
Windsor, Ont., Canada — 440 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream



You have Earned a Vacation—Take it!

You Easterners should go West and Westerners should come East. Here are a few of our travel service booklets briefly reviewed. They will help you while they entertain and in addition Cosmopolitan Travel Service will answer your questions.

7. **The Canadian Rockies and Northwest National Parks.** The Alpine grandeur of glaciers, lakes and crags of the Northern Rockies—Glacier National Park—Yellowstone National Park—Crater Lake—Mt. Rainier.

8. **National Parks of Colorado, California and Utah.** Rocky Mountains and Estes National Parks—the cliff dwelling of Mesa Verde—Yosemite National Park—California, the motor tourist's paradise.

9. **Great Lakes and St. Lawrence Valley.** Suggested boat trips on the Great Lakes—hunting and fishing in the beautiful Canadian Lake Region the "Niagara-to-the-Sea" St. Lawrence River trip.

10. **New England and The Adirondacks.** Picturesque Cape Cod and Buzzard's Bay—Historical old Boston—Maine, the "Vacationland"—The Berkshires and White Mountains—the lake-gemmed Adirondacks.

11. **New York and Surrounding Resorts.** New York, "the unbelievable city"—the Hudson River and the Catskills—the New Jersey and Long Island shore resorts—water trips out of New York.

Cosmopolitan Travel Service
119 West 40th Street, New York City

Enclosed find.....cents in stamps. Please send me booklets Nos.....

(If you care to give the following additional information it will help us to help you.)

I plan to travel in (Names of countries or localities.).....

How many are going?.....

I will leave (Date).....

Name.....

Address.....

absorbed in his own affairs as he was, suddenly perceived the affectionate intimacy that marked his host's manner toward Faustina. And she reciprocated his falsely paternal caresses and commented flatteringly on his youthfulness.

Soudre knitted his eyebrows—a trick he had whenever his mind alighted on one of those "ideas" which were sure to bring in a million dollars. Here was something—and it "looked good"!

Crovetto was off in the south of France, attending to the settlement of an inheritance that had come to him through his father's recent death. During his absence it was only natural that Faustina and her father should multiply their visits to their famous friend that he should not feel so lonely.

Montalbo was transformed. He had always dressed with elegance. But suddenly his tailor, a workman of international repute, seemed to him far too conservative, far too much behind the times. Montalbo transferred his patronage to a tailor frequented by the successful actors of the comedy stage.

Gossip was soon busy with these exciting events. Montalbo, now a manikin for startling sartorial innovations, was daily sporting new costumes of the most youthful line.

A glint in Faustina's eyes acknowledged this metamorphosis, which she accepted as all in homage to her. Montalbo had as yet made no overt declaration, but Faustina was already assuming an air of authority in his establishment, and treating the servants as their future mistress. As for her father, he was now directing the great man's affairs quite as though they were his own.

In the autumn all three took a trip to the south to be present at an open-air performance, in the ruins of a Roman theater, of Montalbo's great tragedy, "The Conquistadores"—a work inspired, no doubt, by the thought of his ancestor, the navigator, and dedicated to the pioneers of Spain.

The great man and his guests were welcomed by the little Provençal city with extraordinary honors. Dressed in white clothes that would have been suitable at a beach resort, Montalbo received the attentions heaped upon his party with smiling good nature. The natives were astonished and delighted at the extreme condescension of the celebrity.

"Who is the young demoiselle?" Montalbo heard some of the peasant women asking of each other.

"She's his daughter, of course," said someone who pretended to know. And after that Faustina was greeted everywhere as the author's daughter, and found herself awarded a generous share in her "illustrious father's" glory.

Never had Montalbo felt so satisfied with life. On the day of the performance, while dining on a balcony of the hotel and still intoxicated with the applause of at least twenty thousand spectators, he silenced a last scruple and proposed to Faustina.

"The little Soudre" hesitated, as though the long-awaited suggestion were coming as a surprise. Then she closed her eyes, brushed her eyelids with her fingers to restrain a tear and slowly moved her head up and down—"Yes!"—to let it fall on the great man's shoulder as though she were about to die of joy at the thought of offering him her lips.

Another triumph! And it filled the old poet with as much pride as the success of his tragedy. Soudre's daughter was willing to marry him!

The news began to circulate through Paris. Montalbo was marrying again! And all the fashionable women who had memories of intimacy with the great man feverishly asked for details from the newsmongers around the tea-tables.

"Who is this Soudre person anyway?" "She has nothing at all, you know, except her youth." "Of course, that's what attracted him!" "No, my dear, she's really very clever. Why, think of it! Capturing a man who is a past master of feminine psychology!" "Strange the attraction the cradle has for the grave"—this from young authors—"Lucky man, Crovetto, eh?"

Apparently the only person in Paris who considered this marriage a natural and logical thing was Montalbo himself. No longer did he speak of fame as the "sun of the dead." Now, rather he knew that it was one of those burning stars that shower energizing rays on the dark bodies of the heavens, drawing these into their own systems, and forcing them into their own orbits. He had no illusions, no! He was too keen an observer. He knew perfectly well that a young woman like Faustina could accept a man of his years only when he could offer fame as compensation for the youth he no longer possessed. But—he was Montalbo!

As for Soudre, the marriage could not be celebrated a day too soon. He feared a sober second thought on the "master's" part. The poet might change his mind and draw back from the adventure.

But just when Faustina's father began talking of dates for the ceremony, and was skilfully imparting to the newspapers supposedly "indiscreet" revelations of the coming event so as to cut off any possible avenue of retreat still left to the great man, difficulties began to arise.

Montalbo's daughter wrote him a letter assuring him that she had always thought him an irresponsible child in the management of his affairs, and she was not surprised to hear that he had once more allowed himself to be taken in by a scheming hussy.

From his son too Montalbo received a laconic letter which coldly and concisely pointed out the lack of propriety of his father's intended marriage, but recognized his right to make himself the laughing-stock of the whole world if he so elected.

Crovetto's return to Paris somewhat consoled the poet for these unpleasant incidents. How true it was that children were ungrateful! But relatives are relatives! Thank heaven, he had another and more real family to fall back on. Faustina, so affectionate and gentle! Her father, whose intelligence added to other qualities made him a delightful friend! Luigi Crovetto, so faithful, so full of enthusiasm! These were his real family!

But this family too began giving him cause for worry. Luigi wasn't the Luigi he had been before he went away. He avoided looking at the poet, seemed always out of sorts, and his replies consisted chiefly of grunts. And whenever Faustina began talking to Montalbo, Crovetto always found a pretext for leaving the room.

Yet the young man seemed ready enough to talk to Faustina when she was alone. Through the high windows of his study Montalbo often saw his secretary hurry down the garden to meet her at a first glimpse of Faustina walking under the trees at the far end.

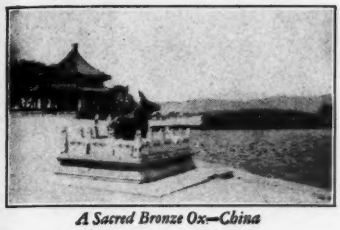
Winter came on, very gradually. The afternoons grew cold. Yet Faustina still insisted on taking her walks in the garden, even if only for a brief half-hour, and Crovetto always found an excuse for leaving his work and going out to attend her. But, a skilled observer in situations involving others, Montalbo would never have attached any alarming significance to these meetings had not Soudre's obvious uneasiness awakened his own.

One day, standing at his window, he spied Faustina and Crovetto seated side by side on a bench beyond the fountain, and his memory took a violent leap backward through the years. The Luxembourg, as it had been in those days! Two young people, ridiculously attired in a fashion long since forgotten—himself and Matilde sitting at his side!

Montalbo felt an oppressing anxiety sweep over him. Crovetto! Crovetto was young, just as he himself had been in that far-away time. What was the boy saying to this new Matilde?

Yes, he was jealous! Suddenly he found himself tiptoeing down the leaf-strewn paths. He stopped in a little avenue opening on the

"The Sunshine Belt to the Orient"



A Sacred Bronze Ox—China

This
World Trip
for $11.37 per day

including first cabin accommodations and meals aboard a palatial President Liner

GO ROUND the World for about what it costs you to live at home. Visit 22 ports in 14 countries. See strange peoples, age-old customs, architecture, ancient civilizations. Shop in quaint bazars. 110 days of glorious adventure.

$11.37 per day includes this wonderful trip and your meals and berth aboard a magnificent liner. Outside rooms luxuriously appointed. A world famous cuisine.

Ask for complete information from any ticket or tourist agent or directly from us.

Dollar Steamship Line

Robert Dollar Building, San Francisco
604 Fifth Avenue, New York City

EGYPT and MEDITERRANEAN

A different Cruise by the magnificent

Tss "PRESIDENTE WILSON"

(20 knots—Oilburner) sailing from New York Jan. 25, 1927 and Boston next day. Rates from $600 include hotels, guides, autos, shore visits. Stop-overs, Algiers, Madeira, Egypt, Athens, Corfu, Naples, Sicily, Riviera, Lisbon, Dalmatia, Venice, etc. (Regular sailings to Mediterranean and Adriatic ports.) Address all tourist offices.

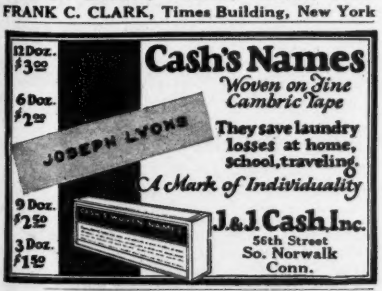
The American Express Co., 65 Broadway, New York
(managing shore excursions and cruise arrangements)

COSULICH LINE of TRIESTE
(World Famous Cuisine)
Phelps Bros. & Co., General Agents,
11 Battery Place, New York
(163 *combined years in Ocean Travel*)

CLARK'S FAMOUS CRUISES

JAN. 29 MEDITERRANEAN, $600 UP; JAN. 19 ROUND THE WORLD, $1250 UP. SPECIALLY CHARTERED STEAMERS. REASONABLE RATES INCLUDE HOTELS, GUIDES, DRIVES, FEES.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York



Reduce and Shape Your Limbs with Dr. Walter's Medicated Rubber Stockings and Anklets



Light or dark rubber. For over 20 years they have relieved swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism promptly. Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat, stimulate the circulation and give a neat and trim appearance. They give wonderful support and are a protection against cold and dampness. **Anklets** $7, extra high $9. **Stockings** $12. Send check or money order—no cash. Write for Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne C. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

circle where the two young people were sitting, their backs toward him. And he listened.

Crovetto was speaking in a loud voice, angrily, defiantly, confident that only one pair of ears could hear him in this deserted spot. And what was he saying!

"I'm jealous, yes. I'm jealous, I don't deny it. You do love him, in spite of what you say. I can understand that. He's a famous man. The whole world knows him. I admire him even while I hate him. He has done me mortal harm in stealing you and yet I can't help believing in his greatness. Oh, I can understand how you feel! Why, the man is a celebrity—he has all that I lack—recognition!"

His very own words! Just like himself thirty-eight years before! The same words—the same situation! Faith—and sincerity! The power to admire even a rival's greatness had not died.

But an ironical laugh cut him short.

"Fame!" A girl's ringing mirth echoed for a moment under the arching trees. "What is fame to me? How can I love a man old enough to be my father—my grandfather? I love you, Luigi—no one else. But you are a dreamer, a child, as much of a child as he is—and you don't understand!"

Again the same! Again the past! Faustina's face was the gentle, saddened face of his own Matilde.

But Faustina went on. Montalbo could see that she had taken the boy's hand and was stroking it comfortingly. Her lips were touching his face.

"Don't take on that way, Luigi. Let me marry Montalbo. What will you lose? We shall be living under the same roof!"

Oh! Oh! But Matilde had not said that! She had not said that! Yes, it was true, the years had brought some progress. The young people of today were different—in spite of everything.

Montalbo drew back in terror. He dared not hear another word. He felt like running, but where? Anywhere so long as it was away from that spot. But the pain in his breast somehow grew less sharp as he moved away, and his head seemed to clear in proportion as he increased the distance between himself and the bench where the two young people were sitting. Then suddenly he grew cold again as though an icy wind were whirling about him. But he saw that not a leaf was stirring.

He thought of his books. It was as though the men and women he had created in his novels were rushing to his aid at this critical juncture in his life, in eagerness to advise him.

And he understood in a flash. Old? Yes! He was old! Youth was holding the stage. From now on he must play the part of the kindly, understanding old man, the ancient and smiling patriarch who after a stormy career dedicates his experience to youth and becomes the protector of young lovers.

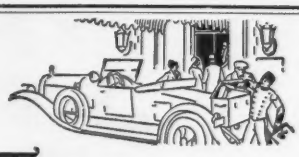
And with the swift vision of the man of imagination he saw at once the admirable possibilities of his new rôle. Too bad that Faustina had laughed like that! Too bad she had said just that last thing! And yet he would not put her out of his life. He could not. Very well! He would continue to love her, but in another, in a more proper fashion.

They would live under the same roof, those two young people and he. But Faustina would not be his wife. She would be the wife of Luigi. Youth with youth. And as to fame . . .

Again he felt that icy wind. But now the dry leaves clinging to the trees were moving at the cold breath of the winter evening.

He must have warmth! Where was the sun? He did not wince as he gazed full at the red lozenge hanging low in the wintry sky. How chill and wan and pale it was! Exactly! The sun of winter! The symbol of glory!

And he knew that the cold star for whose beams men have fought from the beginning of time, with all their strength, all their astuteness, all their envy, would henceforth furnish his only sunlight—"the sunlight of the dead!"



The Friendly Road *and* the Friendly Haven

Touring, or just plain traveling, wouldn't be half so pleasant if there were not a restful hostelry at the end of the day's journey. A tiled bathroom, palatable food, a luxurious box spring mattress—what a difference these comforts make after a hard day!

Make sure of them by stopping at United Hotels on your next trip. Each of these splendid establishments specializes in friendly hospitality. No requirement of a guest is too trivial for quick and courteous attention. No facility for a guest's comfort is ever overlooked.

The BANCROFT	Worcester
*The BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	Philadelphia
The DURANT	Flint
The LAWRENCE	Erie
The OLYMPIC	Seattle
The ONONDAGA	Syracuse
The PENN-HARRIS	Harrisburg
The PORTAGE	Akron
The ROBERT TREAT	Newark
The ROCHESTER	Rochester
The ROOSEVELT	New York
The SENECA	Rochester
The STACY-TRENT	Trenton
The TEN EYCK	Albany
The UTICA	Utica
The ALEXANDER HAMILTON	Paterson
The NIAGARA	Niagara Falls, N. Y.
The CLIFTON	Niagara Falls, Canada
KING EDWARD	Toronto, Canada
The MOUNT ROYAL	Montreal, Canada
PRINCE EDWARD	Windsor, Canada
ROYAL CONNAUGHT	Hamilton, Canada
The ADMIRAL BEATTY	St. John, N. B.

*Your headquarters during the Sesqui-Centennial.

UNITED HOTELS OF AMERICA

UNITED HOTELS COMPANY OF AMERICA

Executive Offices: 25 West 45th St., New York
Affiliated AMERICAN HOTELS CORPORATION
Operating Modern Hotels in Intermediate Cities
U.N.I.T.I. Operating System of Famous old world Hotels

Reservations may be made at any United or American hotel for any other hotel in this System.

European headquarters, United Hotels Travel Bureau, 7 St. James's Street, London, S. W. 1, England; 6 Rue Caumartin, Paris France.



His Salary Was Raised while others were reduced

"Up to the time I enrolled for a course with the International Correspondence Schools, I had only a grade-school education. Since enrolling, I have advanced to a much better position, where my salary is nearly four times as much as I was making previously. I would not be able to hold my present position had I not taken your course. Recently I received a nice increase in salary, while other men were being reduced."

READ that last sentence again—*"Recently I received a nice increase in salary, while other men were being reduced."*

There could be no better proof of the value of an I. C. S. course than that. It shows that the trained man is given preference over all others and paid more money, even in slack times, if his work deserves it. It shows that there are always bigger, better jobs open for men who have the foresight to prepare for them in spare time.

Jesse G. Vincent was a toolmaker before he enrolled with the I. C. S. He is now Vice-president of the Packard Motor Car Co. Walter Chrysler, President of the Chrysler Corporation, is also a former I. C. S. student. So is "Eddie" Rickenbacker, the famous flying ace, who is now Vice-president of the Rickenbacker Motor Car Co.

An I. C. S. course enabled Fred W. Southworth to leave a poorly paying job that he had held *for twenty years* and get a position as a salesman. In six months he increased his salary more than 300 per cent.

George A. Grieble is another man who lifted himself out of the rut by spare-time study. He was a stone cutter earning $15 a week when he enrolled with the I. C. S. He now has his own architectural and engineering business in Cleveland and his income is "between $10,000 and $15,000 a year."

If the I. C. S. can help these men to get out of the rut and make good, it can help you too. If it can raise the salaries of other men, it can raise yours! At least find out how.

The way is easy! Just mark the work you like best in the coupon below. Then mail it to Scranton today.

This doesn't obligate you in any way, but it brings you information that may start you on a successful career. This is your opportunity. Don't pass it by.

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 2577-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Industrial Management
- ☐ Personnel Organization
- ☐ Traffic Management
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Banking and Banking Law
- ☐ Accountancy (including C.P.A.)
- ☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Private Secretary
- ☐ Spanish
- ☐ French
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Better Letters
- ☐ Show Card Lettering
- ☐ Stenography and Typing
- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Civil Service
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ High School Subjects
- ☐ Illustrating
- ☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electric Lighting
- ☐ Mechanical Engineer
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Railroad Positions
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ Civil Engineer
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ Metallurgy
- ☐ Steam Engineering
- ☐ Radio
- ☐ Architect
- ☐ Architects' Blueprints
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ Automobile Work
- ☐ Airplane Engines
- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ Agriculture and Poultry
- ☐ Mathematics

Name..... Street Address.....

City..... State..... Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal.